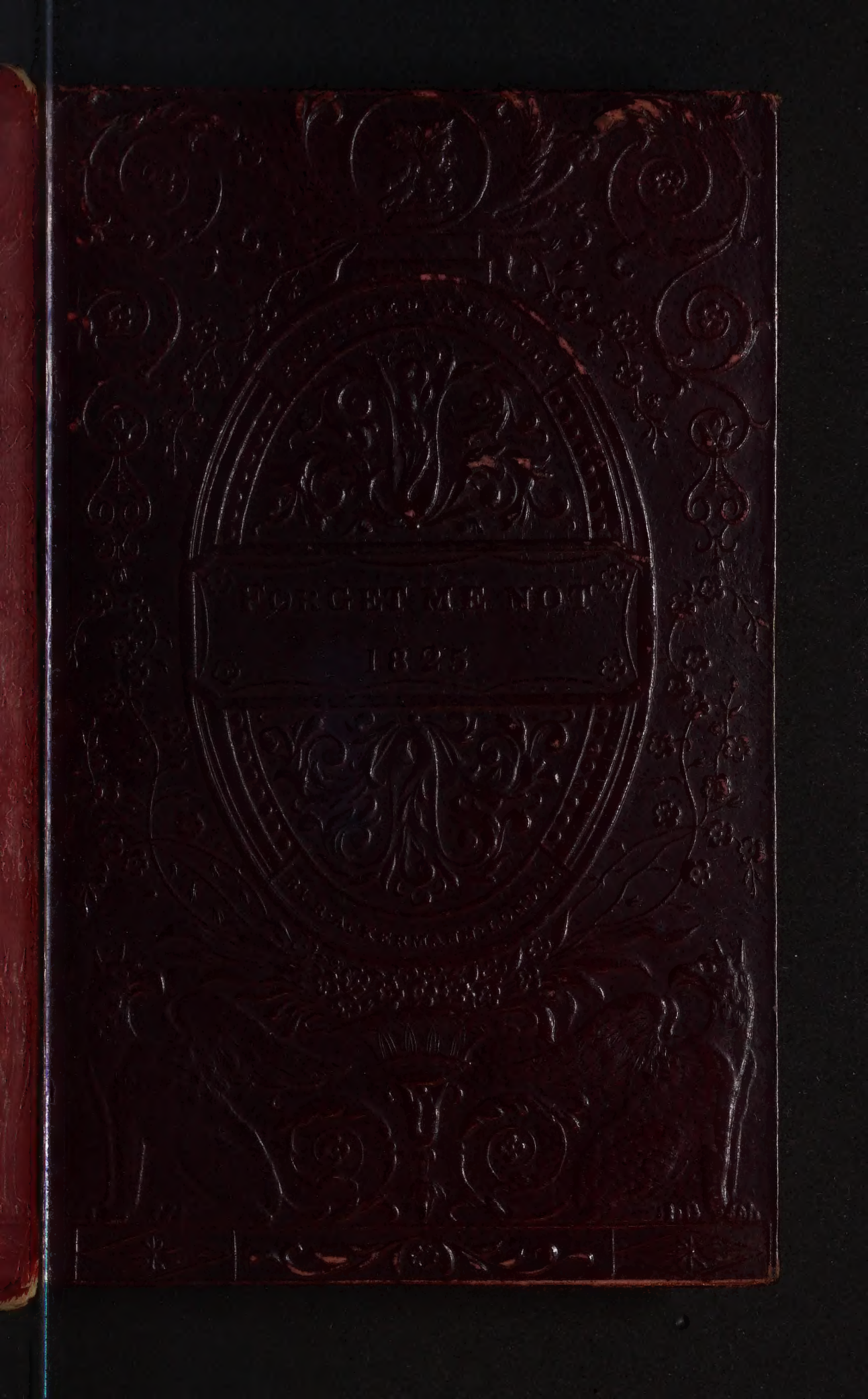
FORGET ME NOT
1825

FORGET
ME NOT

1825

FORGET ME NOT

1825.

R. Westall R.A. del.

C. Heath sculp.

THE PARTING CHARGE.

FORGET ME NOT:

A

CHRISTMAS

AND

NEW YEAR'S

PRESENT

for

1825.

London, Published by R. Ackermann

PREFACE.

WELL aware that success naturally begets imitation, we fully anticipated, when commencing this work "as an annual token of friendship and affection," the appearance of other literary productions of a similar kind. The event has proved the accuracy of our opinion; but, notwithstanding the competition, last year, of two rivals for public favour, so little did their claims affect the popularity acquired by the Forget-Me-Not, that a very large impression was exhausted before the arrival of that season for which it is more particularly destined; and for upwards of a week before Christ-

mas, the Publisher was unable to execute the numerous orders which he was continually receiving. By this marked preference, we have been stimulated to increased efforts for giving to this work all the recommendations which interest, variety, and talents in the literary department, and superiority in graphic embellishments, are capable of conferring.

Among other arrangements for improving the appearance of the Forget-Me-Not, a new and elegant type, cast expressly for the purpose, was procured; but it was involved in the destruction occasioned by a fire which consumed the office where the work was printing, with all that it contained, including the whole impression of a considerable portion of the volume. The manuscripts for the remainder shared the same fate: some of these we have recovered, through

the kindness of the writers, who have furnished us with a second copy; others, we regret to learn, are irretrievable. In this predicament, for the present at least, is the conclusion of the Autobiography of Ferdinand Franck, of which, the ingenious author being on the Continent, we cannot till his return obtain another transcript. We are therefore obliged to entreat the patience of our readers in regard to this article, under the assurance that we shall be enabled to finish it in our next volume.

The numerous Contributors, with whose liberal assistance we have been honoured, will be pleased to accept this expression of our grateful acknowledgments; and, we trust, that the eminent and respectable names embraced in this volume—to say nothing of those writers who choose to remain anonymous—will induce many more of the votaries

of literature and the muse to lend their aid to the efforts of our honest ambition for producing a tribute worthy of Love and Friendship, and for maintaining the pre-eminence in the public favour to which the Forget-Me-Not is already elevated.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE	i
To the Flower "Forget-Me-Not." By BERNARD BARTON	1
Forget-Me-Not. By HENRY NEELE, Esq.	4
The Wedding-Day	6
Second Sight; A Dramatic Scene. By L. E. L.	22
The Lover's Tomb. By HENRY NEELE, Esq.	29
The Alcazar of Seville, and the Tale of the Green Taper. By the Author of "*Doblado's Letters.*"	31
The Parting Charge. By L. E. L.	55
To the Sun-Dial; A Midnight Reverie. By BERNARD BARTON	57
The Dying Soldier	59
My Stella's Return. By H. BRANDRETH, Esq.	69
The Lute. By L. E. L.	72
The Two Pilgrims in Grey	73
Song. By T. MEADOWS, Esq.	89
To the Sky-Lark. By BERNARD BARTON	91
Royal Nuptials	93
A Mother's Lament for an Infant Daughter. By JAMES MONTGOMERY, Esq.	117
The Ruined Cottage. By L. E. L.	120

PAGE

Ademdai. From a Persian Manuscript..... 124
Letrilla. From the Spanish. By J. H. Wiffen, Esq. 155
The Fallen Leaf. A Fragment..... 157
La Bagatelle; a Valentine. By Mrs. E. Cobbold 162
The Madonna of St. Sixtus, by Raphael, in the Royal Gallery at Dresden. By Professor Böttiger..... 165
To Music 172
Verses to a Lady, who presented the Author with the Flower of a Field-Plant, which is said to cause the gifted Person to dream of the Giver. By H. Brandreth, Esq. 174
The Indian Orphan; a Tale. By L. E. L. ... 176
Midnight; Veneziana..... 195
Sacontala; a Tale..... 196
Confessions of a Frenchwoman..... 204
Gunhilda; or, The Champion Page. A Dramatic Scene. By Mrs. E. Cobbold..... 207
Sonnets, written at Rouen and Castleton in the Peak. By the Rev. W. B. Clarke..... 214
Stanzas 217
The Grave of the Suicide..... 219
Lines to a Lady who had refused three separate Proposals; with a Cameo Figure of Sappho. By H. Brandreth, Esq..... 231
Youth 233
Farewell and Welcome. From the German of Goethe. By John Bowring, Esq. 236
The Tournament 238
Canzonet. By Henry Neele, Esq..... 264

PAGE
Letrilla. From the Spanish. By J. H. Wiffen 266
Marianne. By J. M. Lacey, Esq. 268
The Young Captive. From the French of A. Chenier. By John Bowring, Esq..... 297
The Rational Lunatic. By Henry Zschokke 300
To my Daughter. By George Hayter, Esq. 380
To a Lady, with a Leaf gathered from the Mulberry-Tree, planted by Milton in the Gardens of Christ College, Cambridge. By J. H. Wiffen, Esq..... 382
The Falls of Gavarnie in the Pyrennees. From the unpublished Journal of a Traveller..... 383
Music. By Miss S. E. Hatfield 390
The Thirty-first of December..... 392

LIST OF PLATES.

	To face Page
Inscription Plate.	
The Lover's Tomb	29
The Parting Charge	55
The Dying Soldier	67
The Two Pilgrims in Grey	81
Royal Nuptials	110
Ademdai	125
The Madonna of St. Sixtus	166
Sacontala	198
The Tournament	260
The Rational Lunatic	315
The Falls of Gavarnie	386

Face page 1.

Steel.

Pub. by R. Ackermann, London, 1825.

TO

THE FLOWER

"FORGET ME NOT,"

BY

BERNARD BARTON.

Blossoms more rich and rare than Thou
May twine round Beauty's graceful brow
  In moods of sunny mirth;
The Rose's or the Myrtle's flower
Might more beseem her festive hour,
And give, in Pleasure's careless bower,
  To brighter fancies birth.

But in those moments, sad, yet dear,
When parting wakes Affection's tear,
  Thy stainless blossoms' braid,
Whose NAME *forbids us to forget,*
Would be the chosen coronet
Love on the loveliest brow would set
  To crave fond Memory's aid.

When " earth to earth," and " dust to dust,"
The lov'd, lamented, we entrust,
What flower may grace the spot
Where sleep the reliques of the dead,
For whom the frequent tear is shed,
Like thine — which, from the grave's cold bed,
Repeats " Forget me not!"

Yet not in pensive moods alone
Thy heart-appealing name we own
To love, to friendship dear;
Were not that name with joy combin'd
Were not thy bright blue blossoms twin'd
With hopes as bright — thou wouldst not find
An honour'd station HERE.

Not in our volume's opening leaf
Should flower which only imag'd grief
A mournful emblem stand;
For UNFORGETTING LOVE, whose light
Makes even sorrow's clouds look bright,
In joy and hope, with magic might,
The feelings can expand.

And therefore would we place thee here,
Symbol of hopes the heart holds dear,
In every clime and age;
Thoughts — lov'd in sunshine or in gloom,
Priz'd from the cradle to the tomb,
Prompt us to wreathe thy azure bloom
To deck our opening page.

Here, then, 'mid pointed leaves of green,
Be thy cerulean blossoms seen,
To grace our garden-plot;
Nor would we prouder flowers entwine
Round Friendship's or Affection's shrine,
Than one which can recal, like thine,
The words " FORGET ME NOT!"

FORGET ME NOT.

Forget not, oh! forget not me,
I ne'er shall cease to think of thee,
  Oh, never, never!
While yet the life-blood warms these veins,
While yet my lyre pours forth its strains,
For thee this pulse alone shall beat,
For thee that lyre its lays repeat,
And never find a theme more sweet,
  No! never—never!

By all those wondrous charms of thine,
By thy soft heart, destroy not mine,
  Oh, never, never!
By the dark glances of thine eye,
By thy sweet smiles' bland witchery,
By all those shining locks which rest
Upon that gently heaving breast,
Like halcyons on their billowy nest,
  Forget me never!

Forget not love—forget not truth—
And plighted vows of earliest youth—
  Oh, never, never!

A heart that fondly trusted thee,
Blessings breathed oft and fervently,
Thoughts ever studious thine to please,
And folded hands, and bended knees,
Forget not, oh! forget not these,
No! never—never!

HENRY NEELE.

THE WEDDING DAY.

It was a delightful summer's day, and the little village of H—— was a scene of commotion, which evidently shewed that some event of consequence had happened, or was expected instantly to take place. The inhabitants were bustling about with an air of importance and business, resembling that which we often see assumed by one of your visionary politicians, who fancies that he carries the affairs of the nation upon his shoulders, and that he is of the utmost importance to its happiness, when, sooth to say, no one but himself knows or cares whether such a being exist or not. The three bells in the steeple of the rustic church were (what is technically termed *raising*) giving indications that a merry peal would shortly be rung upon those national instruments. The bailiff and chief constable, the only official men in the village, were seen hastening across the green to the court-house, attended by their underlings in office, and preparations were making by the inhabitants of all classes for

an illumination in the evening; whilst a large pile of faggots, collected upon the green we have before mentioned, and arranged around a lofty staff surmounted by a tar-barrel, denoted that the old English mode of rejoicing, by kindling a bonfire, was not to be forgotten. But, perhaps, the best sight of all was, to see a number of children, girls and boys, running about, whose uniform dress and extreme neatness shewed that they belonged to some charity school, in which great attention was paid to their appearance, and, as was seen by their demeanour, to their conduct also. The girls carried little baskets, and both were evidently engaged in begging flowers, as they were seen to stop at the doors of all the cottages to which gardens were attached, and their store was augmented from each application. We had almost overlooked the village inn, an offence which would never have been forgiven by honest Boniface, the landlord of the Wilson's Arms, who was now in his element, scolding here, ordering there, and, perhaps, in a third place, chucking a pretty smiling bar-maid under the chin, (Boniface was a bachelor, I must inform my readers,) with a "Come, Bessy, keep a good heart, girl, look to the things briskly; have every thing tidy and in order, and what I calls comfortable, as I once heard a man say in the play, when I went to the play-

house at the market-town there; and who knows, girl, but thou mayest get thee a husband before night?"

The Wilson's Arms was situated on the south side of the village green, on which preparations were making for a variety of popular sports. Here hung a *chemise*, richly decorated with ribands, for which a number of rustic Atalantas were to contend in the race; there was a hat intended as a prize for the victor in a match at jumping in sacks: a belt, to be given to him whose power in wrestling was superior to that of his competitors, was also displayed; with various other articles, to be bestowed as rewards upon the successful candidates in feats of agility or strength. Three barrels of strong ale, standing in front of the inn, were to be broached in the course of the day; and several brisk lads and lasses were engaged in carrying tressels, planks, forms, &c., to a neighbouring barn, that was to serve as a hall for refreshment during the day and a ball-room at night.

In the midst of all these bustling preparations, a humble chaise and pair drove up to the Wilson's Arms: two gentlemen who alighted from it entered the house, requesting to be shewn to a room, and to have breakfast sent in immediately. Neither of them was apparently more than thirty years of age, but both bore the

marks of travel upon their brows; and it was evident that they were but recently arrived from a much hotter climate than England happily possesses, from their embrowned complexions, on which the sun's rays had apparently been acting for some years. The bustle in the village had attracted their notice, as indeed it was impossible but it should; and whilst their breakfast was getting ready, they summoned their host, who entered the room smirking and rubbing his hands with an air of self-satisfaction, which shewed that he was perfectly at ease with himself, and with every thing around him.

"Here I am, gentlemen, waiting your commands; and though I say it that should not say it, there are few things you can call for but the Wilson's Arms will furnish. The best inn, sirs, as every traveller will tell you, within forty miles."

"Well, honest Toby," said the younger of the strangers—

"Beg pardon, sir, my name is not Toby; Boniface Barleycorn, sir, at your service. A name, sir, which I have borne, man and boy, these fifty years."

"Indeed! well, I beg your pardon, Mr. Barleycorn Boniface"—

"Boniface Barleycorn, sir."

"Boniface Barleycorn, be it then. Have you lived here long?"

"Yes, sir, I was born here: here in this very house, and in the chamber, sir, directly above this parlour — the window of which opens to the green, and commands a fine view of the 'squire's house in the distance. Yes, I was born here, sir; and so was my father, and my grandfather, sir; and my great-grandfather; and, for aught I know, all my ancestors as far back as Adam himself."

"Then you think the Wilson's Arms was in being before the deluge, hey, my fine fellow?"

"Can't say, sir; I never bother my head with such unprofitable speculations. I take things as I find them; and don't stop to inquire as to their origin or antiquity."

"A very sensible practice, upon my word; but we want to know the meaning of all this stir in your village, old Boni."

"Beg pardon, sir; but I don't like to be called 'Boni:' it puts one in mind of that fellow 'cross the water yonder; and I'm a true Englishman, sir, and love my king, and detest Bonaparte and all Frenchmen."

"As a right honest John Bull should do. Give us your hand, my old boy!" and the gay spark seized the broad palm of Boniface, and gave it a hearty shake — so hearty indeed, that it almost dislocated his elbow.

"Come, that 's not the gripe of one who 's

lived in idleness all his life, however," said the landlord.

"No, my honest fellow," said the second stranger, who had not spoken before; "it is the grasp of a soldier who has borne arms in defence of his king almost from infancy; and under whose gay and thoughtless exterior is concealed as brave and honest a heart as ever beat in an Englishman's bosom."

The sound of this gentleman's voice evidently startled the landlord. He eyed the strangers from head to foot; then muttered—"Strange resemblance of voice! but it can't be. I beg your pardon, gentlemen:" after a minute's pause, he resumed—"you were asking about the stir in the village. The daughter and only child of our worthy landlord, 'squire Wilson, is to be married to-day." The stranger, whose voice had apparently brought back to the landlord's mind some reminiscences of the days that were past, now started in his turn, and exclaimed, "Indeed!" His emotion, however, was not noticed by Boniface, who proceeded:—

"She is the pride of our village, sir; so beautiful, so good-humoured, and so amiable: then, sir, she is the idol of all who visit the Hall—both young and old; and is doted upon by her parents."

"Is she the only child, did you say?" inquired the stranger who had first spoken.

"We fear she is," said Boniface.

"You fear she is? What do you mean by that?"

"Why, sir, the story always makes me melancholy — and this is not a day for melancholy reflections: however, you shall have it. You must know, sir, that our 'squire had another child, a son; a fine boy he was too, handsome, generous, high-spirited: indeed he was too high-spirited, as you shall hear. He grew up amongst us, and was beloved by old and young; not a lad in the village but would have laid down his life to serve Master Henry. He was educated at home, his father not approving of public schools; and an orphan cousin, to whom he always behaved with the affection of a brother, was brought up with him. Sirs, this cousin was a villain. (The second stranger here was greatly agitated, and listened with increased interest.) He panted to enjoy the wealth and distinctions of his unfortunate cousin; he envied him the affection and respect of the villagers, which he thought was paid only to his wealth; and from brooding over the difference which Providence had pleased to make in their situations, he formed the diabolical plan, if possible to ruin Henry in his father's

affections by corrupting that heart which was the seat of honour, and by making him the child of vice and crime. He failed; and though Henry detected his machinations, he generously concealed them from his father, as he knew how dependent his cousin was upon him; and having earnestly reasoned with him on the nature of his offences, he trusted that he had worked a reformation in the depraved mind of Woodburn; but his heart was the same, and still panted for the ruin of his benefactor.

"Well, sirs, this ruin he effected by purloining some trinkets from the room of Mrs. Wilson, which he hid with great care in the bottom of Henry's box; who, never suspecting any one about him of dishonesty, frequently left his keys lying in his room, and thus afforded facility to the execution of his treacherous cousin's devices. Woodburn then procured a girl who lived in the family, over whom he had obtained unbounded power by the basest arts, to be ready, when any inquiry took place, to come forward and swear that she saw Master Henry take the trinkets out of his mother's room. What particular end he meant this rascally trick to answer I don't know, as he could not have expected that if even his parents became convinced Henry had clandestinely stolen the trinkets, they would discard or disinherit him for that. However, unhappily, it

fell out too well for the villain. The things were missed; inquiry was made; the girl with great apparent reluctance told the cursed tale which had been put into her mouth; and the noble and honourable-minded Henry was charged with the theft. He positively denied it. His father, who felt thunderstruck at the imputation cast on his son, demanded the keys of his box: Henry, indignant at the idea of being suspected of committing a crime at which his whole soul revolted, refused to deliver them. His father took them by force, and going to his chamber, soon returned with the lost trinkets, which he had found carefully concealed in a corner of his trunk, under his clothes. I cannot describe the scene which followed, though I have often heard poor old Harlowe, the butler, describe it; but it ended in Henry's running out of the room, declaring that he would never stay to be suspected of being a thief. From that time to this he has never been heard of."

"And how did Mr. Wilson bear up under the loss of such a son?" inquired the first stranger: the other had buried his face in his hands, and seemed to be listening to the landlord's tale with the most intense interest.

"I can scarcely tell you, sir. After a little time he seemed like a lost man: the sight of the girl who had accused Henry became hateful to him, and she was obliged to leave the family.

My lady was delivered of a daughter soon after; but still the 'squire was anxious to discover his son: rewards were offered, every search was made, but all to no effect; and our respected master fell quite into a melancholy way like."

"Well?" said the stranger.

"Things went on so for two or three years; when one day the girl who had accused Master Henry came to my house, (it was my father's then, tho') and after much crying and fainting, told us the whole story, how she had been seduced by Woodburn to tell the base lie, and that it was all false. Nobody in the village believed it, sir; but we were happy, nevertheless, at being able so satisfactorily to contradict it. Father hurried away with her to the Hall, where she was confronted with Woodburn, and told the same story. I have often heard father say, what a hang-dog he looked like when the 'squire indignantly ordered him from his presence, but told him he should have a liberal maintenance to keep him from the necessity of committing crime. This is now fifteen years since, and still nothing has been heard of Master Henry; yet the good old 'squire, who shook off his melancholy when his son's innocence was made apparent, has always kept up his spirits. He says he is convinced he will return; for that God who made his innocence

manifest, will protect him in his wanderings, and restore him, when he sees fit, to his family and friends."

"And Woodburn?" said the stranger.

"Oh! he lives somewhere in London, I believe: he is yet a pensioner upon the 'squire's bounty; but he never dares to shew himself at the village. But, bless my soul, gentlemen, I cannot stand talking here any longer; time flies. The marriage takes place at twelve o'clock: it is now ten, and I have a hundred things to do. You shall have breakfast sent in directly; but you must excuse me. Your servant, gentlemen."

"Your servant, Mr. Boniface; and thanks for your interesting story."

The landlord left the room; and the two friends, whilst discussing their breakfast, arranged the plan of their future operations.

The hour soon arrived which was to behold the blooming Maria Wilson become the wife of Sir George Broomfield, a young baronet of large estates in the neighbourhood, and of a character as amiable as her own. The party proceeded to church through a line of villagers formed from the Hall to the sacred edifice, and were preceded by the children we have mentioned, strewing flowers in their path. The ceremony was performed by the venerable parish priest, who had been the tutor of Master Henry, and

who had refused all other preferment, that he might remain near the family of his beloved pupil, whom he never ceased to regret, and of whom he was never tired of talking. When it was concluded, the bride and bridegroom and their friends returned to the Hall, whilst the villagers proceeded to the village, to spend the day in festive mirth and in innocent enjoyment.

A splendid *déjeûner à la fourchette* was provided at the Hall for the nuptial party, and they were scarcely seated, when Mr. Wilson was summoned to the library to receive a stranger who wished to see him on particular business. On entering the room, a young man of prepossessing appearance introduced himself to him as Captain Lockhart, and apologised for intruding upon him at such a moment: "But, Sir," he continued, "I flatter myself that when I have opened my commission, the intelligence I bring will ensure my pardon, and, I trust, increase the happiness which the event of this day is calculated to confer upon all parties connected with your amiable family."

"You come to tell me of my son!" tremulously exclaimed the agitated, anxious father: "I can see by your looks that he lives! — God be praised!" and he sank upon his knees to return thanks to that Being who had granted his prayers, and fulfilled the only wish, the accomplishment of which was left unattained. The

gallant soldier beheld him with reverence and respect; and when he rose from his devotional posture, assured him that his conjectures were correct—that he did bring news of his son, who lived; nay, who was in the village—in the house. "In your arms, my father!" exclaimed Henry himself, who came forward from a recess where he had remained during this conversation, and threw himself into the ready embrace of his revered parent, who strained him to his heart with a convulsive grasp. Mr. Wilson had not closed the library door when he entered: a servant, who had lived in the family before the disappearance of Henry, happened to be passing down the corridor, and heard the last words. She immediately ran in to the servants, shouting, "Our young master 's come back, and is now in the library!" From the servants' hall it was an easy transition to the breakfast parlour; and the party assembled there, half-incredulous—hoping, yet doubting—proceeded to the library, where they found the father and son still locked in each other's embrace. The scene which followed mocks description. It was some time before composure was restored to any individual in the company; but at length they again adjourned to the breakfast parlour, where Henry, being seated between his father and mother, accounted for his long absence and apparent neglect.

On leaving the Hall, he had proceeded to the neighbouring sea-port, and enlisted as a drummer in an East India regiment, which embarked the next day. He wrote to Woodburn, to tell him of his movements, before the vessel sailed, and to entreat that he would take every opportunity of impressing his innocence upon his father's mind; and promised to acquaint him with his proceedings when he arrived at the place of his destination. From that time he had risen through every gradation in the army, till he had reached the rank of Lieutenant Colonel; and little did the anxious parents think, when reading of the heroism of Colonel Campbell, that this individual was their deeply-lamented son. He had kept up a constant correspondence with Woodburn, who always represented his father as implacable against him; and assured him that he had invariably refused to read the letters which Henry forwarded to him through his treacherous cousin. These letters Woodburn had destroyed, and thus perpetuated the estrangement he had first created. The peace of 1815 was the signal for the recal of Henry's regiment to England; and, unable any longer to bear the anger of his beloved parent, he resolved to seek his native village, and try the effects of a personal interview. There he arrived, accompanied by his friend Captain Lockhart, on the morning of the day fixed for his

sister's marriage; and from the garrulity of Boniface he learned his cousin's treachery, and received the conviction of his parents' love. He determined not to make himself known till after the ceremony; and, having witnessed its celebration from the reading desk of the church, he and his friend took the road to the Hall. In the hurry and joyous confusion which prevailed, he had no difficulty in reaching the library unobserved, whither, as he expected, Captain Lockhart, on inquiring for Mr. Wilson, was conducted, when the happy explanation took place.

The news of "Master Harry's return" was soon carried to the village, where it spread like wildfire, and occasioned universal joy. Boniface capered and sung like a madman; he told the villagers they were welcome to drain every drop of ale in his cellar to the health of their young 'squire; and he caught Bessy the barmaid, and gave her such a hearty kiss, that the reverberation of it echoed through the house. "Never mind, my girl," said he; "thee and me will be married to-morrow; and as long as we live we will keep this day as a jubilee, and never forget to celebrate our young master's return."

We need not add that the good news gave an additional zest to the sports of the day. In the evening, all the party at the Hall joined

the villagers, and partook of the merry dance with their happy dependents. The morning sun rose before they had retired to their beds; and, in every succeeding year, this day has been celebrated as a festival at the village of H——.

W. C. S.

York, March, 1824.

SECOND SIGHT.

A Dramatic Scene.

RONALD—ELLEN.

Ellen.—Oh! I will chide thee, truant! Look
how fair,
Like to love's promises, the heavens appear!
The blue Night has put on her wreath of stars—
A bright queen in her proud regality!
The young Moon is arisen, and the waves
Have welcomed her in music, while the winds
Bear her their song, mixed with the breath of
flowers
Our island yields, like to sweet incense given
In homage to her beauty!—All is still
Save the melodious language of the leaves;
And yonder star, our own pale signal star,
Has reached the dark hill's point unmarked by
thee.
Nay, turn not thus away—speak, mine own
love!
Ronald.—My own, my gentle treasure! I
could gaze
On those blue eyes, and quite forget that shades

Are gathering on their brightness. Alas! dear
love,
An evil circle is fast closing round.
I have not hidden from thee my fatal gift
To look upon the future, and to feel
Like present things those which are yet to come—
And on me now is consciousness of ill.
Ellen.—Nay, I must smile this gloomy mood
away:
Come, I will sing thee words which thou didst
frame
Like flowers in a fair wreath.—I heard to-day
A wild sad air, just fit for them, 'tis one
Of those sweet spells whose power is more upon
The heart than even the ear.
Ronald.— No, no; not now!
I cannot bear to see thee smile, yet know
Thy step is on a precipice; that I
Shall lead thee to the brink—and lead to perish.
Ellen.—This of thyself, false prophet! Ro-
nald, no;
Oh, I will not believe thee. Come, be gay:
You're a dull lover for a lady's bower.
You do not love me.
Ronald.—Not love thee! By that cheek
Now beautiful with blushes—by those eyes,
Like a blue harebell, when a sunshine plays
Upon its dewy leaves—by that white brow
Crown'd with gold curls, and by that eloquent
smile—

I love thee tenderly as exiles love
Remembrances of their own country; dear
As home, as infancy, as happiness;
Precious as hope.

Ellen.—Ah, these are honeyed words; but... I believe them.

Ronald.—Alas! my trusting love, I've other words—
Dark, fearful words—for thee. We must forget
That we have ever loved; our vows must be
Shadows long past.

Ellen.—Oh Ronald, cruel, cruel—
Love may not learn forgetfulness. I can
Be silent as the grave; can school my tears
To fall in secret; let my cheek grow pale;
And my heart waste away in solitude;—
But I cannot forget thee.

Ronald.—Time has been
When pardon to the mourner were less sweet
Than are those words to me; but now thy love
To me is as despair: I'll tell thee all,
All my dark auguries. E'en from a child
There was a strange power on me; I have sought
The mountain brow, when veiled in thunder clouds;
I roamed the forest when night wrapped me round,
The meteor flames my guide; I lay beside
The foaming waterfall, and I have held

Unblest communion with the dead, and seen
And talked with spirits, and have looked on
sights
Which sent the frozen life-blood from my cheek!
I did not seek companionship with man;
I lived in a proud solitude; but you
Softened my gloomy mood, and then my pride
Bowed to a woman's power: life was no more
A stern and gloomy pathway: but it grew
A paradise of hope, and I forgot
My dreary visions.

Ellen.— Oh forget them still!
My heart beats quick with fear —— What is
that sound?
How sad, how wildly, has the night-wind swept
Over my harp!

Ronald.—Ah, those prophetic notes!
Death is upon their tones; 'tis the same dirge
That rang last night within my ear:—I stood
Beneath an oak whose blasted stem was rent
By the fierce lightning; it yet smoked; the
fire
Was red upon it, while the falling rain
Hissed on the scorched leaves. I heard the
voice
Of spirits on the wind, and saw strange forms:
The clouds were black as death; my only
light
Was the pale herald of the thunder-peal!

Then rose the vision on my soul: first came
Those melancholy sounds; then I beheld
Myself and thee—I saw the dagger gleam
Red in my hand—'twas dripping with thy gore—
I saw thy death-wound, saw thee cold and pale
And knew myself thy murderer!

Ellen.— Oh, Ronald, leave
This most unholy interchange with things
Forbidden and concealed. Ask thy own heart;
It will proclaim their falsehood. Ask that heart
Which I most truly do believe is mine,
If it could injure me.

Ronald.— Dear Ellen, no;
It cannot be that I who love thee, thus
Could harm thee, love: the turf, on which thy step
Has left its fairy trace, is unto me
A sainted spot; the very air thou breathest
Is precious; more I prize the slightest leaf
Wreath'd with thy sunny hair, than the rich gems
That burn in Indian mines. It cannot be
That I could harm thee!

Ellen.— Oh, I do not fear.
Come, pray thee, smile at thine own prophecy.

Ronald.— For once, dear Ellen,
I'll bid thee not believe me!

* * * * * * * * *

It is a lovely shade, but shun the place—
Mark what a red taint is upon the heath!
The very harebells have caught that one hue:
Look how they gleam beneath the pale moonlight!
Oh, blood is on their bloom—a crimson dye—
Which has been and which will be there for years.
Those larches, with their graceful sweep, once made
A gentle maiden's bower, and 'tis her blood
That gives the flowers their unnatural stain.
'Tis a sad history:—The maid was slain
By one who was her lover; for his heart
Was dark with jealousy: and then he fled
To the fierce battle, as if outward strife
Could kill the strife within; yet home he came
At last—death spares the wretched—then he heard
How innocent, how true, his Ellen was.
He sought the spot where she was murdered, made
Atonement with his blood; and it is told,
When the moon lights the midnight, comes a sound
Of melancholy music, and a shape
Like that poor maiden, with the golden hair
Stain'd from the bosom's wound; and by its side,
Another phantom of a dark-browed chief,

Who seems, with bended head and outstretch'd
arms,
To ask forgiveness; these flit o'er the turf,
And make the place so fearful.

L. E. L.

R. Westall R.A. pinx.t

W.E. Finden sculp.t

Street

The Lover's Vows

THE LOVER'S TOMB.

"I'LL gather my dark raven locks o'er my brow,
And the fleet wind my courser shall be,
And I'll haste to the place where the willow trees grow,
For my true love is waiting for me."
"Sweet maid, say not so,
In the grave he lies low."
"Oh! no, no; he lives, and loves me!

"I see him at morning, I see him at eve,
I know his broad brow and sweet smile;
And he bids me no longer in solitude grieve,
For he will but tarry awhile."
"Sweet maid, he is dead,
In the earth rests his head."
"Oh! no, no; he lives, and loves me!

"He lives, tho' his cheek is more pale than of yore,
And the light of his bright eye is gone,
And when his wan fingers my brow traverse o'er,
They are cold—they are cold as the stone."
"God help thee, sweet maid!
In the tomb he is laid."
"Oh! no, no; he lives, and loves me!"

Not long did that fair maiden mourn for her love,
She soon slept in death by his side;
Yet 'tis said that when night hangs her banner above,
Her spirit is oft seen to glide
Where the willow trees grow,
While she still says, "No, no,
Oh! no, no; he lives, and loves me!"

HENRY NEELE.

THE ALCAZAR OF SEVILLE,

AND THE

TALE OF THE GREEN TAPER.

By the Author of Doblado's Letters.

My favourite haunt, while a student at Seville, was the *Alcázar*, the ancient abode of her kings, both Moors and Christians. It is a palace originally erected by the Arabs, at a short distance from the principal mosque, now the cathedral; and rebuilt upon a more extensive plan by Peter the Cruel, in 1360. The Spanish tyrant made it answer the double purpose of a mansion and a fortress, adding a wall, on the side of the town, which, though now concealed in many places by houses, shews, in its strength, how much he has to fear whom every body fears.

The gates in this inclosure marked to me the boundary between ancient and modern Seville,—I do not use the words ancient and modern in the precise sense of the antiquarian: with dates I neither had nor wished to have

any thing to do,—they have plagued me through life, so readily do they glide off my memory. Of the books which contain the history of my native town, not one had then been in my hands; yet the *Alcázar* with its neighbourhood was more than history to me; for the traditional tales which I had heard from the dear lips that taught me Castillian, made it an enchanted spot, where, scarcely noticing the present inhabitants, I mixed with the shades of both Moors and Spaniards who had dwelt there in the ages of love and romance.

I should indeed pity that Andalusian youth who, on a summer's day, could enter at the *Huntsmen's Gate;** cast a look at the arabesque fretwork of the palace; pass in front of the grand saloons, which stretch on one side of the gardens; proceed to the King's Mews; and lastly, take shelter from the burning but enlivening heat of the sun in the labyrinth of Moorish streets at the back of the *Alcázar*, and be deaf the while to those sweet tales which language is too gross to translate from the whispers of fancy:—such as I heard from that ethereal babbler had a charm which time cannot destroy. When, descending fast into the vale of years, I strongly fix my mind's eye on those narrow, shady, silent streets, where I breathed the scented air which came rustling through

* Puerta de los Monteros.

the surrounding groves; where the footsteps re-echoed from the clean, watered porches of the houses, and every object spoke of quiet and contentment,—of bare sufficiency of fortune enlarged by cheerfulness and moderation of wishes,—of modest gentility, supporting its claims to respect, not by riches and power, but by inherited nobleness and delicacy of feeling; the objects around me begin to fade into a mere delusion, and not only the thoughts but the external sensations which I then experienced revive with a reality that makes me shudder;—it has so much the character of a trance or vision! Alas! what is there left of the objects themselves but these mental traces, these deep and painful impressions, which, like unhealed wounds, must in the heart of many an exile bleed anew whenever they are examined!

The approach to the gardens of the *Alcázar* is through a long, low, narrow passage, whose darkness and confined dimensions add to the effect of light and space on passing the iron gate of the first parterre. An Englishman would find here little but the novelty of the scene to gratify him. Every thing, even the plants and flowers, bears an artificial look. The high myrtle hedges, inclosing the square plots into which the ground is divided, are kept in the most precise shape by the smoothing

shears of the gardener. The thyme, lavender, and boxwood, are seen in rows, forming grotesque designs of animals, mottoes, and heraldic figures. The walks are paved with bricks; and iron railings separate the different portions, which go by the names of the Queen's, the Prince's, the Alcove, the Labyrinth, and the Ladies' Gardens. The centre of the last is occupied by two lines of dancers, cut out of the myrtle hedge on which they stand, all with heads and hands carved in wood; the rest of the body and dress formed of the living plant. A band of musicians, of the same vegetable growth, with harps, pipes, and tabors, is seen at one end; and two colossal savages, with maces of enormous dimensions, all connected by the same roots, and living on the same earth, stand sentinels at the entrance.

Such are the objects which might disgust the fastidious and unaccommodating taste of some travellers. But, oh! how different are the feelings of a native, taught by the climate and nature of his soil, not to expect *rural* pleasure within the walls of a town, forest scenery on thirsty plains, or soft turfs under a fierce sun, which would leave no traces of vegetable green, were it not for the hardiness of some plants, and the artificial streams that water them! The inhabitant of the south looks in a garden for cool shade, and balmy breezes, and

the refreshing murmurs of fountains; the intoxicating breath of the orange flowers in their season; the thick, though invisible, clouds of odours which rise from millions of roses; the sighs of the south wind; and, sweeter than they, the warblings of the nightingale. Such pleasures cannot be enjoyed in the cold open solitude of a park: but how wonderfully are they enhanced by the privacy of a Moorish garden!

Lost in the sensations just described, I used to sit, hour after hour, in a favourite corner where I could hear the sound of a copious stream, which, from the mouth of a marble lion, gushed into a large reservoir; and would not have exchanged the tall grey wall, incrusted with rustic work above, and clothed below with trained orange and lemon trees, for the finest park scenery which I have learnt to admire in England. There, with scarcely any one in view (for this place is frequented only three or four days in the year), and listening to the shears of the gardeners, which forced out the sweet cool scent of the box and myrtle, and awaked feelings not unlike the whetting of the scythe, where it announces the long-expected summer; my fancy fluttered like a bird hatched in an aviary, beyond whose wire-work there is not a wish to tempt him. Had I not room enough for every dream of youthful happiness?

Did not those very limits seem to secure me from intrusion, that bane and blight of the hearts which early learn to shrink from the gaze of the petty tyrants who subdivide the oppressive power of church and state in those countries? Oh no! liberty never smiles there but within walls and gates. The monarchs themselves, who contrived these bowers, felt the necessity of guards and inclosures. As to myself, who derived my best pleasures from fancy, I never passed between the threatening maces of the green savages who stood at the entrance, without imagining that the blow which they suspended, as I chose to believe, out of pure good-will towards me, would fall upon the first intruder who should dare to break in upon my privacy.

The vegetable guards seemed, however, to be in collusion with many occasional visitors. Parties of strangers from the country used, now and then, to visit the gardens; but though their presence could not but disturb the enjoyment of my oriental reveries, they never staid long within view; while, on the other hand, the play of the water-spouts which, upon such occasions, is invariably the consequence of a small fee given to the chief gardener, made me full amends by adding freshness and brilliancy to the scene.

The reader should indeed be informed, that

the brick walks, and the rustic incrustation of the walls, with all the artificial coral and shell rocks of which the decorations of the fountains consist, are perforated with innumerable small apertures, communicating with leaden pipes, which convey a large body of water from a much higher level. Upon turning a cock, walls, walks, and rocks are bristled over with a crop of streamlets, rising to the height of eight or ten feet, and preserving in their directions the outline of the figures from which they issue. Those in the walks are so contrived, that, rising on both sides with a certain obliquity, arches of shining drops are formed, under which any one might walk without being exposed to more than a light spray. Hydraulic organs were formerly connected with these water-works, of which nothing remains but a figure blowing a trumpet. The sound it utters has a peculiar softness, and appears to proceed, not from the figure itself, but from a wind instrument behind the wall, or rather under ground. The quaintness of these contrivances, and the coolness produced by the rapid evaporation which follows the play of the diminutive fountains, are in perfect harmony with the character of the whole place: they certainly never failed to freshen my thoughts and invigorate my fancy.

It was on one of these occasions that I made

the acquaintance of an excellent man — one of the best specimens of the Sevillian gentry, at a period when Spanish manners were making progress towards refinement, and just before the introduction of the affected ease and rude frankness, which now contrast so offensively with the remains of their ceremonious politeness. Don Antonio Montesdeoca was seldom seen in the modern French coat: his dress, except on a few church festivals, was the long Spanish cloak, of light-brown stuff, in summer, and of cloth of the same colour in winter. The hat was about ten inches broad in the brim, with a crown from three to four in height. His unshorn grey hairs were gathered into an oblong black silk net, with a string of tassels not unlike the tail of a paper kite, which hung over his back. He was tall, lean, and walked remarkably erect, bearing the left arm bent upon the breast, as if it still supported the long sword which, sixty years ago, all gentlemen carried about in the evening. I knew Don Antonio by name, and he knew me; yet, with the natural modesty of a boy, I used only to touch my hat to him, according to the good old style of Spanish civility, and pass on to my favourite seat. Both of us, however, being thus thrown together daily on the same spot, it was not long before the old gentleman, telling me that he had known my family many years,

asked what brought me so often to the gardens. He was highly delighted with the similarity of our tastes at such distant periods of life. From that day we often met to converse under the shade of the same tree. He knew a great deal about the palace, and all the antiquities of the town. I listened with much interest to his accounts of days long past; and will try to repeat such parts of them as I believe to be worthy of attention, by their having left the deepest impression on my memory.

There is an object in the gardens which, from my earliest childhood, I had looked upon with a mixture of awe and curiosity: it is a dark, dismal, subterraneous hall, supported by rows of double columns, and very scantily lighted from a few square apertures in the ceiling, secured by strong iron grates, as if they had been contrived for a keep or dungeon. In the middle of this hall is seen a large oblong tank of marble. The tank, at the time I am speaking of, was perfectly dry; though two large spouts, at the upper end, still shewed the purpose for which it was constructed. The recollection of its original use is preserved in the name which the place bears to this day, of the Baths of Donna Maria Padilla. This lady, who is generally believed to have been, from her earliest youth to her death, the mistress of Peter the Cruel, was the butt of the party who

set on the throne the bastard Henry of Transtamare, the same that murdered the king, his brother, with his own hand, after the battle of Montiel. Such, however, were Maria's beauty, goodness of heart, and natural talents, that even the chronicles written during the reign of the successful usurper are forced to speak of her with respect; while, on the other hand, malice and calumny were employed in spreading the most shocking reports, which, in the shape of popular traditions, are still preserved among the Sevillians. I had once obtained admission to the baths, through the influence of my friend Don Antonio, when he asked me how many old gossips' stories of Donna Maria Padilla I had heard. I acknowledged that, like every other child in Seville, I had, in fact, heard the whole series: that I had often been frightened to bed by the nurserymaid's story of the coach of fire in which Donna Maria was said, on certain nights, to parade the town; and had even heard, as a proof of her shameless profligacy, that she took no pains to avoid the public gaze in these very baths. "Absurd," interrupted my old friend, "very absurd and wicked! I cannot endure calumny even against those who have been many centuries among the dead. Maria Padilla, to tell you the truth, is one of my historical favourites: she, from pure disinterested love of Peter, bore the reproach of

being his mistress, though she was the true and lawful queen of Castille. The most indubitable proofs of the marriage were given to the Cortes at Seville soon after her death: and no man would now pretend to doubt the fact, had not such a doubt been necessary to justify the usurpation of Henry. Heaven, in mercy to her virtues and sufferings, spared her seeing the last years of Peter's reign, and saved her (whatever the Spanish ballads say to the contrary) the humiliation of falling at the feet of her husband's murderer. Peter himself scarcely deserves compassion; yet few tyrants could say more in extenuation of their crimes. Placed on the throne a mere boy, two powerful and violent parties strove to make him the tool of their ambition. His wicked and lewd mother harassed a naturally violent character into downright ferocity; and the crowd of Peter's bastard brothers almost deserved the death which the enraged despot inflicted upon them: yet the amiable Padilla, whose enemies they were, exerted herself to the last to save them. The power of her charms must have been surprising, since they could bind through life a man of the most unbridled passions. But Peter, who, in the wantonness of youth, pampered by the unprincipled rivals of the Padilla family, tried often to break the spell which bound his heart to Maria's, returned to her as

often, declaring that she was the loveliest of all women. Do you see that beautiful gallery of arches supported on groups of small columns, which runs over the city wall that terminates these gardens?" "Yes," said I; "it joins the *Alcázar* with the ancient tower called *del Oro*, which rises on the brink of the river."

"In that tower," continued my friend, "did Peter keep for some time one of the rivals whom the enemies of Maria Padilla contrived to set up against her. The lady's name was Aldonza Coronél, a sister of Maria Coronél, the celebrated foundress of the convent of Santa Clara, in this town; who, to avoid the dangers which threatened her virtue, destroyed her charms in a manner too shocking to relate. You have, no doubt, seen her body, in a glazed coffin, occupying the seat of honour in the choir of that nunnery. Well; Aldonza, a frailer beauty, came to implore the king's forgiveness for her husband, Alvar Perez de Guzman, who had been declared a traitor. The king was struck with her beauty; and the enemies of Maria Padilla procured interviews which proved the ruin of Aldonza. Maria was deserted in the *Alcázar*, while the faithless wife of Alvar Perez drew the whole court to the tower *del Oro*. The triumph of Aldonza was, however, of short duration. Maria's meek endurance of neglect soon rekindled affection in the heart of

the king; and Aldonza had to bury her shame in the cloister which her sister had just erected, as a retreat for herself and such females as wished to secure their virtue from the violence and profligacy of the times. The ill treatment and death of Blanche of Bourbon, generally supposed the legitimate queen of Castille, have in modern times been attributed to the direct influence of Maria Padilla. That the ever returning affection of Peter for the woman of his first love was the occasion of that barbarous treatment cannot be doubted; but the real cause of Blanche's misfortunes was the intrigues of the queen dowager, who made her defence a pretext for her own ambitious purposes. Maria Padilla appears to have loved Peter with the purest attachment. The tone and temper of her mind may be inferred from the fact that, during a temporary coolness in the king, she obtained a bull for the foundation of a convent, of which she was appointed abbess by the Pope. Yet she possessed towns and estates whither she might have retired, and maintained a splendid independence. But to return to the baths: they are to me in their present state an object of regret and vexation. I recollect them, when in my youth they preserved the original form which they received from the Moorish architect; for this place was the only unaltered remnant of the Mahometan palace. What you

now behold a dismal dungeon, was an orange grove of the same dimensions as the square yard which now stands over it. The upper branches of the trees rose to the level of the palace. These rows of columns supported two corridors which, crossing at right angles, gave access to the grand saloon, and afforded a delightful walk on the sides of the four squares into which they divided the garden below. I cannot conceive any thing more delicious in our hot climate, than a large bath, shaded by luxuriant trees, perfumed by numerous flower-plots; open to light and air, and yet scooped like a grot in the centre of a palace."

I once asked Don Antonio's opinion of the real character of Peter. "Some have of late represented him," said my friend, "as a man of great severity of character, but not cruel by nature. That he was goaded into ferocity, I have already told you. But it cannot be denied that in the latter part of his reign he grew faithless and treacherous to his friends, and a blood-thirsty monster to his enemies. Even in his best years, he at times gave way to fierce anger; though there still appeared a mixture of candour and justice in his character. Every body in this town knows the bust of Peter the Cruel, which still marks the spot where he killed a man in a chance affray, while walking in the night alone and in disguise.

To believe the traditional story, the murderer would never have been suspected but for an old woman who, hearing the clash of swords, looked out with a lamp from her window. She soon withdrew the lamp in great fright, without seeing the man who had slain his adversary. When questioned by the magistrates the next day, she declared her persuasion that the murderer was no other than the king himself, whom she had discovered by the well-known rattling of his knees. Peter heard the accusation with composure, and neither contradicted nor injured the poor woman. Unable, however, to remove the suspicion which lay at his door, he ordered his own bust to be fixed in a niche upon the spot, as the heads of malefactors are set up to mark the scene of their crimes. The name of the narrow street which opens in front of the bust bears still, as we all know, the name of *Candilejo*, from the lamp said to have been brought out by the old woman.

"The state of public morals at that period, and the weakness of the law against the privileged orders, may be conceived from another traditional story which the annalists of Seville have preserved. A prebendary of the cathedral was, in the early part of Peter's reign, trying to seduce a beautiful woman, the wife of a mechanic. The frequency of the lover's visits roused the jealousy of the husband, and he

desired the clergyman to desist from troubling the peace of his household. The prebendary, incensed at what he conceived to be an insult, waylaid and killed the man. He then took sanctuary in the cathedral, and was soon after set free by the archbishop under a very slight punishment. A son of the murdered man, who though young and poor possessed a high spirit, appeared before the king, in an open space with seats, built of stone, near one of the gates of the palace, where he used daily to hear the complaints and petitions of his subjects. The structure I allude to was pulled down so lately as the middle of the seventeenth century. The orphan youth complained bitterly of the archbishop, who had allowed the murderer of his father to go unpunished. Peter heard the lad with great attention, and, taking him aside, asked him if he felt courage enough to avenge his father? The lad declared, he wished for nothing so ardently. 'Go, then,' said the king, 'and come to me for protection.' The heart-blood of the murderer dripped soon after from the orphan's dagger. He was hotly pursued to the palace, where, being given in charge to the crossbowmen, a day was appointed for the trial. Peter, in open court, heard the archbishop's counsel against the prisoner; and asked the sentence of the ecclesiastical judge against the prebendary. 'He was, please your highness,'

answered the prosecutor, 'suspended a whole year from his office.' 'What is your trade or occupation, young man?' said the king. 'I am a shoemaker,' was the answer. 'Then, let it be recorded as the sentence of this court, that, for the space of a whole year, the prisoner shall not be allowed to make shoes.'

On another occasion I questioned Don Antonio concerning a report of a large serpent having once attacked Peter the Cruel. "You mistake the story, my young friend," said he. "The allusion you have heard is to a very grave charge of sorcery, preferred by some writers of the fourteenth century against Maria Padilla. They assert that Blanche of Bourbon gave Peter, at their wedding, a beautiful belt, with which he was highly pleased. Maria, if we believe these writers, fearing to lose the king's affection, put this belt into the hands of a Jew, a great magician; and replaced it in her lover's wardrobe, after having had it exposed to the influence of a powerful spell. In full court the next day, the king, wearing the belt, was receiving the homage of the grandees, who came to congratulate him upon his marriage: suddenly a hideous serpent appeared coiled round the middle of his body. During the first alarm the monster glided rapidly out of sight: with it the king's belt, the gift of his bride, had disappeared. It is added, that from

that moment Peter could not endure the sight of Blanche."

"It would be desirable," said I, "to have a collection of tales of enchantment, from the traditionary legends of this part of the country."—"It would, indeed," answered Don Antonio, "and this quarter of the town would, I am sure, furnish a considerable contribution. All the streets to the south-east of the *Alcázar* were, from the conquest of Seville, allotted to the Moors who wished to remain under the dominion of the Christians. There is another portion of the town, on the same side, which, as you know, is still called the Jewry. The superior knowledge possessed by these two classes of people, when the Spaniards were almost exclusively employed in the arts of war, exposed them to the suspicion of their ignorant neighbours. Medicine, I believe, was at one time practised in Spain by none but Jews and Moors; and, as this science is intimately connected with chemistry, the vials, alembics, and furnaces of a laboratory, could not fail to confirm the prejudices of the Christians on the score of magic. These prejudices were, besides, industriously kept alive and strengthened by impostors, who, finding themselves already suspected, were glad to derive some profit from popular fear and credulity. I recollect that in one of the plays of Lope de Rueda, (the first

who introduced acting in Spain), a Moriscoe is consulted as the regular magician of the place. In later times, when all the descendants of Spanish Moors were, with as much cruelty as impolicy, expelled from the country, the notion that they had left their money concealed and secured by supernatural means became general. Stories of enchanted treasures are as common among us as in some parts of Germany. We are just in view of a house which, in my youth, I saw for a long time uninhabited, because it was said to be haunted by an unfortunate Moorish woman, whose ghost was bound in suffering to a concealed treasure."—"I know the house very well," said I, "but having heard it called *Casa del Duende*,* was led to believe that the supernatural story connected with it, belonged to the ludicrous part of the world of spectres."—"By no means," replied my friend, "the story, whether of itself, or from my having heard it when a child, has something melancholy and impressive to my mind. I will tell it you as we walk home."

TALE OF THE GREEN TAPER.

"Among the unfortunate families of Spanish Moriscoes who were forced to quit Spain in 1610, there was one of a very rich farmer who

* The Goblin-house.

owned the house we speak of. As the object of the government was to hurry the Moriscoes out of the country without allowing them time to remove their property, many buried their money and jewels, in hopes of returning from Africa at a future period. Muley Hassem, according to our popular tradition, had contrived a vault under the large *Zaguán*, or close porch of his house. Distrusting his Christian neighbours, he had there accumulated great quantities of gold and pearls, which, upon his quitting the country, were laid under a spell by another Moriscoe, deeply versed in the secret arts.

"The jealousy of the Spaniards, and the severe penalties enacted against such of the exiles as should return, precluded Muley Hassem from all opportunities of recovering his treasure. He died, intrusting the secret to an only daughter, who, having grown up at Seville, was perfectly acquainted with the spot under the charm. Fatima married, and was soon left a widow, with a daughter whom she taught Spanish, hoping to make her pass for a native of our country. Urged by the approach of poverty, which sharpened the desire to make use of the secret trusted to her, Fatima, with her daughter Zuleima, embarked on board a corsair, and were landed secretly in a cove near Huelva. Dressed in the costume of the peasantry, and having assumed Christian names,

both mother and daughter made their way to Seville on foot, or by any occasional conveyance which offered on the road. To avoid suspicion, they gave out that they were returning from the performance of a vow to a celebrated image of the Virgin, near Moguer. I will not tire you with details as to the means by which Fatima obtained a place for herself and daughter in the family then occupying her own paternal house. Fatima's constant endeavours to please her master and mistress succeeded to the utmost of her wishes: the beauty and innocence of Zuleima, then only fourteen, needed no studied efforts to obtain the affection of the whole family.

"When Fatima thought that the time was come, she prepared her daughter for the important and awful task of recovering the concealed treasure, of which she had constantly talked to her since the child could understand her meaning. The winter came on; the family moved to the first floor as usual, and Fatima asked to be allowed one of the ground-floor rooms for herself and Zuleima. About the middle of December, when the periodical rains threatened to make the Guadalquivir overflow its banks, and scarcely a soul stirred out after sunset, Fatima, provided with a rope and a basket, anxiously awaited the hour of midnight to com-

mence her incantation. Her daughter stood trembling by her side in the porch, to which they had groped their way in the dark. The large bell of the cathedral clock, whose sound, you are well aware, has a most startling effect in the dead silence of the night, tolled the hour; and the melancholy peal of supplication (*Plegária*) followed for about two minutes. All now was still, except the wind and rain. Fatima, unlocking with some difficulty, the cold hands of her daughter out of hers, struck a flint, and lighted a green taper not more than an inch long, which she carefully sheltered from the wind in a pocket-lantern. The light had scarcely glimmered on the ground, when the pavement yawned close by the feet of the two females. 'Now, Zuleima, my child, the only care of my life,' said Fatima, 'were you strong enough to draw me out of the vault where our treasure lies, I would not intreat you to hasten down by these small perpendicular steps, which you here see. Fear not, my love, there is nothing below but the gold and jewels deposited by my father.'—'Mother,' answered the tremulous girl, 'I will not break the promise I have made you, though I feel as if my breathing would stop, the moment I enter that horrible vault. Dear mother, tie the rope round my waist—my hands want strength—

you must support the whole weight of my body. Merciful Allah! my foot slips! Oh, mother, leave me not in the dark!'

"The vault was not much deeper than the girl's length; and upon her slipping from one of the projecting stones, the chink of coins, scattered by her feet, restored the failing courage of the mother. 'There, take the basket, child — quick! fill it up with gold, — feel for the jewels, — I must not move the lantern. — Well done, my love! Another basketful, and no more. I would not expose you, my only child, for . . . yet, the candle is long enough: fear not, it will burn five minutes . . . Heavens! the wick begins to float in the melted wax: out, out, Zuleima! . . the rope, the rope! . . . the steps are on this side!'

"A faint groan was heard. Zuleima had dropped in a swoon over the remaining gold. At this moment all was dark again: the distracted mother searched for the chasm, but it was closed. She beat the ground with her feet; and her agony became downright madness on hearing the hollow sound returned from below. She now struck the flints of the pavement, till her hands were shapeless with wounds. Lying on the ground a short time, and having for a moment recovered the power of conscious suffering, she heard her daughter repeat the words, '*Mother, dear mother, leave*

me not in the dark!' The thick vault, through which the words were heard, gave the voice a heart-freezing, thin, distant, yet silvery tone. Fatima lay one instant motionless on the flints; then raising herself upon her knees, dashed her head, with something like supernatural strength, against the stones. There she was found lifeless in the morning.

"On a certain night in the month of December, the few who, ignorant that the house is haunted, have incautiously been upon the spot at midnight, report that Fatima is seen between two black figures, who, in spite of her violent struggles to avoid the place where her daughter is buried alive, force her to sit over the vault, with a basket full of gold at her feet. The efforts by which she now and then attempts to stop her ears, are supposed to indicate that, for an hour, she is compelled to hear the unfortunate Zuleima crying, 'Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark!'"

THE PARTING CHARGE.

I SEE the white sails of thy ship,
The blue depths of the sea;
I hear the wind sweep o'er the wave
That bears thee, love, from me.
Thy flag shines in the crimson sun,
Now setting in the brine:
That sun will set to-morrow there,
But light no sail of thine!
Yet, with to-morrow's evening star,
Again I'll seek this spot;
'Twas here I gave my parting charge,
My last—"FORGET ME NOT!"

Around my neck there is a band,
'Tis made of thy dark hair;
Its links guard my heart's dearest prize,
A broken ring they bear.
A like pledge hangs upon thy breast,
The last sweet gift love gave,
We broke that ring, we twined that hair
Upon a maiden's grave,
A girl who died of broken vows—
(How can love be forgot?)
A fitting shrine for faithful hearts
To sigh—"FORGET ME NOT!"

How can I bear to think on all
The dangers thou must brave?
My fears will deem each gale a storm,
While thou art on the wave.
How my young heart will cling to all
That breathes of thine or thee!
How I will plant thy favourite flowers,
And nurse thy favourite tree!
And thou! oh thou! be shade or shine,
Or storm or calm thy lot,
Bear on thy heart our parting words—
Our fond "FORGET ME NOT!"

Nay, pray thee, Mother, let me gaze
Upon that distant sail;
What matters that my eye is dim,
Or that my cheek is pale!
And tell me not 'tis vain to weep
For him who is away;
That sighs nor tears will speed the flight
Of but a single day:
It is not that I hope to bring
My sailor to our cot,
But who can say and yet not weep—
Farewell!—"FORGET ME NOT!"

L. E. L.

TO THE SUN-DIAL;

A Midnight Reverie.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

My ear is pain'd, my heart is sick,
When all beside is silent round,
To hear the clock's unvaried click
Repeat its melancholy sound.

'Tis irksome in the dead of night
To have Time's progress thus made known,
And his irrevocable flight
Proclaim'd in such a sullen tone;

To know that thus in darkness fly
Boons far beyond the gift of kings,
That moments — hours — are gliding by,
Which bear no record on their wings:

Nothing to shew their lapse redeem'd
From dull oblivion's barren void,
But — idle, useless, unesteem'd,
Have found, and left us unemploy'd.

Better I love — since time must pass —
To witness, in the light of day,
The noiseless sand-grains in the glass
By slow succession drop away.

With still more joy to THEE I turn,
Meet horologe for Bard to love!
Time's sweetest flight from thee I learn,
Whose lore is borrow'd from above.

The *worldly* use of time may need
Less cumbrous things its course to tell;
I love thy massive tome to read,
To read — and feel its voiceless spell.

I love, in some sequestered nook
Of antique garden, to behold
The page of thy sun-lighted book
Its touching homily unfold:

On some old terrace-walk to greet
Thy form, a sight that never cloys,
Is more to thought than meat and drink,—
To feeling than art's costliest toys.

These seem to track the path of time,
By vulgar means which man has given;
Thou, simple, silent, and sublime,
But show'st thy shadowy sign from heaven!

THE DYING SOLDIER.

" Though early virtue, withered in the bloom,
Has sunk for ever in an early tomb,
We will not mourn for him who rais'd his hand
To guard the blessings of his native land."

From the Monument of Major R. C. Packe.

" I SHALL at least die in my native land; and though Heaven has not doomed that I should expire on the field of glory, yet will my last moments be cheered by the presence of my mother and sister.—Well, I have shed my last blood in defence of my country; and though the feeble spark within me becomes not extinct in her service, I have not disgraced the high fame which my brave father transmitted to me!"

Such were the reflections of Henry Borrodaile, when, after a long night spent in the noisy vehicle which was conveying him towards his native village, the first faint streaks of morning were beginning to tinge the horizon with gold — while the thick vapours of night, curling into air, rose like a rich curtain, discovering the distant forms of the mountains, on which in childhood he had so often gazed, and

which had for years formed the boundary of his every wish. Four times had the Seasons sped their destined course since he had been a wanderer in a foreign land; and, with no other guide save glory, he had fought by the side of his father until he was laid low by the hand of death. In the same engagement which had proved so fatal to his parent, Henry had been severely wounded; and though, after a tedious illness, he had rejoined his regiment, his health had received too decided a blow to permit him to join in the harassing marches and frequent skirmishes in which our troops were at that time engaged. Long did he struggle with the disease which slumbered in his veins; every fresh effort left him weaker, until at last, unable to serve himself or those around him, he was obliged to return home on leave of absence, in the last hope that his native air might invigorate his strength. The voyage to England had, however, contributed to impair it; and though he experienced a momentary relief at escaping from the confinement of the transport, yet when these first feelings had passed away, and the journey from Plymouth to the northern part of the island was nearly completed, all his former languor began fast to return: and again he felt that weariness of life, that longing to be at rest, alike the attendant upon the suffering mind and the debilitated body. His road, however,

soon ceased to lie along that which the coach was pursuing; and, quitting it at the next post town, he determined to perform on foot the remainder of his route, being now only a few miles from the village which was to be the termination of his journey. Leaving the great north road, he bent his way across a tract of country which led into the very heart of the mountains: ere long every sound was lost in the distance, or if at times the lowing of the cattle, or the remote barking of the shepherd's dog, met his ear—it served only to break the sense of solitude, and dissipate the feeling of loneliness which we experience when surrounded only by the inanimate forms of nature.

The sun rode high in heaven, and his scorching rays fell with vehemence on the parched pastures below: Borrodaile was faint and weary, but his heart yearned towards his home; and if, when wandering in a foreign land, where oceans interpose, and mountains separate us from the spot on which we bestow that magic name, its very mention can bring a momentary gladness to the vagrant heart, how much stronger were the feelings which urged the young soldier forward, now that he was again in sight of the place which contained all that was dear to him on earth!

The village spire, surmounted by a brazen cross, which glittered in the sunshine, rose high

above the surrounding trees; and soon, peering from amid their opening branches, he could discern the neat white dwelling of his mother and sister: in a moment more, he stood before its porch, and was pressed to the hearts of its dear inhabitants. He had, it is true, returned alone, and though the loved companion who had gone forth with him into the land of warfare, came not again, Henry was not the less welcome—the blessing which still remained was but the more highly prized.

Henry and Amelia Borrodaile were the only children of their parents: Major and Mrs. Borrodaile had married early in life; and though in bestowing her hand on Borrodaile, Louisa Ashley had followed the dictates of affection rather than prudence, she had never repented of her choice. The fortune of Louisa was ample; but her uncles, who had hoped that it might have been the means of her forming a more splendid alliance, would never notice her after her union. Deserted by her own relations, she readily acquiesced in the proposal of Borrodaile to remove to a distance from them; and for many years they enjoyed no small share of happiness in the solitude which they had chosen for their retreat, without having experienced a wish to return to the gay scenes of a world, which even their short experience had shewn to be insufficient to procure happiness.

War at last visited our peaceful shores, and Borrodaile was obliged to join his regiment. Louisa saw him depart with regret; but sharing his martial ardour, she felt that were he to fall in defence of his country, she could bow with resignation to the will of Him in whose hands are the fate of armies. Entirely devoted to the education of her children, the hours of her husband's absence glided quickly away. Borrodaile had returned to her more than once; until the feeling of anxious doubt, which had at first accompanied his departure, became almost a certainty that he was ultimately to be preserved to her.

Thus year after year flew by; and now the first bloom of manhood was mantling on the cheek of Henry, and he longed to share with his father his dear-bought laurels. To part with this child of her fondest love was a severe trial to Mrs. Borrodaile; but she could send him forth into the land of warfare, with the humble hope that He who had so long watched over the life of the father, would extend His protecting hand to the son in the hour of danger. But almost in the moment when we begin to reckon on the certainty of any human enjoyment, it is snatched from our too eager grasp: Henry's first campaign was his father's last. Calamity, always doubly felt when unexpected, came to the heart of Mrs. Borrodaile like the

bursting of a thunder-cloud in the midst of a tranquil summer's day. Yet when the first keenness of her feelings had subsided, although as a wife she still mourned deeply, her sorrow was tempered with the resignation of a Christian and the enthusiasm of a high-souled woman, who forgot not that he who had fallen perished in no ignoble cause.

Her Henry was still spared; and every wish, every hope, now became concentrated in his fate and that of her Amelia. Ere long she heard her son was to return to her, and she too truly feared but to die. The first glance was confirmation to her fears; nor could the anxious eye of maternal love mistake the hectic on his cheek for the glow of health. She would not, however, damp the joy of Amelia by making her the partaker of her anxieties—they were carefully confined to her own breast; and if the flattering nature of his complaint could blind Henry to his approaching doom, was it for his mother to cast a gloom over his few remaining days, by warning him that they were dwindling to the shortest span?

In how many instances is not this mistaken kindness the worst of cruelty! We fear to impart to the dear sufferer his approaching fate, while sufficient of life remains for him to hear the worst with composure,—till, when the dread truth can no longer be concealed, it bursts with

accumulated force upon his knowledge, to heighten all the horrors of the last dread hour! But Henry was not deceived; and he who had so often braved death on the field of battle, armed with the Christian's hope, and firm in the innocency of his life, (innocent as far as the innate corruption of our nature will allow,) shrank not now from his approach in the silent chamber of his lowly dwelling. Here would be no sound of martial music — no clang of arms — no shouts of triumph, to lessen his terrors and give the highest glow of enthusiasm to the departing spirit: his approach would be noiseless, but certain; every advance would be felt, and his icy touch vibrate with distinctness through every nerve. Yet when the last short struggle was over it was the same,—one moment, and that boundary would be passed beyond which is no return: it would then be of minor import how or when; his doom would be fixed, and for ever.

Such were the reflections of Henry Borrodaile, and if at times a tear stole from his eye, 'twas in pity towards those who remained behind him, not in lamentation of his own early doom; though life was closing upon him, while every prospect before him was fair and lovely, he did not wish to live, and as his end drew near he felt he could sink into the tomb almost without a sigh.

It was the close of a lovely day towards the end of August,—the fresh breezes from the lake increasing in strength as the shades of evening came on, cooled the air, which through the day had been remarkably sultry,—when Henry, turning to his mother, expressed a wish that she and Amelia would accompany him in a short walk. Mrs. Borrodaile at first objected; for she feared that the dews which would soon be falling might be dangerous to him in his present feeble state. But Amelia urged his request, while Henry, lowering his voice, said, "Indulge me, mother, it may be the last time." There was no withstanding this appeal; and, arraying herself for the walk, she with a tearless eye, but beating heart, prepared to accompany them. Amelia was the only one of the party who was able to support her part in the conversation with cheerfulness; but believing her brother better, she gave free vent to her joyous spirits. Their walk was not long, for Henry soon proposed returning home; and on entering the garden he expressed a wish to sit for a short time in an arbour, which looked towards the lake. The little party accordingly entered it, and for some moments all were silent; even the light-hearted Amelia, impressed with an indefinable feeling of awe, sank into a train of melancholy thought.

The hand of Henry was firmly grasped in his

T. Uwins pinx.t

Geo. Corbould sculp.t

THE DYING SOLDIER.

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mother's, and by degrees his head sank upon her shoulder: she did not move, she made not the slightest attempt to speak; she only heard the deep-drawn breathing of her son, she raised not her eyes from the ground to gaze on that object which filled her every thought. The look of Henry was towards heaven. Above their heads the breeze agitated the thick foliage, and played amongst the dark locks of his hair, lightly lifting them from the forehead which had now assumed a death-like paleness. The leaves had put on their first tinge of brown; but Henry Borrodaile knew he should never behold a deeper: once, again, he cast his gaze on earth; the sun, which he was to behold no more, was sinking in the west; a parting ray of glory was given to illuminate the landscape, and then the sober shades of evening commenced their reign.

Every object was becoming indistinct, and the towering forms of Pendle and Ingleborough fading from the view. There was still one bright spot in the landscape which shone conspicuous amid the general gloom, as though a sunbeam, lingering behind its fellows, still strove to illuminate a world which it was leaving: that too was gone, and then there was no object distinctly visible, save that small brazen cross glittering through the trees; it spake of faith, and hope, and every consolation which the departing soul can know. One long deep-

drawn sigh escaped the heart of Henry; it drew the attention of Amelia, who, seated at a little distance, had not before observed the change which was taking place in him. Alarmed, dreading she knew not what, she flew to his side—"My brother, my dear brother!" He spoke not, but held out his hand towards her. Sinking on her knees by his side, she pressed it first to her heart, and then to her lips—it was cold as marble. She looked towards her mother, but no returning glance met hers. The clay-cold fingers relaxed their hold, for that stupor which is said to precede dissolution was spreading itself over the faculties of Henry. A moment more, and amidst these calm peaceful scenes of nature, he had breathed his spirit back into the hands of the God who gave it.

FLORA.

MY STELLA'S RETURN.

BY H. BRANDRETH, ESQ.

Away care and sorrow, dark visions away—
Bright Phœbus is shining, and sweet blooms the May:
Away then, nor here let your revels be seen,
For cool is the fountain, and fragrant the green.

But here bring the garland with flow'rets enwove,
To grace the fair brow of the maiden I love;
My Stella's return'd—reddest roses entwine,
And bid the crown'd goblet blush deeper with wine.

'Tis well, boon companions, you ask for a toast:
Then—"Here's to the girl I've loved longest and most!"
Affections, tho' blighted, may still remain true,
As clouds dim the sky, yet destroy not its blue.

And can I e'er banish the fond thoughts that stole,
Like music's soft tones, to the depth of my soul?
No, never, my Stella—hope's ray, tho' 'tis set,
And oceans divide us—we cannot forget.

It was not thy beauty that dared to entwine
Love's chain round my heart, tho' young beauty
was thine;
But friendship—such friendship as brothers
receive
From fondest of sisters, to me thou didst give.

I sought not affection—I knew 'twas in vain—
Yet more than mere friendship hath dared to
remain:
Adieu! and may happiness still light thy brow,
As *I once* was happy, oh! *ever* be *thou!*

Yet still if it chance that my name thou shouldst
hear,
O drop, love, in pity to friendship—a tear!
And some kindred spirit the gem shall enshrine,
And bear it to mingle, my Stella, with mine.

The sun which now sets, my dear girl, in the
west,
And sinks in fond transport on Thetis' soft breast,
So set when we parted, and bade me ne'er see
It so setting again without thinking of thee.

And oft as I've seen it, so oft has thy form,
In fancy appearing, assuaged the black storm
That swelled my proud heart, when some fair
one's dark eye
Flashed triumph as burst from my bosom the
sigh.

Ere long, and to some distant clime I may go,
'Twill soothe it, perchance, but not banish my woe;
For memory will still, with the wings of the wind,
Seek the home and the friends that are left far behind.

THE LUTE.

WAKE not again, thou sweet-voiced lute!
Better for me that thy chords were mute,
Than thus to recall thoughts long since fled,
And bring to my mem'ry the false and the dead.
They remind me of one who shared with me
The short lived sunlight of infancy;
For when the young rose of her cheek grew pale,
And health was departed, she loved thy wail;
And I have heard thy murmurs sweep
O'er the flowers that smile round her last cold sleep.
And thou recallest a dark-eyed maid,
With forehead of snow and raven braid,
The light of my love-dream,—one who oft
Would answer in song to thy breathing soft;
One who could love, and her love forget—
O waken not, lute, that wild regret!
Better thou ever shouldst silent be,
Than renew such memories of sadness to me.

L. E. L.

THE TWO PILGRIMS IN GREY.

LET the thoughtless and the dissipated wander whither they please: I will enter the church of the pious St. Genevieve. A solemn silence broods among the tombs. A deep and death-like awe reigns throughout the place, and chills one's very blood. "And who sleeps beneath the tomb that stands between the centre and side aisle?" "Oh, tread lightly and softly!—'tis the tomb of the Two PILGRIMS IN GREY. They lived and loved like faithful brothers, like good Christians, reconciled to the frets and frowns of this world; well assured that, by fixed faith and unyielding fortitude, a certain and a rich reward awaited them in the world which was to come." "And where dwelt the two Pilgrims in Grey? And tell me how they lived and they loved?"

In that famous city, that mistress, not only of all Spain but of Europe—Madrid—the Two Pilgrims in Grey had for many years taken up their abode. SEBASTIAN was the name of the elder, and FRANCISCO that of the younger.

From their infancy they were singularly distinguished. Sebastian had a large dark mole on his left temple; and Francisco a deep scar (from an accident in childhood,) in the centre of his chin, near which grew a bunch of hair. Their parents had been intimate from their boyhood, and resolved that the same degree of affectionate intimacy should pervade their respective offspring. Sebastian was the elder and shorter of the two; but a nervous frame, put together like that of the Nemean lion, marked him, even in early youth, as a champion of no trifling future prowess. His muscular form achieved a hundred hardy exploits; while the masculine energy of his mind kept him aloof from those unlucky rencontres which are apt to disgrace a boy of seventeen years' growth. In the sports of the field, he was among the foremost of the active and adventurous. The woods resounded to the strength of the blast wherewith he blew his horn; and the wolf and the wild boar bled beneath the unerring aim and energy of his javelin. Francisco was of a taller and more dignified form: of a more serene and commanding cast of countenance. His features bespoke a thoughtful yet ardent mind. He seldom argued but to promote a virtuous design, or to deter an atrocious attempt. His hair, or rather long auburn locks, hung gracefully over his brow, and spread in wavy masses over his

shoulders. There was, however, nothing effeminate in his appearance or address: and if Sebastian may be compared to a keen and powerful weapon, which cuts as it descends, and destroys as it cuts, it required the hand and the head of Francisco to manage this weapon aright.

It chanced that the father of Sebastian died in his sixtieth year; and the young man was put in possession of much wealth—for his father was accounted very rich. So Sebastian bade adieu to the occupations of a college, and shone forth in the busy and sparkling scenes of society, as an adventurer of no ordinary attractions, and as possessed of no inconsiderable means of working evil or good. Francisco continued at college, and was removed in due course of time to the University of Salamanca, where he finished his studies, completing a long and laborious course of theology. Meanwhile, Sebastian lost not sight of his friend. He visited Salamanca—but his visits became less and less frequent; his conversations were forced, and his interviews seemed to be the result rather of courtesy than of friendship. The studious turn of Francisco cast a damp upon the gaiety of his comrade's spirits, and this change was perceived and felt by no one so strongly as Francisco. Many a still sweet night, when the stars of heaven glowed thick and radiant in the deep blue sky,

would he pace the cloisters of his college, wrapt in deep meditation on the frailty and inconstancy of man. One evening, as he was walking in his wonted manner, he saw a fellow-student leaning against a pillar with a lamp in his hand, reading with great earnestness a printed document which had been just circulated in the college. He approached, and read as follows;—

"On the evening of Saturday last, the mother of Eleonora was found weltering in her blood. No instrument was near wherewith she herself could have committed so sad a deed. Her daughter fled from the house the same evening. The only stranger seen that day there, was a short stout Cavalier, with a large mole on his left temple. One thousand pistoles will be given on his apprehension."

Twice and thrice did Francisco read this abruptly-penned document; and twice and thrice did he stand bewildered and amazed, before the regular course of his senses returned. With a fixed eye and petrified heart, he dropt the paper upon the pavement, grasped his gown with both hands, and pressing it violently against his breast, sought his own apartment. That Sebastian was the murderer, the description could leave no doubt; and yet, that Sebastian should perpetrate an act so atrociously criminal, not the wildest conjecture could justify. That all their friendship and all their early affection should come to THIS!..Here he would start—and, prostrating himself before his God, endeavour to bid adieu to all worldly intercourse whatsoever; yet

he would conclude his orisons with imploring pity and forgiveness in heaven upon the offender.

Fifteen years rolled away, and Sebastian and Francisco never saw (but only thought of) each other. Such a period is long to look forward to, but, when past, it is like a watch in the night. Meanwhile, the murderer was unknown, or had escaped detection; and the thousand pistoles remained in the office of the Chief Inquisitor, unclaimed and untouched. Francisco had now become vice-principal of his college; and it chanced, just at this juncture, that His Majesty of Spain, Philip III., wanted a suitable person of decorum, gravity, and abilities, to instruct a favourite lady in those particular studies of which he wished her to become mistress; when, strange to say, and contrary to the usual collegiate rules, Francisco was pitched upon as the man. He obeyed the voice of his sovereign, and presented himself at court; but his appearance and behaviour seemed little to accord with the scene in which he was about to mingle. He solicited and obtained an interview with the king: he humbly inquired the situation, character, connexion, and views of his intended pupil; but when he learned that her condition was base, and her alliance with His Majesty criminal, he calmly but resolutely declined complying with the royal request; asserting, at

the same time, that his abilities were at the disposal of his sovereign in any honourable employment. The king stamped with his foot vehemently, seized and shook the astonished visitor, and, threatening him with the perils of the Inquisition, thrust him from his presence. Within a brief half-hour, Francisco received an order of state commanding an immediate departure from the dominions of Spain, with a threat of instant death on return. He obeyed with alacrity; and purchasing a *long grey cloak*, which served him alike for wardrobe and larder, he reached the mountain of Montserrat, within eight days after the receipt of the summons. He slept, the first night of his arrival there, in the hut of a cottager, by whom he was taken for one of those wandering benevolent pilgrims, who find a home on every hearth, and a blessing from every proprietor of it. But the countenance of the stranger had now materially altered its character. The upper part of his head was shaven; and the hair near the centre of his chin had been permitted to grow to the size of a bushy beard. He wore a cross on his breast, supported by a string of black beads; in his left hand he carried a book, ('twas a religious one,) and in his right he grasped a beechen staff, about a foot taller than himself—and so he was habited as he wandered up this famous

mountain; where the pinnacles of the highest monastery, situated on its very summit, seemed to touch the heavens.

He had still many pistoles in his pocket; and he made a contract with a goat-keeper to abide with him for a fortnight, that he might obtain the most accurate intelligence respecting the discipline of those monasteries with which the mountain was so plentifully studded. It was his custom, as usual, to walk by night: for he loved to contemplate the bright full moon and the radiant stars; to catch the balmy fragrance of the evening zephyrs; to listen to the luscious notes of the nightingale; and to commune, as it were, with visionary forms and spirits which shun the glare and noise of the day. Francisco loved scenes like these; and he had often and often entered the groves of acacia and myrtle, which spread their filigree leaves, and emitted their delicate fragrance, about the base of the mountain: but *one* particular grove of laurel and olive, of large extent and deepening shade, he had never yet visited, and he resolved to do it on the very night of the moon being at full. He entered it, therefore, as the loudest of the convent bells struck the hour of ten: he entered and stood still—for he heard sounds, and caught words, which riveted him to the spot whereon he stood. "Sancta Maria!" he exclaimed, and crossed himself. These were the words, or

rather the poetic strain, which he heard—in sounds as sweet, soothing, and extraordinary, as if the minstrelsy of midnight angels, such as once saluted the shepherds of Bethlehem, had been poured upon his enraptured ear:

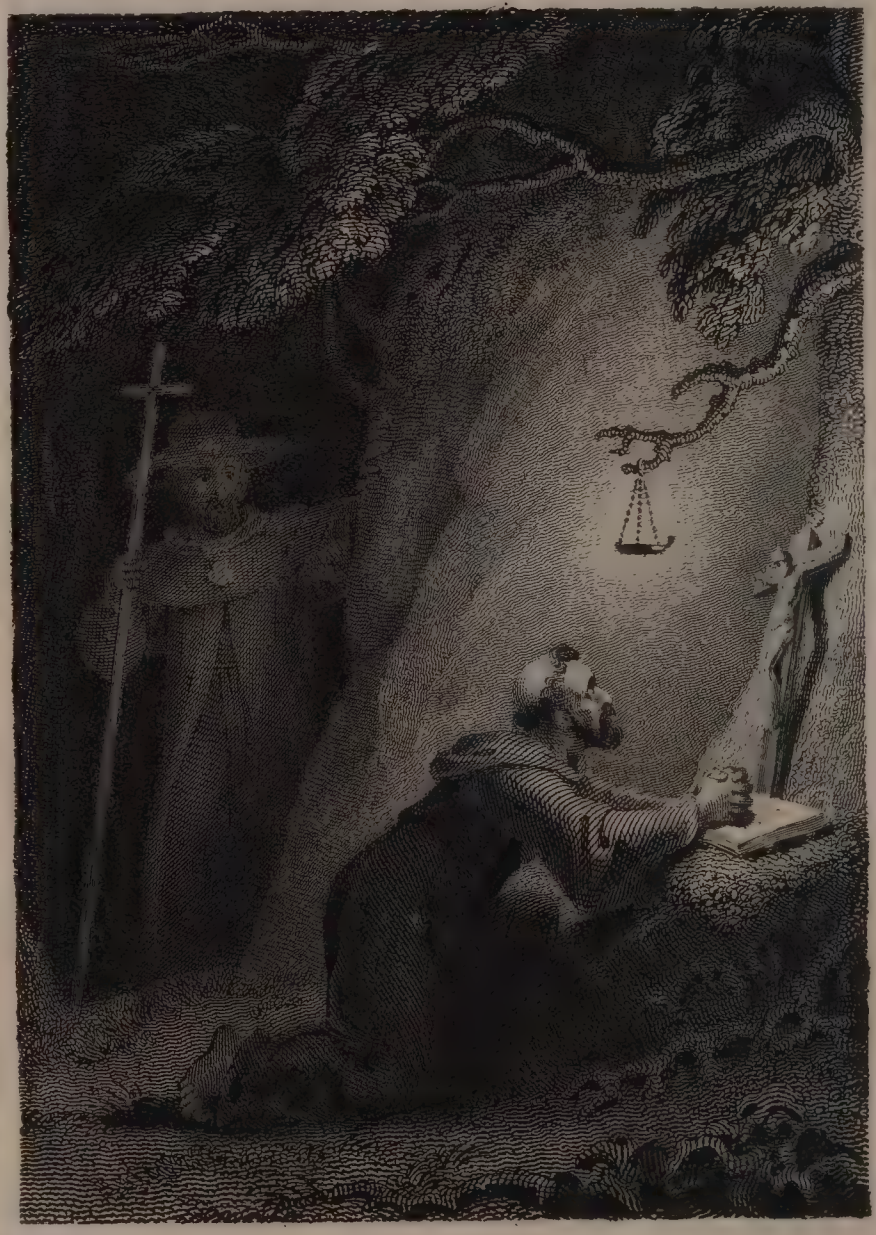
Bless'd be the hour of soft repose!
It calls us from each earthly care,
To join in solemn evening prayer.

Chorus: Chara, amatissima,
Mater, audi nos!

Bless'd be the souls of them that sleep;
No more to pine, to sigh, to weep:
Aye sheltered from all wants and woes!

Chara, amatissima,
Mater, audi nos!

The soul of Francisco was transported. It was, to him, an earnest of future felicity. "That strain again!" he exclaimed. It was hushed. Nothing but the dying breezes upon the trembling leaves was heard to succeed. Francisco advanced, little by little, into the grove, and gained a gentle ascent. Again he looked, and again paused. He discovered, or thought he discovered, a turreted building on an eminence, gleaming in the pale moonlight. The sight was indeed a joyous one to him. "It is well," he exclaimed; and rushed onwards fearlessly among the trees, making his way to the almost visionary object before him. But what was his surprise and amazement, on con-



R. Westall R.A. del.t C. Heath sculp.t

THE TWO PILGRIMS IN GREY.

Stee.

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templating the kneeling figure of a man, in a dark recess, with a lamp suspended above him, on one of the branches of the trees! A book and a crucifix were before him. The devout man was at his evening orisons, apparently suffering under the deepest and most agitating mental affliction. "Shall I break in upon his devotions?" said Francisco. The man heard him; shut up his book; seized his crucifix and lamp, in an equally precipitate manner, and disappeared.

He disappeared; but in the hurry of flight left his book behind. Francisco approached; and, after a moment's deliberation, took up the book, placed it within his grey cloak next his heart, and turned his steps towards the cottager's hut. He first essayed to read it by the light of the moon, but clouds began to gather and the wind to rise; and a rapidly approaching change of weather caused him to hurry homewards. It was late when he entered the hut; but he trimmed his lamp, and betook himself to his midnight study. The book of the stranger was, however, too curious an object not to be instantly examined. Francisco opened it; and on the first page he saw written, in illuminated characters of blue, and red, and black:

SEBASTIAN DE BOURGILLA.

Eheu! miserere mei, Domine!

What were the emotions of Francisco! He started like a maniac from his couch; walked to and fro; now this way, and now that; groaned, wept, knelt, and prayed.

The struggle being over, he perused the remaining pages. 'Twas the New Testament, in the Latin vulgate, written apparently in the hand of Sebastian, and probably imposed upon himself as a task, or penance, to atone for days and months of profligacy and wretchedness. In the Gospel of St. Luke, the parable of the *Prodigal Son* was particularly marked; and in the margin was written, in small characters, in the Spanish language—"*I have no father; but I once had more than a brother. I will arise and go to him: but where, dearest Francisco, where shall I find thee? If not in this world, God grant in that which is to come!*" The shock was too powerful. The heart of Francisco was cut in twain. Tears ran in torrents down his cheeks. He rolled on his couch—and exclaimed, with a sort of melancholy rapture, "We may yet live, and love again!" For the last half-hour there had been loud and heavy thunder: and the zig-zag lightning darted its forked lustre across the jet-black clouds of night. The rain fell in torrents. Yet was Francisco totally ignorant of every thing that was passing without doors: nor would he have been at all made acquainted with it, had not

the good cottager run into his room, alarmed at the groans and sobs which seemed to issue from the pilgrim's chamber.

In five minutes the heart of Francisco was softened and soothed; and he endeavoured to relieve his sufferings by explaining to the good cottager the causes and effects of thunder and lightning; assuring him that a firm reliance upon Providence would bring through greater dangers than ever could arise from the flash or the bolt. The cottager left him, pleased with his manner, and edified by his instruction; and Francisco, after a second prostration before his Maker, sank upon his couch to slumber. Heavy and dull rose the morning sun; and heavy and dull was the heart of Francisco, as he left his lowly couch. A thought instantly seized him, upon which he as promptly acted. "I will go (he exclaimed) as a mendicant, and present myself at the grate of the monastery; and, carrying the book in my bosom, will restore it to its probable owner." In fifteen minutes he was at the grate of the monastery. "Your will, worthy pilgrim?" exclaimed a monk from within. "I ask alms," replied Francisco. "Alas!" said the same venerable figure, "it is chiefly on alms that we live!" "The blessing of Heaven attend thee!" rejoined Francisco —"do you know the owner of this book?"

A short athletic figure, dressed in a *doublet*

of grey, approached, looking eagerly—"That book is mine," he exclaimed; and seizing it, turned abruptly away. "It is no sin" (resumed the good Francisco, with a fixed look, and in a steady tone of voice,) "to return lost property to its owner. Some there are who would have kept it: I scorn so foul a trick." The short figure in a doublet of grey returned; bent on one knee, stretched forth his arms, and supplicated forgiveness. "God forgive you!" exclaimed Francisco, and moved slowly from the grate—"I am mistaken," he continued: "that man has the *form,* but not the *heart,* of Sebastian." He had scarcely retired ten yards, when the same supplicatory figure overtook him. "Good pilgrim, I have a world of thanks to pay thee: my rashness was too blameable. Lay it to the score of a broken heart: a spirit too deeply wounded ever to admit of cure. Disappointments touch us in our tenderest parts. They turn our milk to gall." "Disappointments" (replied Francisco) "have a *contrary* effect with others—with *me.* I yield submissively to the hand of Fate; or rather I resign myself cheerfully to the dispensations of Providence." "How!" exclaimed the penitent figure—"that voice, that eye—but the *beard* forbids it"... Francisco, in turn, pressed forward; and with his left hand gently putting aside the black covering of the stranger's fore-

head, saw the *dark mole* on his temple. "Ha! Heaven is kind! SEBASTIAN!!" "The same," rejoined the penitent; "and in spite of this disguise, thou art the same and long-severed FRANCISCO!"

They were instantly locked in each other's arms. They then mutually prayed, and became mutually silent. So severe a trial was probably hardly ever before endured by two sensitive mortals. The sun had scarcely traversed one half of the heavens, ere Sebastian thus related to his friend the history of his life since their separation:—

"The murder of the mother of Eleonora was perpetrated by her own servant; who took that method of revenge for being repeatedly foiled in his base attempts upon the honour of her daughter. I had myself the strongest predilection for that amiable and accomplished young woman; which, for reasons too ridiculous to be mentioned, I disguised from you on my visits to Salamanca: a long and wearisome course of promiscuous debauchery only served to make Eleonora appear the more lovely and virtuous. I *had* been at the house the self-same morning that the murder was committed: and the daughter flying to Madrid, to an uncle, for protection, I found my destiny yet more closely united to hers from so wretched a catastrophe. In fact we became man and wife. The mur-

derer was detected. Not long after our marriage we travelled into Greece; and from a fancy which I could not repress, my wife chose to take a voyage amidst the islands of the Archipelago. That voyage made me a widower. A night of unusual tempest in those regions drove the vessel amongst hidden rocks; which, however, but for an unskilful pilot, might have been avoided. Darkness added to the horrors of the situation; and in an effort to reach the long-boat, we were both precipitated into the roaring surge. My knowledge of swimming saved my life; but the morning sun found me stiff and motionless on the beach. My last effort, added to the swell of the wave, lifted me on shore: and then, gracious Heaven, on recovering my senses, the first thing which I fancied I heard, was the scream of my sinking wife! I essayed to rise—stretched out my arms, and fell back apparently lifeless on the sand.

"Why need I continue my narrative? The corpse of her I loved most tenderly was washed on shore in the course of the same day. I was not permitted to see it; and I thank God that I was not; but who could deprive me of the mournful solace of attending it to its last resting-place? Enough of this, my Francisco. You see me a widower and a monk: for to me the world is as a wide fruitless desert. The fairest, and the *only* flower, is plucked—

is withered—is no more!" Francisco listened to this tale with an intense earnestness, and with frequent tears. He spake not a word, but only clasped occasionally the arm of his friend: and then—pausing awhile, and breathing heavily—he exclaimed with unusual animation, "The will of God is acknowledged! We were born to live and to die together. Your experiences have been bitter. They have furrowed your cheeks with wrinkles; but though my brow is smooth, my heart is weighed down by the recital of your sorrows. Come, my friend,—one scrip, one cot, one table, one heart, one soul, be henceforth our lot. Arise, and let us go hence."

So saying, Francisco and Sebastian left the grate of the monastery; and purchasing a small cottage, about the centre of the mountain, they lived for a succession of years on the strictest terms of good-fellowship with the monks of Montserrat, with whom they would frequently associate: and often wandering as far as Barcelona, about thirty miles distant, they loved to walk on the margin of the sea, to listen to the tumultuous roar of the waves, (in which, however, Sebastian always fancied that he heard the dying screams of his wife,) and to watch alternately the evening and the morning sun. But it was towards the POOR that their munificence scarcely knew bounds. The voice of the wretched

was raised to Heaven in imploring blessings on their heads, whenever they passed by; and their home was guarded by the hand and heart of every honest labourer in the neighbourhood. They died in a good old age. Their bodies were transported to this church; and there they both lie—

THE TWO PILGRIMS IN GREY!

D. F. T.

SONG.

BY T. MEADOWS, ESQ.

O LADY, leave thy silken thread
And flowery tapestrie,
There's living roses on the bush,
And blossoms on the tree;
Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
Some random bud will meet:
Thou canst not tread but thou wilt find
The daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
When earth was born in bloom;
The light is made of many dyes,
The air is all perfume;
There's crimson buds, and white and blue—
The very rainbow show'rs
Have turn'd to blossoms where they fell,
And sown the earth with flow'rs.

There's fairy tulips in the East,
The garden of the sun;
The very streams reflect the hues,
And blossom as they run;

While morn opes like a crimson rose,
Still wet with pearly show'rs;
Then, lady, leave the silken thread
Thou twinest into flow'rs!

TO THE SKY-LARK.

BY

BERNARD BARTON.

Bird of the free and fearless wing!
Up! up! and greet the sun's first ray,
Until the spacious welkin ring
With thy enlivening matin lay!
I love to track thy heavenward way
Till thou art lost to aching sight,
And hear thy song, as blithe and gay
As heaven above looks pure and bright.

Songster of sky and cloud! to thee
Has Heaven a joyous lot assigned;
And thou, to hear those notes of glee,
Would seem therein thy bliss to find:
Thou art the first to leave behind,
At day's return, this lower earth;
And soaring, as on wings of wind,
To spring whence light and life have birth.

Bird of the sweet and taintless hour!
When dew-drops spangle o'er the lea,
Ere yet upon the bending flower
Has lit the busy humming bee;

Pure as all nature is to thee,
  Thou, with an instinct half divine,
Wingest thy fearless flight so free
  Up tow'rd a still more glorious shrine.

Bird of the morn! from thee might Man,
  Creation's Lord, a lesson take:
If thou, whose instinct ill may scan
  The glories that around thee break,
Thus bidd'st a sleeping world awake
  To joy and praise — Oh! how much more
Should *Mind,* IMMORTAL, earth forsake,
  And MAN look upward to adore!

Bird of the happy heavenward song!
  Could but the poet act thy part,
This soul, upborne on wings as strong
  As thought can give, from earth might start:
And he, with far diviner art
  Than genius ever can supply,
As thou *the ear,* might glad *the heart,*
  And bring down music from the sky!

ROYAL NUPTIALS.

MICHAEL FEDOROWITZ, Czar of all the Russias, was son to Philaretes, bishop of Rostow; his mother was a lineal descendant of the ancient sovereigns of Russia. Demetrius, a tyrannical usurper, sent Philaretes ambassador to Poland, where he was detained prisoner, under pretence that his countrymen were, not long before, in rebellion against king Uladislaus. This outrage was unquestionably sanctioned by Demetrius; for he confined the wife of Philaretes in a nunnery. But the boyars entertained such a high veneration for the bishop and his spouse, that they unanimously elected their son, Michael Fedorowitz, to be their emperor, though he was not more than fifteen years of age. Philaretes, being exchanged for some Polish captives, was by his son appointed patriarch of the church; and with great wisdom and prosperity assisted the inexperience of the youthful czar in exercising the functions of royalty.

Michael Fedorowitz governed Russia thirty-three years; and the firmness of his administra-

tion, tempered by leniency, established his power; while happiness and peace, long unknown, endeared him to the people. Desirous of choosing a consort on the ground of personal attachment, the czar gave orders to collect at Moscow a vast number of fat cattle and poultry, and to provide game and fish, to be frozen and stored, in the commencement of winter, with all other necessaries for entertaining a crowd of guests at the palace. At the same time he issued proclamations throughout the empire, inviting, or in other words, commanding all the young and beautiful maidens in his dominions to repair to the court. Michael visited his fair subjects as an easy guest at private parties; or presided at royal feasts and balls for their amusement. When the weather permitted a return to their respective homes, they were dismissed with gifts beseeming regal munificence; and the lady who was honoured by preference was informed of her elevation by the czar sending to her a superb wedding robe. The lady's name was Strechen. Her father was ploughing his farm when he received the announcement that he was destined to be father-in-law to the emperor.

Alexius succeeded his father Michael; and though unfortunate in his wars with Sweden, he was a prince of eminent genius. He promoted agriculture; introduced silk and linen

manufactures; and endeavoured to excite in his boyars a taste for the arts and sciences; giving them an example in his own studies, and patronizing literature, with all the branches of useful knowledge which had travelled to Northern Europe. He instituted and published a code of laws, still referred to in the jurisprudence of Russia; and he greatly improved his army by establishing a regular system of discipline. He chose his first wife in the same manner as his father, and was married in his seventeenth year. In ten years he was a widower; and twenty months had not elapsed, when, before the fairest in his extensive realms were submitted to his election, his affections were fixed upon a beautiful orphan named Natalia Kesilowna Narishkin. This historical *trait d'amour,* which has more the air of romance than of the sober pace appropriate to hymeneal engagements in real life, is little known out of Russia, unless by foreigners who have made curious inquiries concerning the ancient manners of that singular region.

Alexius purposed to win the heart of an amiable woman for his own sake; and with this aim laid aside every mark of extrinsic advantages, while he made a circuit some considerable way from Moscow, or visited the middle classes in the city, as an herbalist in search of medicinal plants; a naturalist anxious to ex-

plore the salt-pits of Astracan; or one of the literati in quest of MSS. of ancient history, said to be preserved in the huts of the boors. Sometimes the czar passed as a trader in morocco leather from Kasan, or a learned teacher belonging to one of the numerous schools established in that country at a very early period. A small band of trusty attendants followed at short distances; and without confiding his ulterior views, he gathered from them much information concerning the families he visited, and regarding the actual state of his people. Many months rolled on in these incognito peregrinations, and our royal *Cœlebs in search of a wife* almost despaired of success, when the accomplishment of his most sanguine hopes appeared in the form of transcendent beauty and intellectual graces, seldom known in a barbarous age.

A gentleman, named Matweof, had been often serviceable by furnishing suggestions for the improvement of various schemes adopted by the czar to correct the rugged ignorance of his subjects; and having returned to Moscow, the sovereign recollected that he ought to bestow on this worthy man of science the distinction of a visit, though his family consisted only of sons. While revolving these thoughts as he walked alone on the banks of the Moskwa, near the city, he saw Matweof within call, and accosted

him. After the first salutations, the czar said, "Matweof, if thou hast no strangers at thy house, I will dine with thee to-day."

"My liege, I have not even my sons at home; they are dispersed to different occupations: I have only my wife and the sweet child of a deceased friend."—"Depend on me as your guest; but mark me, you must not tell even your wife my real name. Let me pass as a merchant."—"A merchant of Kasan, so please your highness?"—"Be it so; and take care to treat me as such only."

Matweof, when overtaken by the czar, was on his way to ask a merchant of Kasan to spend the day with him; and had desired his wife to prepare for his reception. It may be supposed that he deferred this engagement, and the czar was received by Madame Matweof as the expected trader. He was ushered to the dining-hall by Matweof; and his surprise and pleasure were unbounded, when he saw a young and beautiful girl, towering far above the stature of his hostess. "I fancied your ward was a child," said the reputed merchant of Kasan.—"She is not fifteen," answered the bustling hostess; "and the longer she is tractable to good advice as a child, the wiser must she be when we regard her as a woman. I was good eight years older than she is now, before I gave my vows to

Matweof; and till an hour within the change of my condition I was called a child."

The czar employed his eyes more than his ears while Madame Matweof gave him a specimen of the wisdom acquired in her protracted childhood. We shall leave his majesty to admire the blushing Natalia, and try to give the courteous reader some idea of her protectress. Madame Matweof was a low-sized, corpulent person, but very lively and active; and more than commonly addicted to fluency of language, as she piqued herself not a little upon the smattering of knowledge she had acquired on a diversity of topics, during thirty-four years, in domesticating with the most intelligent gentleman in the vast city of Moscow. The courtly stranger paid to her all due attention; yet his eyes frequently reverted to the lovely features of her ward, who, in the simple garb of her own country, dazzled his imagination more than the proudest that, in embroidery, ermine, and jewels, sparkled within the precincts of the Kremlin.

The fine contour of Natalia's face was partly shaded by curling ringlets of pale brown hair, encircled by a wreath of ivy leaves, intermingled with a few garden flowers. The crown of her head was covered by a cap of black velvet, which at the same age probably had been worn by her grandmother, for it was rather thread-

bare, and the band of gold lace surrounding the middle of this *coeffure*, was evidently tarnished by unsparing time. A short robe of fine white linen, almost after the model of a chemise, with long and wide sleeves, had these drawn up to the shoulders by strips of taffety of the same texture, with a rose-coloured sash, which, compressing the linen robe, shewed the elegance of her waist. The skirts of her linen robe hung down half way over a many-coloured and checquered petticoat, reaching no further than the calf of her leg, and displaying the delicate symmetry of her ancles and feet. The hem of the checquered petticoat had a border of old lace, seemingly coeval with the bandeau on her black velvet cap. Her stockings of bright blue, were topped with circles of rose colour, corresponding to her sash; and her shoes of Kasan leather, were tied with strips of rose-coloured taffety. The checquered silk handkerchief on her neck had a faded resemblance to the hues of which the rest of her dress was composed; and three rows of glass beads hung on her bosom, with an image of St. Nicholas, in silver, of curious antique workmanship, appended to the upper row of beads—this image being apparently the only relic of former affluence undecayed by the altered fortunes of her house. How exquisite must have been the personal and mental attractions which subdued the

heart of a mighty potentate accustomed to all the glare of Asiatic magnificence, and now beholding Natalia in a garniture of poverty that his lowest attendant would have disdained to wear!

The czar, according to his masquerade designation, was habited in a loose coat of brown cloth, drawn about his loins by a girdle of rich purple silk. His long and wide trowsers were of orange-coloured Indian cotton; and he wore Kasan leather boots without stockings. A silver-hilted scimetar was suspended by a shoulder-belt of yellow leather on one side; and on the other under his arm, a pouch of lynx skin, fastened by silver clasps, contained his money or other portable valuables. His shirt was nearly shaped like Natalia's chemise robe, and left open at the throat, to allow full scope to his ample beard, a shade darker than Natalia's ringlets. His figure was tall and handsome; and his regular manly features expressed a benevolent yet energetic character.

An old man and woman brought every dish to the door of the dining hall, and, under the direction of Madame Matweof, they were placed on the table by Natalia. "I pray you to be seated, my thrice welcome friend," said Matweof; "the beluga cools fast." "The dinner appears to be excellent," replied the guest; "but its relish will be lost to me if these ladies

stand aloof, as they seem to intend." "Never mind us," said Madame Matweof; "I have no platters at home except those you see on the table. Neighbour Dubrowski borrowed them yesterday for her daughter's wedding-feast; and all our servants are lending her a helping hand but our old gardener and his wife. I sent this forenoon for a few of my platters, and one or two of my women; however, my good neighbour said it would be inconvenient to spare them, and it would be ill luck to change her plan. I have no faith in silly omens; but would not vex an old friend by making her wait till you have done."

The czar was gratified by this unceremonious proof that Matweof had not divulged his secret; and he gaily responded, "What signifies the want of platters, my good lady? You can eat with your husband, and the fair damsel will confer a zest on the nice viands by condescending to share them with me."—"Indeed I am not in the least anxious for dinner," replied Natalia; "and, as the servants are absent, shall with pleasure wait on you and my friends." "Yet I warrant you," interposed Madame Matweof, "that if you unroll a musty parchment with historical records from the south-east of your country, she would be eager to devour it with all her eyes."

Natalia smiled, and the czar rising, drew her

gently to a seat beside him. Having prevailed with her to partake of the repast, he looked to Matweof, saying, "So your fair ward can read and write? these are rare attainments!" Madame Matweof, more prompt in verbiage than her husband, replied: "To be sure! she reads and writes so well that she might be chief secretary to the czar; (St. Nicholas bless and prosper him!) and yet her distaff produces more yarn than any girl I know. She wastes not a moment from dawn to a late hour at night, and was a mere infant when she learnt to use her pen." Natalia's blushes in vain deprecated these encomiums; but Madame Matweof persisted, till in a low voice she mildly interrupted her protectress, saying, "I owe all to you, who had the goodness to teach me every kind of work; and my indulgent guardian, who took the trouble of directing me to use the pen."—"My dear child!" said Matweof, "you gave me no trouble, since you really learned faster than I could find leisure to afford you instruction."

The czar, enraptured, eyed the eloquent looks of Natalia, in this affectionate discussion of her early studies. Matweof observed that he ate very little, but would not presume to urge the royal appetite; while the assiduous hostess, quite ignorant of his high quality, upbraided her husband for neglecting his guest, and stretching her large arms, and protruding her broad face over the

table, heaped his plate with choice bits. Her amplitude of countenance was the more remarkable in contrast with the delicate features of Natalia; and the matronly costume of Russia in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries required the hair to be gathered upon the summit of the head, and wholly covered by a black velvet cap. Madame Matweof's cap was of massive and new velvet, with two bandeaus of broad and brilliant gold lace. The rest of her attire resembled that of Natalia, except that the materials were much finer, and of recent date. Matweof saw that his wife taxed the czar's good-nature by frequent interruptions to his conversation with Natalia; he therefore overcame his habitual taciturnity, and engaged her in talking to himself; but the exhaustless tide of her volubility was sometimes diverted from the conjugal auditor, to recommend the rye-cakes and honey, the metheglin and rye-brandy, to the merchant of Kasan; and she could hardly suppress her impatient wonder that he would neither eat nor drink, and yet loitered over his platter and cup as if he never wished to leave the table. In truth, he was intent upon taking the dimensions of Natalia's understanding, and penetrating every recess of her disposition, by agitating a great variety of subjects, on which she spoke with artless freedom and unassuming intelligence, little aware of the impres-

sion she made, or of the identity of him who listened and looked as if he could be riveted to her side. Madame Matweof at length said she must see what the old folks were about; and beckoning to Natalia, they disappeared together.

"That sweet maiden must be a treasure to thee," said the czar.

"She is the balsam of my declining years. Now that my sight is impaired she reads to me; and when the shades of evening suspend the delights of study, she assists my failing memory by recapitulating what we have gathered from the stores of the learned."

"Thou shouldst transfer her to the cherishing bosom of a good husband; while young and pliant she can accommodate herself to his peculiarities—and all men, more or less, have peculiar habits."

"My liege, she is too good for a sick nurse, to tend the couch of an old fellow that has married her to secure for himself her patient, diligent cares; and may my child go unmarried to the grave rather than bind herself to a young giddy-pate, wildly enamoured of her beauty, who will worship her for some weeks, and then behave as if he had purchased a bondwoman, and not a wife. I will not leave her unportioned; and I pray she may live single, if she is not destined for a spouse that can appreciate her merits."

"I will help thee in searching for a tender guardian of Natalia's happiness; but I should not like to find her averse to my choice, and partial to another."

"I am certain she has never bestowed a thought upon any of the sex. She knows my fears of making her over to a tyrant, and is strongly prepossessed against matrimony. She is perfectly satisfied to take refuge in a convent when my wife and I are no more."

"Good. I shall be thy guest again in four days, and in the mean time let us omit no exertion in behalf of the fair Natalia."

In the evening Matweof called for the real merchant of Kasan, and found a note from him, purporting that he had received a sudden call to deliver a large quantity of goods, but he had taken upon himself to introduce the son of a wealthy correspondent at Astracan. The young gentleman was intrusted to deliver this note, and promised to dine with Matweof the following day.

Natalia's estimation of the supposed trader of Kasan was greatly enhanced by a comparison with the awkward affectation of this self-important coxcomb. He was at no pains to conceal that he knew himself to be very handsome; and spoke of his father's opulence, as if he inherited from it all kinds of talents and virtues. He quaffed rye-brandy till he became

intoxicated, and so familiar that Natalia left the room. He insisted upon seeing her again, and made downright proposals of marriage. Madame Matweof considered him to be a match too splendid to be lost, and compelled Natalia to return and hear him plead for himself. She answered with a decided rejection; and Matweof internally applauded her good sense and spirit, though he deemed it right to leave her at entire liberty to accept or decline the offer.

The czar came on the fourth day as he promised. Matweof took care to intercept him by the way, to mention that his wife and Natalia believed the young blade from Astracan to be the son of his partner. Alexius said he would answer them in conformity to that notion, if they asked any questions. Matweof was insensibly led to communicate the precipitate wooing of the conceited youth, and Natalia's inflexible rejection; with which the czar seemed more pleased than he allowed himself to declare, especially when informed that the fair damsel withstood the solicitations of Madame Matweof in behalf of the worthy admirer; and with respectful determination had affirmed she was ready to go to a convent, but could not give herself to a man whose foibles must excite her contempt. During several weeks the czar was a frequent visitor; and his attentions to Natalia were received with a timid embarrassment, from which

he drew the most delightful inferences. One day after dinner he took from his bosom an embroidered silk handkerchief, and, unfolding it, shewed three strings of amber beads, to which was affixed a golden image of St. Nicholas. He presented these tempting gifts to Natalia, and made an effort to untie the faded wrap on her neck. She recoiled with an indignant suffusion overspreading her face, and in a tremulous voice said:—

"If such must be the terms of your present, take it back. Even our good and great sovereign lord the czar would not find me passive under an insult so degrading."

"You will pardon a stranger to the customs of your province, fair damsel, if he has unwittingly trespassed against them; and be not angry though I add that you know not how the czar might prevail, unless you had seen him."

"Natalia, my dear child," said Matweof, "you will surely accept the apology of a stranger."

Natalia wiped away her tears and smiled, and the czar questioned—"Have you seen the czar, fair damsel?"

"Never, never, but I shall never cease to invoke blessings on his name."

"What has he done to deserve such fer-

vent predilections? Have you owed him any benefit?"

"He has done more for Russia than Iwan Basilides, who took three hundred cart-loads of silver from the duke of Novogorod, and conquered his province. The spoils of the enemy enriched only the court circle: our gracious czar hath made the mass of his people wiser and better, therefore they are much happier."

"Yet you would not allow him to uncover your lovely neck?"

"He is too truly the father of all his subjects to require from a poor girl the sacrifice of her self-respect."

"I now commend your spirit, my child," said Madame Matweof; "but it is proper to tell the stranger gentleman, that it is only the privilege of an accepted lover to untie the knot he attempted to loose."

"I humbly crave forgiveness," said the czar.

"Indeed, you have cruelly vexed me," answered Natalia. "I esteemed you as one of the best men in the world—always excepting our sovereign lord Alexius."

"Now, you are ready to be in tears again. Come away, and bustle about to forget an affront which was not intended."

So speaking, Madame Matweof retired with Natalia; and the czar said, "It is time to ask

thee, Matweof, if thou hast found a mate for thy pretty apprehensive dove?"

"None, my liege, except the young Eastern she has dismissed."

"I have been more successful. I know an admirer, who will take Natalia without any dowry but her own charms."

"God and St. Nicholas reward your highness! My utmost gratitude is a poor offering, but it is ardent and sincere. I shall not presume with inquiries, since your highness will not throw away the girl who has been honoured by your approbation."

"Why should I keep thee in suspense, my good Matweof? The husband I have destined for Natalia is myself. If she will be mine, our nuptials shall be celebrated without delay."

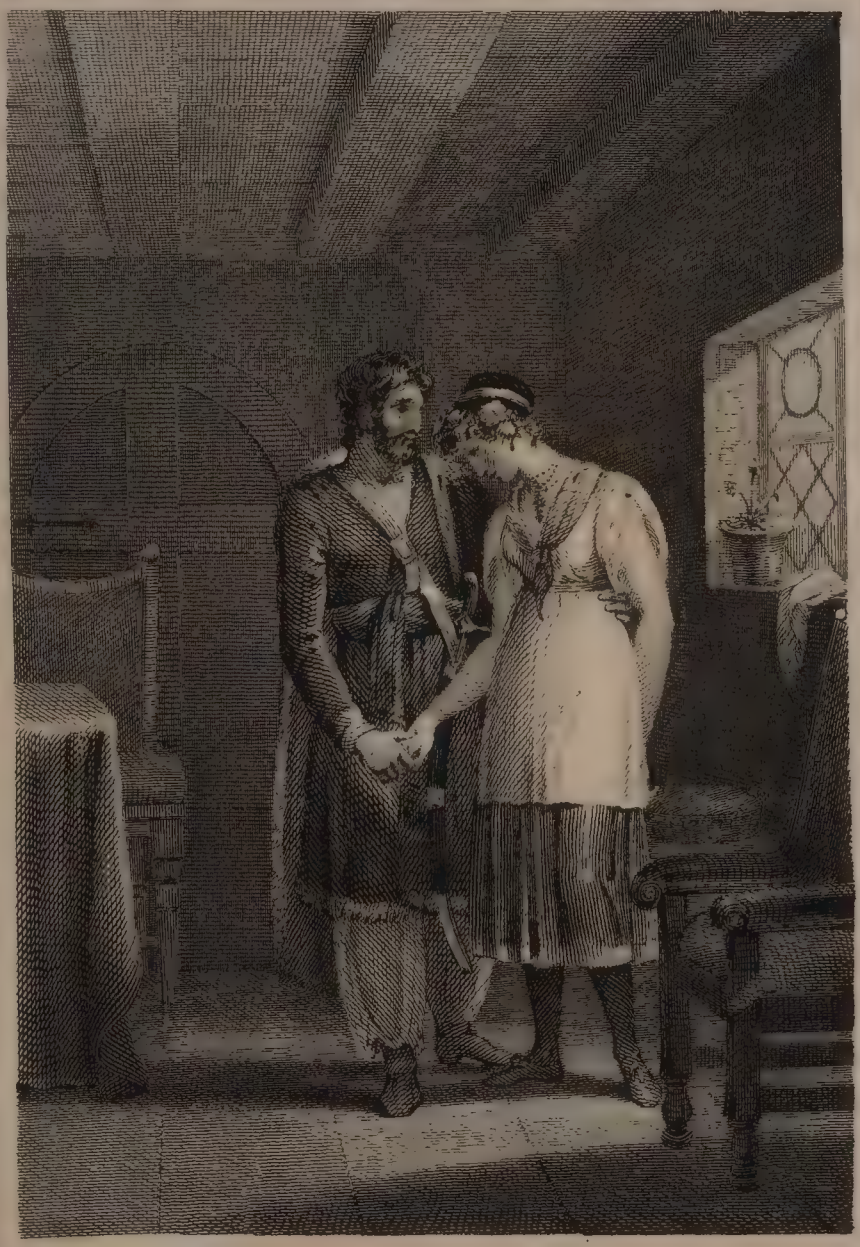
Matweof fell at the feet of his sovereign with incoherent bursts of gratitude. The czar desired him to rise and compose his mind; but Matweof said he was now master of his own feelings, and besought his liege lord to grant him a boon. Alexius encouraged him to ask with all freedom, and Matweof resumed—"My sovereign lord! since a faithful and devoted servant is permitted, he most humbly implores your highness not to decide finally in favour of Natalia, until the noble and beautiful of the empire shall present themselves at the Kremlin, in obedience to a royal summons. That I

desire the elevation and happiness of my ward cannot be doubted; but it is my duty first to consider the prospects of my most gracious lord. All Russia will be gratified to have the daughters of the land entitled to a chance for the most exalted distinction; and if Natalia be still preferred, she may still wait the royal mandate."

The czar leaned his forehead on his hand some minutes, and then replied: "It is not by a mandate—it is by her free consent I desire to win Natalia. I wish to talk with her in private; and before you send her hither, let me satisfy your disinterested loyalty by telling you I shall assemble the beauties of the empire, as you have wisely counselled."

Matweof brought Natalia to the *soi-disant* merchant, and left her. The merchant declared his love, and with modest grace was accepted, yet in broken and scarcely audible words. After an effusion of tender transport, he subjoined, "But there is news in the city to-day: it is reported that all the beauties of the empire are to be invited to the court by proclamation. My Natalia has required a month to prepare for the change of her condition; and perhaps before that tedious time expires, she may be raised to the throne, and if bereaved of her, life will be hateful to me. If you can resign the chance for royalty, and give me your hand before the

Page 11.



H. Corbould del.t

G. Corbould sculp.t

ROYAL NUPTIALS.

Steel.

public call for appearing at court, it would save me unutterable bitterness of anxiety."

"Never shall Natalia hesitate to spare you anxiety. This poor hand is yours — yours only."

"You shall see or hear of me to-morrow, loveliest, most amiable Natalia — mine, mine for ever! Dearest, I am urged by business to tear myself from you, and for your own precious sake I must despatch the affair."

Early next morning the royal proclamation was heard in all quarters of the city; and the czar sent messengers throughout his dominions, with the same summons to the young and lovely, when he returned to the palace. The heralds in all parts of Moscow performed this office each third hour, during seven days. The merchant came not to see Natalia; and she never suspected that the sounds of the proclamations came from him. He often sent for Matweof, and his heart smote him when informed that Natalia hoped against hope, and though uneasy and dejected, never reflected harshly upon the seeming inconstancy of her lover. When Madame Matweof blamed him, she calmly asserted her confidence in his honour and faith, and was assured he could explain all that seemed mysterious in his conduct. She was very reluctant to appear at the court; but the czar must be obeyed. He sent her attire for the

occasion; and she wore the embroidered 'kerchief, the amber beads, and golden image of St. Nicholas, given to her by the merchant of Kasan. Matweof attended her to the palace. The gorgeous magnificence of the scene at first bewildered her senses; and she was stunned by the loud reverberation of some hundred female voices, speaking at once in the lofty apartment. But hers was not a mind that could be wholly shaken from its poise, and her thoughts were soon collected, and fixed upon the merchant of Kasan. She was roused from a reverie by a flourish of horns—the ancient royal music of Russia. This music was produced in the same style which at the present day is continued in the emperor's band, and in the band of the regiment of guards. The emperor's band consists of three hundred horns, each, by the intervention of the air, vibrating a single note. The performers have no written music; but practice has given them such precision in the modulations, that at some distance the effect may be mistaken for a grand orchestra of instruments. Three prolonged flourishes announced the approach of the czar. Deep silence awaited his appearance. Natalia breathed quick with a variety of confused sensations, in which a dread of being torn from her lover still predominated. She sat as much out of view as could be permitted by the etiquette of the presence-chamber;

however, she was obliged to comply with the general order, that the young ladies should stand in the front row, and their friends close behind them. The folding doors were thrown open, and in robes of state, embroidered with gold, his girdle and the hilt of his scimetar studded with gems, and a jewelled diadem on his head, the czar entered, followed by a multitude of boyars and gentlemen. He smiled and talked to the fair circle as he passed along; yet his eyes were manifestly seeking an object. When he perceived Natalia, he bent his steps towards her, and Matweof whispered to her, "Look up, my child; it is against all rules to cast down your eyes when the sovereign draws near. You must look at him, or be guilty of contumelious demeanour."

Natalia was all obedience to her guardian. She directed her regards to the awful figure of supremacy, and instantly recognised her plighted lover; but among the highest born and the most beautiful, dared she to flatter herself his heart would acknowledge her? Her energies had been impaired by the uncertainty of her fate since the reputed merchant bade her farewell; her spirits were fluttered by the dazzling novelties around her; and now, to discover the ruler of her destiny in a sphere so immeasurably above her, was overpowering — her sight and consciousness failed. Matweof was carrying

her out in a swoon, when the czar sent an officer of his household to shew the way to a private chamber, to which he hastened by a shorter passage. "Shut the door, Matweof," he said, "and open the lattice when you resign to me your lovely burthen. Now, stand by to witness the renewal of my vows."

The air soon recovered Natalia. She attempted to rise from the embraces of the czar, and to apologize for giving so much trouble.

"Do not deny me the innocent joy of holding you in my arms, most beloved Natalia," said the czar. "Say you forgive the cruel proofs of attachment and fidelity I have exacted. I am greatly to blame, and will make all atonement with my heart, my hand, my throne, my whole life: they are yours, my only love. Your colour comes and goes, my charmer—let the air circulate round these swelling veins in your neck. May your Alexius now untie the handkerchief?"

Natalia's face beamed with the most animated suffusion, as in low accents she breathed a modest assent. The czar pressed her lips, her glowing cheeks, and neck; while Natalia, abashed, confused, and shrinking from these impassioned caresses, implored him to release her: but her transported lover soothed her coy sensibility by the fondest protestations; and concluded by addressing Matweof:—"My

worthy friend, bear witness that your cherished Natalia is my affianced consort. I must now leave her, and return to the hall. Conduct her thither when she has regained composure."

Natalia soon reappeared in the brilliant circle. A crowd of attendants brought dried fruits, cakes of roses, apricots, and peaches, from Damascus; figs and comfits, from Turkey; transparent apples, called *navlineh*, from Astracan; liqueurs and numberless delicacies, from the south-western regions of Europe. The ladies were dismissed with suitable presents, and the bridal robe was sent to Natalia Kesilowna Narishkin.—Never did the sovereign of all the Russias repent having shared his throne with the foster-child of Matweof's bounty. Her congenial mind sweetened his domestic hours, and invigorated his public labours to diffuse useful knowledge. She assiduously inculcated the peculiar attributes that ennoble the female character, and was herself a bright example of the virtues and attainments she recommended. To sum up in a few words her claim upon the everlasting reverence of her country—Natalia Kesilowna Narishkin was the mother of Peter the Great. She died in childbed when Peter was in his eighth year. Alexius survived her no more than five months. After the decease of his parents, his artful, ambitious sister So-

phia deprived Peter of all opportunities for education, with the design to unfit him for assuming the reins of government: yet his extraordinary capacity surmounted all impediments; and he was self-taught in acquirements, seldom equalled, with all the aids of instruction, in the most enlightened era of science. By his stupendous powers and mighty efforts, he raised his empire from barbarism to progressive civilization; and the darker shades that mingle with the splendour of his achievements should be imputed to the cruel sister, whose selfish policy endeavoured to corrupt and debase his disposition.

It only remains for us to record that Natalia repaid the kindness of Matweof with a grateful veneration truly filial. He and his sons were appointed to places of trust, and acquitted themselves with talent, indefatigable attention, and faithful zeal. Their attachment to Peter, the son of Natalia, exposed them to the rancorous hatred of Sophia. She extirpated their race; but they died as they had lived, with an irreproachable good name.

B. G.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT

FOR AN

INFANT DAUGHTER.

I LOVED thee, daughter of my heart!
Sarah, I loved thee dearly;
And though we only met to part,
How sweetly — how severely!
Nor life nor death can sever
Mother and Babe for ever!

Thy days, my little one, were few—
An angel's morning visit,
That came and vanish'd with the dew;
'Twas here — 'tis gone — where is it?
Yet didst thou leave behind thee
A clue for love to find thee.

The eye, the lip, the cheek, the brow,
The hands stretch'd forth with gladness;
All life, joy, rapture, beauty now,
Then dash'd with infant sadness;

Till, brightening by transition,
Return'd the fairy vision :—

Where are they now?—those smiles, those
tears,
Thy mother's darling treasure?
She sees them still, and still she hears
Thy tones of pain or pleasure:
To her quick pulse revealing
Unutterable feeling.

Hush'd in a moment on her breast,
Life at the well-spring drinking;
Then, cradled on her lap to rest,
In rosy slumber sinking:
Thy dreams — no thought can guess them;
And *mine* — no tongue express them.

For then this waking eye could see,
In many a vain vagary,
The things that never were to be,
Imaginations airy —
Fond hopes, which mothers cherish,
Like still-born babes to perish.

Mine perish'd on thine early bier;—
No, — changed to forms more glorious,
They flourish in a higher sphere,
O'er time and death victorious;
Yet would these arms have chain'd thee,
And long from heaven detain'd thee.

Sarah, my last, my youngest love,
The crown of every other,
Though thou art born again above,
I only am thy mother;
Nor will affection let me
Believe thou canst forget me.

Then, thou in heaven and I on earth,
May this one hope delight us,
That thou wilt hail *my* second birth,
When death shall re-unite us;
Where worlds no more can sever
Parent and child for ever.

Sheffield. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

———— Oh there is
A deep, sweet feeling in the human heart,
Which makes life beautiful amid its thorns!

None will dwell in that cottage, for they say
Oppression reft it from the honest man,
And that a curse clings to it: hence the vine
Trails its green weight of leaves upon the ground;
Hence weeds are in that garden; hence the hedge,
Once sweet with honeysuckle, is half dead;
And hence the grey moss on the apple tree.
One once dwelt there, who had been in his youth
A soldier; and when many years had past,
He sought his native village, and sat down
To end his days in peace. He had one child—
A little laughing thing, whose large dark eyes,
He said, were like the mother's she had left
Buried in stranger lands: and time went on
In comfort and content—and that fair girl
Had grown far taller than the red rose tree
Her father planted her first English birthday.

And he had trained it up against an ash
Till it became his pride;—it was so rich
In blossom and in beauty, it was called
The tree of Isabel. 'Twas an appeal
To all the better feelings of the heart,
To mark their quiet happiness, their home—
In truth a home of love; and more than all,
To see them on the Sabbath, when they came
Among the first to church, and Isabel,
With her bright colour and her clear glad eyes
Bowed down so meekly in the house of prayer;
And in the hymn her sweet voice audible:
Her father looked so fond of her, and then
From her looked up so thankfully to Heaven!
And their small cottage was so very neat;
Their garden filled with fruits, and herbs, and
flowers;
And in the winter there was no fireside
So cheerful as their own. But other days
And other fortunes came—an evil power.
They bore against it cheerfully, and hoped
For better times, but ruin came at last;
And the old soldier left his own dear home,
And left it for a prison: 'twas in June,
One of June's brightest days—the bee, the bird,
The butterfly, were on their lightest wings;
The fruits had their first tinge of summer light;
The sunny sky, the very leaves seemed glad,
And the old man looked back upon his cottage

And wept aloud:—they hurried him away,
And the dear child that would not leave his side.
They led him from the sight of the blue heaven
And the green trees, into a low, dark cell,
The windows shutting out the blessed sun
With iron grating; and for the first time
He threw him on his bed, and could not hear
His Isabel's good night. But the next morn
She was the earliest at the prison gate,
The last on which it closed, and her sweet voice
And sweeter smile made him forget to pine.
She brought him every morning fresh wild flowers,
But every morning could he see her cheek
Grow paler and more pale, and her low tones
Get fainter and more faint, and a cold dew
Was on the hand he held. One day he saw
The sunshine through the grating of his cell,
Yet Isabel came not: at every sound
His heart-beat took away his breath, yet still
She came not near him. For but one sad day
He marked the dull street through the iron bars
That shut him from the world; at length he saw
A coffin carried carelessly along,
And he was desperate—he forced the bars;
And he stood in the street free and alone.
He had no aim, no wish for liberty—
He only felt one want, to see the corpse
That had no mourners: when they set it down,

Or ere 'twas lowered into the new-dug grave,
A rush of passion came upon his soul,
And he tore off the lid, and saw the face
Of Isabel, and knew he had no child!

He lay down by the coffin quietly—
His heart was broken! . . . . .

L. E. L.

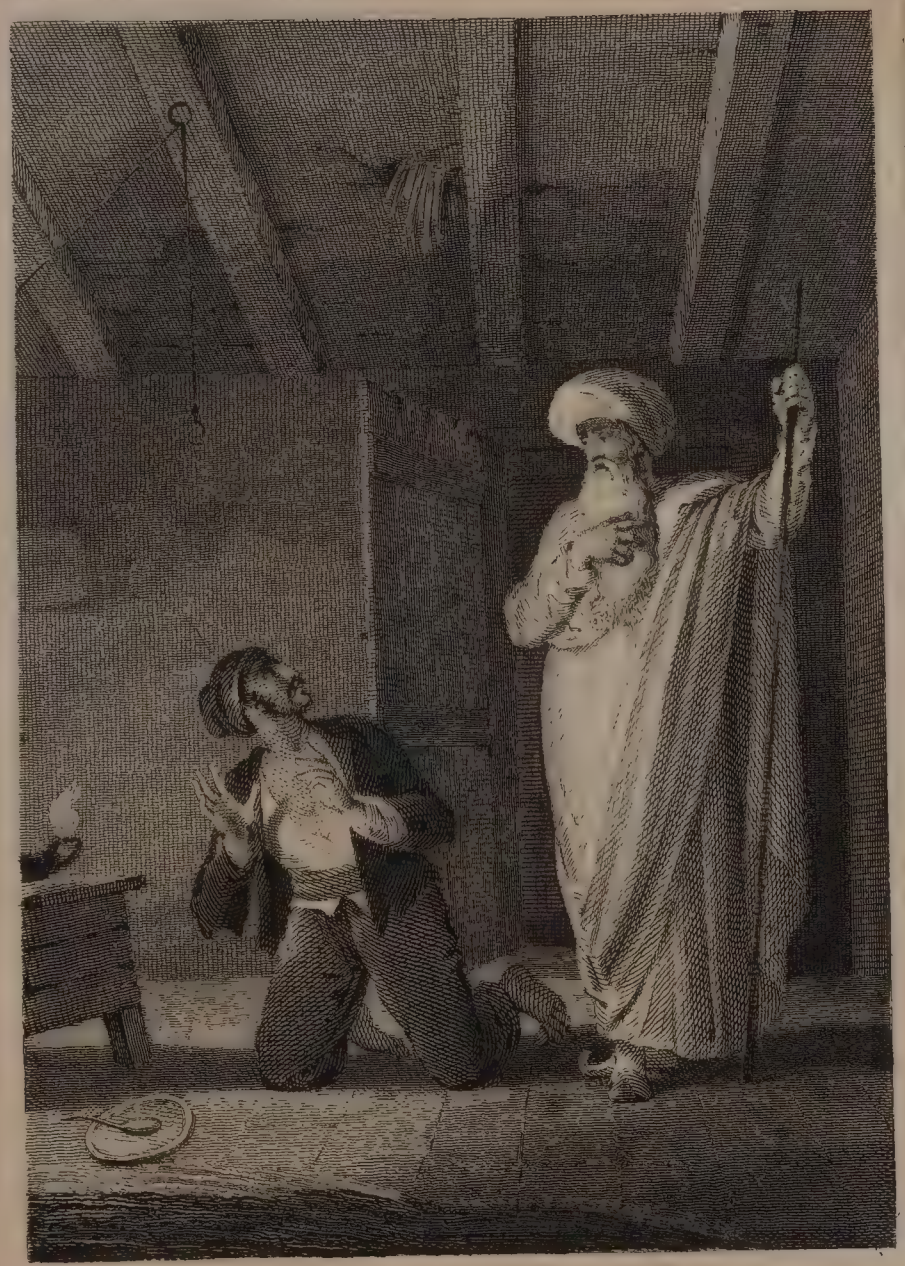
ADEMDAI.

(From a Persian Manuscript.)

A YOUNG man, a poor mechanic, named Ademdai, was one night returning home from his work through the streets of Bagdad. He had already reached the door of his humble habitation, when a confused sound of voices and the clashing of weapons drew his attention. He perceived, by the light of the moon, two men in the Armenian habit defending themselves against six ruffians. Naturally courageous and resolute, Ademdai hastened to the succour of the weaker party, and, though armed only with a stout stick, he laid about him with such effect that the robbers took to their heels. Without expecting any recompense, or indeed taking the least notice of the persons to whom he had rendered this seasonable service, he unlocked his door and went into his hut.

The next night—it might be about ten o'clock—he had just finished his frugal supper, and was considering within himself how hard a poor fellow is obliged to toil in order to gain

Page 124.



H. Corbould del.t

G. Corbould sculp.t

ADEMDAI.

a scanty subsistence, and how many, even with the utmost exertion, can scarcely earn sufficient to appease their hunger with the coarsest fare: "What a deal of work," exclaimed he, "have I done to-day, and half a drachma is all that I have received for it! O Mahomet, wouldst thou be pleased to grant me the bare necessaries of life, I should deem myself as happy as the grand vizier himself!" Scarcely had he uttered this soliloquy, when he heard a loud knocking at his door. He instantly rose, and lost no time in opening it, under the idea that one of his neighbours wanted something: but what was his astonishment to perceive a majestic figure, clad in a long flowing robe of snowy whiteness, with an immense turban on his head, and a black staff in his hand! Without any other salutation than a slight bow of the head, this figure unceremoniously entered his hovel. Ademdai, though a stranger to fear, was alarmed by the apparition; but the majestic visitant, stroking a beard that reached down to his waist, thus addressed him: "Fear not, Ademdai; I am thy good Genius: I come to serve thee. I heard thy complaints, and thy modest wish to possess the absolute necessaries of life. Was it not so?"

"Benevolent Genius," cried Ademdai, when he had somewhat recovered himself, "I certainly do wish that I possessed, without labour,

the bare necessaries of life. Can any man desire less?" — "Certainly not," replied the Genius; "but what meanest thou by absolute necessaries? How much would procure them?" "Very little. If I have rice, wood to cook it and to warm myself, and a decent dress to put on, that is all I need to be happy."—"And how much money would be required to put thee in possession of these things?" — "About a drachma a day; yes, for that sum I am pretty sure I could obtain all that I absolutely want." — "Well, here are eight drachmas for eight days; on the eighth day, at this hour, I will appear again to thee. Shouldst thou find this allowance inadequate, be not afraid to ask for more. I will give thee as much as thou desirest, till thou hast obtained whatever is necessary: I say *necessary*, for it is not my intention to bestow on thee aught that is superfluous." With these words the Genius retired, and Ademdai, with looks of joy, surveyed the money which he had given him. Eight silver drachmas! he had never been so rich in all his life. "At length," said he, "I am relieved from anxiety respecting my future support, and have no need to toil all day long by the sweat of my brow, in order to obtain a scanty meal of rice at night." Having thus spoken, he considered the affair over again, looked around him, and exclaimed, "By the tomb of the Prophet, I have forgotten

to ask my good Genius for many a necessary; I have not a single article of furniture: look there at my wretched pallet! I must have a bed. A good bed is a necessary: to sleep, and to sleep well, is as essential to life as to eat and drink. I have not a carpet or a cushion to sit upon myself, or for the accommodation of my friends when they come to see me. I want a table, also, to eat off: at one's meals one likes to have things convenient." Thus did Ademdai bethink himself of all the articles that he regarded as necessary, and he awaited with impatience the next visit of his good Genius. On the evening of the eighth day, while eating his rice, he once more reconsidered the matter. "'Tis indeed a pity," said he, "that I have no more than a drachma *per* day to live upon. Rice, and nothing but rice, would tire any body. I should like to have something to relish it, were it only on high days and holidays. My good Genius will tell me that it is not necessary; but he is wrong, as I shall be able to prove to him. It is necessary that man should vary his food, else why hath God created so many good things for his sustenance? In order to eat, one must have an appetite; but this everlasting rice-eating takes one's appetite quite away. Holidays ought to be days of pleasure and enjoyment; but what pleasure can there be in the incessant repetition of this insipid diet!

Yes, yes; it is necessary that I should now and then have a change. I shall request my Genius to allow me two drachmas for holidays: that is not too much."

The Genius kept his word, and appeared punctually at the tenth hour. Ademdai sank at his feet, and solicited what he had forgotten to ask for at the first interview. The Genius listened to him with patience. "Beware, Ademdai," said he, in a kind tone, "of desiring more than what is necessary: the moment thou appliest for superfluities, that moment I shall abandon thee for ever." Ademdai then entered into explanations, tending to prove that none of the things which he desired to possess could be regarded as superfluous. The Genius was convinced: he gave him four gold dinars to purchase household furniture, allowed him the additional drachmas for holidays, and withdrew, promising to return in eight days.

Scarcely had the morning dawned, when Ademdai rose, and presently went out to buy what he wanted. He had the furniture carried home, and fancied that his hovel would be turned into a palace; but it was not long before he made an observation which mortified him exceedingly—the furniture was new and his dwelling old. He examined his house; and now discovered for the first time in what a miserable state it was—nay, that it seemed

ready to tumble down. He fetched a builder to inspect it. "Beware, my friend," said the latter, "of attempting to repair this hovel: it would cost less to build a new house." Ademdai was grieved to be obliged to place his beautiful furniture in so crazy a hut: "Supposing it were to fall in," thought he, "I should not only lose all these fine things, but my life into the bargain. It is absolutely necessary to rebuild a house that is on the point of tumbling down, and what is more essential than self-preservation?" Ademdai did not fail to acquaint the Genius at his third visit with the danger which impended over him. The Genius admitted the validity of his representations, and gave him on the spot fifty gold dinars to rebuild his habitation. "How happy am I," said he to himself, "in having such a beneficent Genius, who voluntarily supplies me with every necessary! Thanks to his bounty, I shall never more suffer want. He will not refuse me any thing; for I shall never apply to him but for absolute necessaries—superfluities I will never solicit."

The house is finished, and Ademdai moves into it with all his handsome furniture. He seats himself first on one, then on another soft cushion, and sometimes throws himself on his bed, which he can scarcely quit, and thinks with joy of the additional drachmas wherewithal to regale himself on holidays. Surely he now has

all that is necessary! All that is necessary? Can any one really possess it who is alone? Is there any perfect enjoyment in life unless it be shared with a beloved object? Which way soever he turns his eyes, he sees seraglios containing twenty, thirty, forty, of the most beautiful females; and can it be alleged that he is desiring a superfluity if he wishes for one—only one—partner of his life? "Indeed," cried Ademdai, "that is all I now want. A handsome woman—how she would set off the place! My house would be a thousand times more agreeable. Yes, I will ask my good Genius whether a wife be a superfluity for me?"

Wholly occupied with this thought, he could no longer rest in the house. He sauntered unconsciously to one of the squares of Bagdad, just at the moment when a slave-dealer, surrounded by a number of curious persons, was offering his stock for sale. A female slave, of extraordinary beauty, of majestic stature and elegant shape, attracted general notice: Ademdai himself could not turn his eyes from her. For the first time he felt the power of love; so much the more painful was his anxiety when he beheld a young man, in sumptuous apparel, approach the trader to treat for the fair one who had captivated his heart. The damsel was now obliged to unveil, and Ademdai beheld such celestial charms, that he stood like a marble

statue, petrified with astonishment. The statement of the slave-merchant brought him to himself. "This lovely creature," said he, "is a Georgian; she is scarcely eighteen, plays exquisitely on the lute, has an enchanting voice, and dances with such grace that it would be difficult to find her equal. The price I demand for her is two thousand gold dinars." Ademdai's rival hereupon offered fifteen hundred. Ademdai trembled. The dealer rejected the offer: Ademdai breathed more freely. The young man bade eighteen hundred — the owner considered — the perspiration of fear covered the brow of Ademdai; but the merchant would not abate his price, and the customer, less enamoured than Ademdai, renounced the possession of the beautiful captive, and withdrew. The slave-merchant also quitted the square without disposing of the fair Georgian.

Ademdai hurried home. It was the day on which he expected his Genius, and he had never yet awaited his visit with such impatience. At length a knock was heard: he flew to the door, and threw himself at the feet of his benefactor. "What ails thee?" asked the latter—"why art thou so dejected? What, even in tears? Have I not supplied all thy wants?" "Indeed," answered Ademdai, "thou hast bestowed on me much more than I deserve, but yet not all that I want. Tell me, would a wife be

superfluous to me? Must I be doomed to lead a solitary life, without a creature that I can call my own? If thou deemest the possession of a wife a superfluity, then it is evident that what is superfluous may at the same time be absolutely necessary."

The Genius could scarcely refrain from laughing outright. "Ademdai," said he, "a wife may, as thou sayest, be absolutely necessary to thee. Thou must procure one. Choose the daughter of some honest mechanic of thy acquaintance; I cannot object to such a match. Thy house is rebuilt, and well furnished; and with these, added to thy personal recommendations, thou needest not apprehend a refusal from a girl of thine own condition." "Ah!" cried Ademdai, heaving a profound sigh—"that is not what I want: I am already in love; and when a man is in love, is it not necessary for him to possess the object on which he has set his affections?" "Very necessary," replied the Genius. "Well then, thou wilt surely make me the happiest of mortals, for thou hast promised to supply all my wants. I love a young slave—love her to madness: never did I behold such beauty; but the price demanded for her is much too high, and I am much too poor." "What is the price required for her?" "Two thousand gold dinars." "That is certainly rather high," said the Genius; "but as thou

art so desperately in love, this purchase is necessary; for if thou wert sick it would be necessary to procure medicine, be the price what it might. With you mortals love is a disease. There are two thousand gold dinars for thee — secure thy charmer." With these words the Genius retired, leaving Ademdai overwhelmed with joy and astonishment.

Now that our hero is in possession of his fascinating mistress, we shall no more hear him complain that he is in want of any thing. What an erroneous conclusion! No sooner had Arselli, for that was the name of the lovely slave, set foot in Ademdai's house, than she started back, exclaiming, "Gracious Allah! whither art thou conducting me? Is this the house in which I am to live? Tell me, wretch, is it for thyself that thou hast bought me? How couldst thou raise such a sum as two thousand pieces of gold?" "Ah!" cried Ademdai, heaving a deep sigh, "that gold was all that I was worth in the world, and yet I have cheerfully given it in exchange for thee. But be of good cheer, though we may not enjoy superfluities, we shall never want what is necessary." Here Ademdai was manifestly out in his calculation. He had a drachma *per diem* for himself alone; but now he had two to keep upon the same allowance. This he should have thought of before; for to wait eight days till

the return of the Genius, seemed like waiting an eternity. In silent sadness he went and prepared the frugal meal, but Arselli would not taste a morsel—she wept without ceasing; and when the trembling Ademdai lovingly offered her the rice which he had cooked with his own hands, she spurned him from her with disdain. Scarcely could she be prevailed on to sit down, all the cushions seemed to her so extremely hard; and as for the bed, which Ademdai thought so comfortable, she protested that there could not be a worse in all Bagdad. Matters were not mended by a closer investigation. Ademdai had provided the bed for himself alone, and now he wanted one large enough for two. If he ventured to allude to his passion, or to approach Arselli, she repulsed all his advances with scorn. "How," said she, "canst thou presume to come near me in such beggarly trim? Thou talkest of a bountiful Genius who supplies all thy wants; but does thy stingy patron consider decent clothes as superfluities? Unfortunate creature that I am, I too shall soon be obliged like thee to dress myself in rags! Alas! but for thee I should now be attired in the costliest stuffs of Asia; and thou, who hast reduced me to this wretched condition, canst thou still expect me to love thee? Impossible! I will, however, strive to hate thee less."

These complaints overwhelmed Ademdai

with despondency. He felt more wretched than ever he had done in his most abject indigence. At length, after an absence of eight days, the Genius came to pay his ardently desired visit. Ademdai flew to meet him. "Thou hast promised me all that is necessary," said he, in a peevish tone; "but now I am the most miserable of men." "What!" said the Genius, with some astonishment, "have I not given thee all that thou hast desired? "Certainly; but I was a fool, for I imagined that very few things were absolutely necessary, and I was egregiously mistaken." "Let us hear, then," said the Genius—"explain thyself." "Thou hast readily admitted that it was necessary for me to take a wife; but though my expenditure is doubled, I have still no more than a drachma a day to defray it. As it was necessary for me to have a wife, is it not equally necessary that she should be kept alive?" "Most assuredly!" "Well then, my wife will not live; she will not eat, or drink, or sleep. The fare which I set before her, and with which I was perfectly content, is far too coarse for her delicate palate. Her wants are totally different wants from mine; and since I have bought her and love her as my life, is it not necessary for me to supply those wants?" "Nothing can be clearer," replied the Genius: "how much needest thou each day to procure her what is

necessary?" "I have not made an exact estimate; but with two tomans a day we might both live very comfortably, though not luxuriously." "Well, if this be all that afflicts thee, here are sixteen tomans for eight days: at the expiration of that time I shall call again to inquire if there be any thing else thou wishest to possess." Thus spake the Genius, and was about to retire, but Ademdai begged pardon for detaining him a little longer, and thus proceeded:—"I have still a good deal to say to thee. I love Arselli with all the ardour of youth; is it necessary that she return my love?" "Certainly it is." "But she cannot endure me in this shabby plight. She declares that but for me she should be the favourite of some wealthy and distinguished man. If then it be necessary for her to love me, I must dress in a totally different style; and thou must admit that in this case elegant and fashionable clothes are not a luxury." "Thou art right." "She says, also, that but for me she should herself be attired in the finest and richest stuffs—she is fond of dress, and therefore if I wish to be loved by her I must necessarily strive to procure for her all that she desires. She possesses accomplishments, sings divinely, and plays the lute: ought she to neglect these fruits of a brilliant education? When one has talents, is it not necessary to cultivate them? I should,

therefore, like to buy her a capital lute; it would afford her infinite gratification." "All the things thou hast mentioned seem to me, indeed, to be absolutely necessary," said the Genius; "but how much dost thou suppose the whole would cost?" "At a rough guess, a thousand pieces of gold." "There they are; fare thee well, and now procure all thou wantest."

The Genius disappeared; and Ademdai, with light heart, rejoined Arselli. His eyes beamed with delight; but he carefully abstained from betraying his joy, for he wished to surprise his charmer, and therefore said nothing to her concerning his interview with the Genius. Next morning, however, as soon as it was light, he went out, and the first thing he did, was to equip himself in an elegant and tasteful suit of clothes. He returned with a number of tradesmen, who were not a little surprised to find that a person of such genteel appearance lived in so sorry a house. Arselli could not conceive the meaning of all this train; she scarcely knew Ademdai in his magnificent attire. "Did I not tell thee," said he, going up to her, "that a good Genius supplies me with all I have occasion for? be assured, then, that thou wilt not henceforth want any thing, provided only thou desirest not what is superfluous. Choose from among these articles what thou likest best."

Arselli now began to think her lover an amiable young man, and his voice particularly musical: she had no scruple to testify her satisfaction, ordered the goods to be spread out, selected such as took her fancy, and as she was not deficient in foresight, she paid a prudent regard in her purchases, not only to present necessities, but to what she might want in future. She then chose a lute which surpassed in sweetness of tone any that she had ever tried. Ademdai paid for the instrument and the other articles, and dismissed the tradespeople: and he was quite intoxicated with joy when Arselli, taking up the lute, accompanied it with a confession which proved that he had now found out the way to her heart. Ademdai is beloved! what needs he more? has he not now all he wants?

The lovers passed three days in raptures inexpressible: it was not till the fourth that Ademdai thought of leaving the house to enjoy the cool evening air. After he had walked about as long as he pleased, he began to feel weary, and directed his steps towards home. Not far from his house he saw a well-dressed man walking to and fro. He seemed to have some particular object in view; and no sooner did he perceive that he was observed, than he precipitately retreated, under cover of the dusk. "What!" said Ademdai to himself, "is it possible that this young man can be watching

his opportunity to gain admittance into my house and to seduce Arselli? She possesses extraordinary beauty, it is true; and if he has beheld her, 'tis but natural that he should love her. And then it seems to me as if I had seen him before....Yes—yes, it is he! 'tis the same who bargained and offered eighteen hundred dinars for her. Can there be any understanding between Arselli and him! Perdition seize the fellow!" Tortured with jealousy, he entered his abode. He was heated, and breathed short and quick. Arselli approached, and inquired what ailed him. She began to be alarmed. He made no reply, but occasionally cast on her a wild and searching look. At length, unable longer to repress his jealousy, he inquired in a tremulous voice, whether she had seen or spoken to any one during his absence? Arselli protested that not a living creature had been near her. Ademdai looked her in the face with a cutting smile: he was tortured with doubts; his peace, his happiness, were fled. O jealousy, thou most dreadful of all diseases! the remedies that are employed to cure thee merely serve to increase thy virulence!—thou poisonest the heart which is pierced by thy sting! Ademdai staid at home pining with grief, and durst not venture to quit his house which contained his most precious jewel—now doubly precious to him from the apprehension of losing it. When,

at length his good Genius again appeared, he found him more wretched than ever. "Is it possible?" said he: "hast thou not yet all thou wantest?" "Alas! not by a great deal." "What then dost thou still require?" "Is it not necessary that I should sometimes go abroad, either upon business or for the sake of exercise?" "Certainly." "When a man possesses a beautiful wife, whom he loves above all things, is it not necessary for him to make sure that she is not stolen from him?" "O yes, security is inseparable from happiness." "Well then, my generous benefactor, if I continue to confine myself at home as I have done, I cannot live long; and if I go abroad, who is to watch Arselli? Had I money, to be sure, I might buy some slaves to perform that office." "Tell me," said the Genius, "how many such attendants dost thou want?" "That depends entirely on the degree of jealousy. Were I not exceedingly jealous, I might be content with two of these guardians of my honour,—but being jealous as a tiger, I must confess that if peace of mind be a necessary matter, I must have at least six." To such weighty arguments the Genius had nothing to reply, and Ademdai proceeded:— "From thy silence I infer that thou admittest the justice of this reasoning. Now, hear me farther. When I have the six slaves I must of course provide them lodging, food, and clothes.

My house is very small, scarcely large enough for the accommodation of myself and Arselli; as then it is too small for me, it is necessary that I should buy a larger. I lately chanced to see one in the most fashionable street in Bagdad, which is handsome, and to be sold with all the furniture. It would exactly suit me, but it is very dear." "That is of no consequence," answered the Genius, "a house is a highly necessary article, and with every thing that is necessary I have once for all promised to supply thee." "Thou seest," said Ademdai, "that I desire no superfluities." "I cannot help doing justice to thy moderation. What price is asked for the house?" "Fifteen thousand tomans." The Genius gave him an order on the caliph's exchequer for the amount, to which he added five thousand tomans for the purchase of eunuchs. "O my generous benefactor!" exclaimed the lucky Ademdai: "how can I thank thee sufficiently for all thy bounty? Now there is but one thing more that I want. I could not possibly provide food and clothing for so many persons with thy daily allowance of two tomans. As I shall have a good house, it will be necessary that it be kept in good condition. The rooms and the furniture will require cleaning: cleanliness is every where absolutely necessary. For this purpose two housemaids could not be considered superfluous."

"Oh by no means!" said the Genius, "two would not be too much." "Especially as my other slaves would be fully occupied with watching my wife. We shall be ten persons in the whole, so that it is impossible for me to make shift with two tomans a day. To keep such an establishment as that at least twenty would be required." "Here," replied the Genius, "are one hundred and sixty tomans for eight days, and two hundred for the purchase of the two maids who are so indispensably necessary for thee." With these words he departed.

Early next morning Ademdai rose, and hastened to the owner of the house that was to be sold. The bargain was struck, and the mansion became his. He then selected and purchased the slaves; and, followed by this retinue, he went to fetch his Arselli, and to conduct her to a residence worthy of her charms. The house was really handsome and well arranged. It contained commodious offices, magnificent saloons and apartments; and an elegant pavilion detached from the main building was exactly adapted for a seraglio. The furniture too was good and fashionable: in short, as a town residence it seemed to embrace every thing that was desirable. Ademdai was equally pleased with his new neighbourhood. It comprehended many young men wealthy and fond of conviviality, who were not long before they gave

him a call, to express their sincere delight at the acquisition of so amiable a neighbour. He was invited to their entertainments, which were of the most sumptuous kind. The wives of these hospitable neighbours, hearing of the beauty and accomplishments of Arselli, were desirous of her acquaintance; and after obtaining permission from their husbands to that effect, they visited and entertained her by turns in the most splendid manner. Eight days had now elapsed, and the Genius came as usual to see his *protegé;* but he was not a little astonished to find him gloomy and thoughtful. "Why so melancholy, Ademdai?" said he; "art thou not content with thy bargain?" "Perfectly so," replied Ademdai, "and also with my neighbours: they are the most amiable of men. No sooner had I removed hither than they gave a series of splendid entertainments in honour of me." "Well, thou oughtest to rejoice at it." "Rejoice! Tell me, good Genius, is it not necessary to make some return to those who heap civilities upon one?" "Certainly; good manners require it." "And is it not necessary to repay nearly the same measure that one has received?" "Granted: in such cases nothing should be spared." "Is it not necessary, then, that those who entertained me sumptuously should in their turn be as sump-

tuously entertained by me?" "Absolutely necessary, if thou wouldst not have the character of being mean and niggardly."—"Well then, my neighbours have given me splendid entertainments: while we were at table enchanting music delighted the ear; the most grateful perfumes burned in golden censers, and filled the air with fragrance; a magic light was diffused around; and the *fête* concluded with the graceful performances of a troop of the most beautiful dancing-girls. Ah! how can I think of giving my neighbours such entertainments? Have I golden censers? Am I rich enough to burn the most costly perfumes? Have I musicians? Have I dancing-girls? Have I slaves to wait upon such parties? Have I a cook skilful enough to prepare such exquisite dishes? Alas! thou seest how far I am from possessing all that I want!" "Thou art certainly in the right," replied the Genius; "I wonder that this should not have occurred to either of us. I will, however, make amends for my forgetfulness, though thou oughtest to have thought of all this before. To-morrow I will send thee plate, perfumes, dancing-girls, musicians, and above all things, a clever cook." "Yes," rejoined Ademdai, "but wilt thou furnish me with money sufficient to support and pay so many retainers? I have hitherto

had but twenty tomans a day; in future I should want at least fifty." "Well," answered the Genius, "I will give thee fifty."

Scarcely had the morning dawned when Ademdai beheld a troop of slaves, dancing-girls, musicians, and a cook of wondrous skill, assembled before his house. He entertained his friends in the most splendid manner, and eight successive days were passed in a round of *fêtes* and amusements. The Genius came, in hopes of now finding his *protegé* perfectly happy. "Beneficent Genius," began Ademdai, "trusting to thy liberality, I venture to confess to thee that I am yet far from possessing all I want." "How?" exclaimed the Genius, "I considered thee as the happiest of mortals." "Alas! but I am not! Look only at my friends and neighbours;—they have a great number of the most beautiful women, while I can call but one my own." "Is it possible that thou canst wish for more?" "Would our Prophet then have sanctioned polygamy had he not deemed it necessary? 'Tis only men of the lowest class that are obliged to be content with one wife, because they are too poor, and have not wherewithal to keep more. I observe that all those who possess what is needful take more than one wife." "How many wives, then, dost thou need?" "My friends and neighbours have thirty, forty, and

some even fifty women. I think I could make shift with twenty." "Twenty wives," said the Genius, "seem to me to border closely on superfluity. One often suffices for the happiness of life; twenty can only subserve to vanity and pleasure; and I perceive with sorrow, Ademdai, that thou art vain." "And who is not?" rejoined Ademdai. "Nay, I acknowledge that I am a little vain; and therefore, in order to be happy, it is necessary for me to gratify my vanity as much as possible." "Is it then absolutely necessary that thou shouldst have twenty women?" "Absolutely, and a proportionate increase of income; for they must live well and dress elegantly, or I should expose myself to the scorn and contempt of my friends and neighbours." "Be it so then. To-morrow a slave-merchant shall bring thee twenty lovely damsels, who shall cost thee nothing; and to defray the increased expense of housekeeping, I will treble thy present allowance." "O how I thank thee, most beneficent Genius! Thou grantest all my wishes, but I am far from abusing thy bounty: hitherto I have not applied to thee for any superfluity. Permit me to make but one more remark. As thou hast admitted twenty women to be necessary for me, thou wilt not refuse me two attendants for each. A man who keeps twenty wives must of course have them sharply looked

after." "I have no objection to make against that," said the Genius; "I will send thee twenty women and forty attendants, and, in consideration of thy increased establishment, I will supply thee with two hundred tomans a-day. Good night!"

The Genius was as good as his word. By this time the season had arrived when all Ademdai's acquaintance were accustomed to leave town for their country residences, and they came one after another to take leave of him. Their departure grieved him exceedingly; for it deprived him of that social intercourse which he so highly relished. His ladies, too, felt a want of amusement since Ademdai's neighbours had taken their harems along with them. His house, so lately the scene of mirth and gaiety, now became dull and dreary.

Ademdai was overwhelmed with *ennui*. He knew not the whole livelong day what to do with himself; and he was vexed that he had not a country-seat as well as his neighbours—when his good Genius again stood before him. "O my benefactor," said he, "I cannot help feeling deeply ashamed of myself in troubling thee with a fresh application; but it is thine own fault: why hast thou promised to supply all my necessities? I ask thee, therefore, is it not necessary that my wives should enjoy good health?" "Highly necessary!" "And here

they are languishing, and several physicians whom I have consulted unanimously assure me that it is for want of purer air — in short, that they ought to be removed for a while into the country. Thou hast, indeed, loaded me with favours, but what are all this world's goods compared with health? Mine I feel, alas! to be gradually declining. Is it not necessary that man should have occupations which please and interest him? By such occupations alone can I hope to recruit my health. Were I possessed of a residence in the country, I should have the requisite exercise; nothing is more necessary to man than exercise — and as thou art already aware of this, thou must be convinced that I am not soliciting a superfluity of thee." "On this point," said the Genius, "I entirely coincide with thee: the arguments thou adducest are unanswerable. Thou hast, indeed, occasion for a country residence." — "My friends," resumed Ademdai, "ever attentive to my welfare, have informed me that they know an estate which I should be sure to like. It is situated just ten miles from Bagdad, on the road to Bassora. The mansion and buildings are extensive, and, indeed, so they ought to be to accommodate all my women, with the eunuchs and the other slaves whom thy bounty has bestowed on me. There are several farms attached to the estate, the pro-

duce of which would be necessary for the support of my household. Every thing is just what I should wish, but the estate is too dear: the sum demanded for it is one hundred thousand tomans."—"'Tis of no consequence," said the Genius; "to-morrow the estate shall be thine."—"Great Mahomet!" ejaculated Ademdai, "how happy am I! But I should still want another trifle. When this fine domain is mine, I must have more slaves. I shall want gardeners, grooms, husbandmen; I must buy cattle and sheep; I shall have occasion for at least thirty horses, as well for cultivating the land, as for conveying my wives, slaves, furniture, and other necessaries to and fro. All these things are indispensably necessary for me."—"Yes, yes," replied the Genius, "to-morrow thou shalt have thirty horses, slaves, and cattle—in short, all that thou wantest."

The very next day Ademdai hastened to put himself in possession of his princely domain; and in a short time he left town, accompanied by his harem and his whole establishment; heartily rejoicing that he should be again in the vicinity of his Bagdad friends, who would not fail to suggest many useful hints for the embellishment and improvement of his new estate. In eight days he returned to Bagdad, to see his good Genius, who had appointed to meet him there as usual. "Well, Ademdai," said he,

"hast thou now all thou needest?"—"Almost," replied Ademdai: "My estate consists of excellent land, but its value might be doubled. My predecessor was an ignoramus, who left extensive lakes which might easily be converted into rich meadows, and waste spots which are susceptible of cultivation. Thou must admit, that when a man has the good fortune to possess such a property, it is absolutely necessary for him to improve it: and none but a simpleton would neglect any opportunity that offers for enlarging his domain. My garden is spacious, but it requires considerable alterations. At present it is not very productive, but it might be rendered so; especially if I were to conduct through it a stream that now runs about half a mile off. If one has a garden, it is necessary to make it productive—there can be no question about that."—"Well, and what prevents thy doing so?"—"I am in want of money," answered Ademdai; "these various improvements would cost at least twenty thousand tomans." The Genius immediately gave him an order on the caliph's treasury for that amount.

Ademdai, after expressing his sincere gratitude to the Genius, returned to his country-seat, and scarcely had he arrived, when he received the unpleasant intimation that the owner of a very small farm contiguous to his estate

had lodged a complaint against him with the cadi, because Ademdai's cattle had got into his fields, and destroyed his growing crops. The judge, however, after he had heard both parties, decided in favour of Ademdai; for his neighbour was very poor, and, of course, could not but be in the wrong. A few days afterwards the unfortunate man died, and, as he left no heirs, his little property devolved, according to law, to the caliph. When the news reached Ademdai, he longed for an interview with his Genius. On the day that he was sure of meeting with him, he drove to Bagdad. "Ah, my benefactor," said he, "is it not essential to the happiness of a man that he should not be incessantly involved in law-suits and quarrels?"—"Most essential."—"Well, but I have been summoned before the cadi, and obliged to defend myself against a poor wretch of a neighbour. A few days afterwards the litigious fellow luckily died, and without leaving heirs to his property, consisting of a cottage and a few fields, which, of course, devolve to the caliph, Harûn al Raschid. He will, to a certainty, order this insignificant spot to be sold, and I must have it; for, were it to be purchased by any other person, he might prove as captious and quarrelsome a neighbour as the last. As thou acknowledgest thyself that it is essential to the comfort of life to avoid

litigation, thou canst not think that I desire a superfluity, if I wish to possess an object that might involve me in unpleasant disputes." "Thy wish is perfectly natural; and while I admire thy logic, I have not a single objection to oppose to such sound arguments. Repair to-morrow to the palace, and prefer thy application to the caliph. He will be prepared to receive thee, and will certainly follow my advice." Ademdai parted from his Genius in elevated spirits, and slept soundly, in the conviction that he should soon be in possession of the little property of his late humble neighbour. He rose early, and hastened to the palace of the caliph.

Harûn al Raschid the Great was seated on his gorgeous throne; every thing about him glistened with gold and diamonds; and he was surrounded by the grandees and wise men of his court. Ademdai, trembling, approached the throne on which was seated the sacred person of the ruler of all the faithful. He raised his eyes towards the throne, but language cannot express his astonishment and the terror which thrilled his whole frame, when he recognised in the monarch the Genius who had supplied all his wants, and loaded him with favours. He stood petrified, a living statue, incapable of uttering a syllable. At length Harûn al Raschid with a smile thus addressed him:

"I perceive thine astonishment, Ademdai, and will help to rouse thee from thy dream. Know then, that I was one of those Armenians whose lives thou savedst. I resolved to reward thee in a manner worthy of myself, and of thy disinterested achievement: but I wished to conceal from thee my gratitude, and to enjoy the pleasure of founding in secret that prosperity to which I determined to raise thee. Hence that disguise, in which I appeared to thee as a supernatural being, and assumed the character of thy good Genius. The first time I bent my course toward thy lowly hut, I enjoyed by anticipation the surprise which I should cause thee. I saw thee sitting by thy scanty fire, and overheard the soliloquy in which thou expressedst aloud thy wish for the bare necessaries of life. I became curious to know what this term signified, and with a view to ascertain the boundary between necessities and superfluities, I promised to supply all thy wants. I am now constrained to recall my rash promise; for, though the mightiest of all the sovereigns of the earth, I find it out of my power to satisfy thy wants, even though I were to resign to thee my throne and my treasures. And now, ye learned men of my court, now decide what is necessary and what superfluous. Behold, this man I have raised from the most abject indigence. I have

given him hundreds of thousands of tomans: his wealth is immense. He possesses one of the most magnificent mansions in Bagdad, and a princely estate only ten miles from the city. His harem consists of twenty females lovely as the houris, and more than twice that number of attendants: upwards of a hundred slaves await his nod; fifty horses are in his stables, and yet with all this wealth his wants are not satisfied. Hence I perceive that superfluity is only a phantom of the human imagination, and that it is not possessed by any mortal. The wants of men are abysses that would ingulf the universe without being filled. Retire, Ademdai; retain what I have given thee as the recompense of thy valour: but henceforth I must cease to supply thy wants,—and as it is well that man should have something left to wish for, I shall not grant thee the little farm the possession of which thou now covetest."

Thus spake the caliph Harûn al Raschid. Ademdai retired, and bent his way with gloomy discontent toward his country-seat. There, lolling on downy cushions, and enveloped in the vapours of the most exquisite perfumes, he would often cast a mournful look from his splendid saloons at the miserable cot, and exclaim with a profound sigh, "O Mahomet! why cannot I have all I want!"

LETRILLA.

From the Spanish.

BY J. H. WIFFEN, ESQ.

Soft wind, that go'st flying, and murmuring too,
The delightful world over, with nothing to do!
Play me a tune with the elm-leaves above,
Whilst the maid sleeps whom so dearly I love.

To-day, pleasant wind, thou must give sweet repose
To a beautiful creature who very well knows
To make me long vigils of tenderness keep,
But knows not to lull my sad sorrows asleep;
Come, win thee my favour, since thou wakest too,
Flying all the world over, with nothing to do;
Play me a tune with the elm-leaves above,
Whilst the maid sleeps whom so dearly I love.

Thou who midst the green leaves gaily sing'st at a guess
Of my past happy fortune and present distress,

Fresh, grateful, and straying, the whole summer
through,
This delightful world over, with nothing to do!
Play me a tune with the elm-leaves above,
Whilst the maid sleeps whom so dearly I love.

THE FALLEN LEAF.

A Fragment.

"We all do fade as a leaf."

Isaiah, lxiv. v. 6.

"We all do fade as a leaf!" Again and again I repeated the sentence to myself, when, after traversing the avenue for some time, I had inadvertently stepped into a heap of these mementos of the departing year, which the care of some of the gardeners had removed from the path, and collected to the side of the road. This trivial incident broke in upon a gay and buoyant train of thought, and as for a single moment I stood rooted to the spot, the words of the prophet fell with a deep and painful meaning upon my heart. I resumed my walk: I would have resumed the train of thought which had been thus interrupted, but in vain; and when I again reached the spot where the fallen leaves were deposited, I made a longer pause. With how loud a voice did they speak

of the end of all things! how forcibly remind me that those busy projects which at that moment agitated my heart would like them fade, and be carried on in the tide of life! When a few more years have passed away, I shall perhaps have forgotten that they ever had the power to interest me.

The leaves fade away and leave the parent stems desolate, but in a few short months they will bud and bloom again: other leaves as gay as those once were whose remains I now gaze upon will supply their place, and clothe the forest with as bright a green. And is it not so with the heart? we are separated from those who are now most dear to us, or they fade away into the tomb; new interests are excited, new friendships contracted, and every former image is effaced and forgotten. But no, I exclaimed, interrupting myself, the recollections of kindness, the feelings of gratitude, can never be thus transient: cold indeed must be that heart which could admit the supposition even for a moment. My eye rested on the venerable pile of building before me: it seemed but as yesterday since the master of that stately mansion stood at the portal to welcome my arrival; and now where was he? — Gone — and for ever.—The accents of his voice were never again to be heard; my eye was to behold him

no more.—No more! Oh! what a sense of sadness did these few words convey to the heart!—As these thoughts passed through my mind, a slight breeze for a moment agitated the naked branches; it came like a deep low murmur, and then the sullen sound passed away: but it had helped to complete the work of desolation, and several of the still remaining leaves were wafted to my feet. How indiscriminately were here mingled the pride of the forest, the majestic oak, the trembling aspen, the graceful poplar, with all the tribe of inferior shrubs! Here lay all that remained of their once gay foliage, one undistinguishable mass of decay: with no mark to point out to the beholder to which they had originally belonged—all we knew was that they had once been leaves. And shall not Death, the great leveller, reduce us to the same state of equality? The great, the noble, the learned, the beautiful, when they lay down their heads in the grave, what are they more than the mean, the lowly, and the vile? For a short time they leave a name behind them, and then—how quickly are the best beloved forgotten! These reflections from being serious were fast becoming sorrowful, but it was a sorrow in which no pain was mingled; when the gay voices of my companions, calling upon me to join them in

their walk, soon put every sombre thought to flight.

It was not until the depth of winter that I again visited this spot; then the snow lay deep upon the ground; there was no sign of vegetation to break the unvaried whiteness of the scene; as far as the eye could wander no other object met its aching gaze—my own dark garments formed a fearful contrast to the hue which every other object around me wore. They were of the deepest mourning;—since last I stood there another friend had perished from my side, another leaf had fallen. The lesson conveyed was written in characters of light, and forcibly did it come home to the heart. I have treated the subject before me rather *sentimentally* than *religiously*, but in that point of view it has been too frequently discussed by abler hands and older heads than mine for me to say any thing on the subject. Even the few scattered thoughts before me have no claim to originality; they must have been the thoughts of thousands; many may have uttered their sentiments almost in similar words, yet they were the feelings of the moment,—and feelings such as these, while they serve to temper the enjoyment of prosperity, contribute also to smooth the rugged path of life, and calm the sufferings of the wounded

spirit. Since, whether our day has been bright or cloudy, spring and summer must ere long give place to autumn; and then comes the winter, when we, too, must fade as a leaf.

FLORA.

November 19th, 1823.

LA BAGATELLE;

A VALENTINE.

BY MRS. E. COBBOLD.

Do you, in Pleasure's roseate bowers,
'Mid Fortune's favourites bear the bell,
And wing the gay and lightsome hours
With many a game at *Bagatelle?*

Perhaps, in dull unsocial state,
The ascetic, from his lonely cell,
May too severely reprobate
A harmless game at *Bagatelle:*

For youth was surely never made
To languish in the darksome dell;
And, courting solitude and shade,
Reject each lively *Bagatelle!*

But if, by Mirth, life's tiny span
We measure forth to many an ell,
'Tis no unwise or thriftless plan
Awhile to study *Bagatelle.*

Then let us climb the heathy hill,
To greet the sun on upland fell,
Or bound athwart the mountain rill—
Bright Nature's sparkling *Bagatelle:*

Or ranging o'er some foreign strand,
With ardour, like Sir William Gell,
Retrieve, from many a famous land,
Some ancient cherish'd *Bagatelle.*

So might the lyre which Orpheus bore
To charm the sullen pow'rs of hell,
Or pipe, by shepherd tuned of yore,
Reward our search for *Bagatelle.*

But not with Greek or Trojan bands
We'll seek the battle's wild pell-mell;
We'll leave such strife to ruder hands,
Contesting but with *Bagatelle.*

Sometimes we'll tune the pastoral song
To Jock and Sandy, Jean and Nell;
Then courtly dames shall glide along,
Quadrilling—Fashion's *Bagatelle.*

So, lady, shall the boast be ours
The heart's unhappiest moods to quell;
But never waste its nobler powers
By bartering them for *Bagatelle.*

And when a mate for life you choose,
No real gems for baubles sell;
If modest merit fondly sues,
Believe me, 'tis no *Bagatelle*.

So shall your home, with virtuous pride,
Of all domestic blessings tell;
Nor in its social hours deride
The lighter grace of *Bagatelle*.

There shall we find, of every season,
The various pleasures temper'd well,—
Accomplishment, combin'd with reason—
Good sense, endear'd by *Bagatelle*.

Nor discontent shall harbour there,
Nor anger frown, nor discord yell;
But Love the brow of age shall cheer
With smiles, and "*Vive la Bagatelle!*"

Feb. 14, 1824.

THE MADONNA OF ST. SIXTUS,

BY RAPHAEL,

In the Royal Gallery at Dresden.

BY PROFESSOR BÖTTIGER.

Among all the Madonnas created by the sublime pencil of the great master of Urbino, none is more divinely conceived than this. What human talent and skill are capable of accomplishing, Raphael has achieved in this picture, which may be pronounced truly unique. In all the other Madonnas and Holy Families by this master, he has mingled with the tenderest expression of maternal love and infantine innocence, and the graceful sportiveness of buoyant youth, which always operates irresistibly on pure minds, a nobleness—nay, a certain emanation of the Divine nature; but still he adopts ordinary circumstances as motives of action in these compositions. Even the Madonna della Sedia, though so highly extolled, is only a young and blooming mother, animated with ardent affection for her child, such as the

painter had probably met with in real life: but our Madonna is from head to foot a genuine Queen of Heaven; and the Godhead itself is apparent in the infant.

The whole composition is inimitably sublime and simple. The church of the *Frati Neri* at Piacenza, for the high altar of which this picture was painted by Raphael in the last years of his too short life, was dedicated to the canonized Pope Sixtus. The patron saint of the pious princess, at whose cost the painting was executed for this church, was St. Barbara: it was therefore necessary that she and St. Sixtus should be introduced in the composition. Accordingly both are seen invoking the Queen of Heaven in fervent prayer. They are the representatives of the whole human race in the adoration of the Blessed Mother, whose celestial coronation Raphael has portrayed with such magnificence in another of his pictures. She suddenly steps forth from behind the green curtain, which is drawn back at either side, beaming heavenly refulgence — cherubs forming a glory around her head, instead of the usual halo.

The creator of the Olympian Jupiter, being once asked where the god had appeared to him in such majesty, referred the inquirer to the well-known description of Homer. At the sight of the "blessed among women," such a

Raphael Pinx.

L. Gruner Sculp.

Steel.

THE MADONNA OF S^T SIXTUS

Pub. by Rodwell & Martin, New Bond St. 1821.

question were superfluous. The *Salve Regina* resounds from the choir of cherubs composing the glory which overarches her. No earth-born child ever looked like this Divine infant; nor did merely human mother ever appear in such mingled majesty and mildness. Here all mankind must bow the knee;—no pencil ever produced such a portraiture. The tiara, or papal crown—the most exalted of the insignia of Catholic Christendom—is removed from the head of the Pope, and deposited, by way of homage, on the ground. He himself dares fix his eyes on the celestial apparition. Faith and piety light up the energetic countenance of the aged prelate, who, with his left hand on his breast, points with his right to the tiara, and completes the consecration of the sacred edifice. What a beautiful contrast is formed by the St. Barbara who is placed opposite to him! Feminine modesty breathes in her whole attitude, while her eye is averted from the inexpressible refulgence. She holds both hands over her bosom, and turns her head with downcast look towards her right shoulder. Two angels underneath, absorbed in contemplation, poetically fill the remaining space: one of them, with an extremely intelligent countenance, and supporting his head with his elbow, looks upward; while the other, whose mien betrays more of childish curiosity, lolls at his

ease upon both arms. Such is the idea of the picture, but how exquisite the execution!

There are some interesting circumstances connected with the removal of this jewel of art from Italy and its multiplication by the graver. King Frederic Augustus II., who united the Polish crown with the electoral dignity, and was a great connoisseur in painting, had long endeavoured to secure it for his gallery at Dresden, and ultimately succeeded, at the price of twenty thousand ducats. All the necessary arrangements were made; a copy was provided as closely resembling the original as possible; the latter was removed in the night from its frame, replaced by the copy, sent off with the utmost privacy and despatch, and conveyed over the St. Gothard to Dresden. It has ever since deservedly occupied the place of honour in the royal gallery in that capital.

Upwards of thirty years ago, Professor Schulz of Dresden engraved a large plate after this picture, which was intended to have been introduced into the second volume of the *Tableaux de la Gallerie Royale de Dresde.* But though Schulz, an able pupil of the celebrated Wille's of Paris, exerted his utmost skill to produce a good plate, the task was too arduous for his powers, and his engraving was but a mere shadow of the transcendent original. At length, in 1809, Rittner, an enterprising printseller of

Dresden, gave a highly-gifted young artist of Stuttgard—Ferdinand Müller, a son and pupil of the celebrated Chevalier von Müller's, who was for many years considered as the first engraver in Germany, and formed a numerous school—the honourable commission to engrave a plate for him after this picture. The precocious artist had already furnished, in his St. John after Domenichino, the most positive evidence that his abilities were perfectly equal to the undertaking. The preparations, however, for the work, and the drawing sent for the purpose, were far from satisfactory. It was deemed necessary that Müller should repair to Dresden to make studies from the original; after which the price of the engraving was fixed at four thousand rix-dollars, exclusively of the permission to dedicate the work to the king, for which he received one hundred frederic-d'ors, and one hundred impressions. Müller was, meanwhile, appointed professor in the Academy of Arts at Dresden, with a handsome salary; and here he completed in two years a performance which will long be considered as a signal triumph of German art. His very success, however, proved his ruin. By his close application during the progress of the work, he impaired his already delicate and weakly constitution. To ill health was soon added a very excusable mortification at having produced a

work from which, as it was evident immediately after its completion, the publisher could not fail to derive incalculable profit. The irritable artist, moreover, thought himself degraded by certain measures adopted in a new organization of the Academy; and he fell into a melancholy, which, in spite of the affectionate attentions of his young and amiable wife, niece to the celebrated sculptor, Chevalier von Dannecker, of Stuttgard, was not to be removed. It was found necessary to place him in a lunatic asylum at Sonnenstein, near Pirna, where, after a few weeks, during which his mind was wholly absorbed in visions of the Blessed Virgin and other mystic objects, an unlucky fall put a period to his life.

The plate which Müller engraved was printed at Paris by the celebrated Rambaud. The price of prints was originally five frederic-d'ors, but ten were soon offered for them. At length the plate became so worn, that the publisher, with great difficulty and expense, engaged Desnoyer, a French artist, to retouch it; and the prints from the retouched plate now sell, like those from the original engraving, for five frederic-d'ors. Good impressions of the latter fetch seventy or eighty dollars; and for proofs on India paper two hundred and more have been offered.

The lovers of the arts will no doubt be gratified with the annexed miniature after Müller's

engraving of the most sublime of all Raphael's Madonnas; and those who are acquainted with the celebrated original will not fail to make due allowance for the smallness of the scale to which this representation has been necessarily confined.

TO MUSIC.

Nymph, we woo thee from the steeps
That bend o'er Tiber's classic wave,
Where Rome's dejected Genius weeps
In anguish o'er her Brutus' grave.

Come to our land—thy altar here
Shall lighten with a nobler flame;
Thy wreath a greener verdure wear,
A deeper worship love thy name.

Leave olive-grove and vineyard-bower:—
Here breathes at morn as sweet a gale,
Here falls the dew as soft a shower,
Here nun-like evening glides as pale.

Here—here alone, man's hallowed form
In native grandeur stands sublime—
Bold, dark, and mighty as the storm
That thundering sweeps his northern clime.

A mingled wonder, wild and brave!
Stern as the wintry ocean's roar,
Yet softer than the murmuring wave
That sleeps along its summer shore.

And woman—loveliest woman—here,
From roseate lip, and diamond eye,
The living star that lights his sphere,
Beams love, and peace, and purity.

Come from the land of monkish gloom—
Land of the bigot and the blind!
Come from the slave's and tyrant's tomb,
And know the Lords of human kind.

R. M.

VERSES

TO A LADY WHO PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH THE FLOWER OF A FIELD PLANT, WHICH, IF PLACED UNDER THE PILLOW AT NIGHT, IS SAID TO HAVE THE FAIRY PROPERTY OF CAUSING THE GIFTED PERSON TO DREAM OF THE GIVER.

BY H. BRANDRETH, ESQ.

I LITTLE deem'd that the fair flower
  Which yester eve thou gavest me
Was gifted with such magic power,
  To make me dream of love and thee.
But so it was — till then as free
  As Zephyr's breeze, or Ocean's billow,
Unheedful what the effect might be,
  I placed the gift beneath my pillow :

And soon a radiant female form
  Before my wondering gaze arose,
Serene as she who quells the storm,
  Fair Iris, when around her glows
Each tint of heaven ; — the blushing rose
  Sat on her dimpled cheek — her eye
Scarce dared her soul's young thoughts disclose,
  But, ah! I learnt them from her sigh.

Played round her lips Love's sweetest smile
  Of Hope and Joy — yet through its beam
Methought a tear-drop shone the while;
  So hast thou seen a chasten'd gleam
  From Dian gild the mountain-stream —
I flew to kiss away the tear,
  And woke — 'twas all an idle dream!

THE INDIAN ORPHAN.

A Tale.

—— Surely there are
Some stars whose influence is upon our lives
Evil and overpowering: it is those
That blight the young rose in its earliest spring;
Sully the pearl fresh from its native sea;
Wing the shaft to the youthful warrior's breast
In his first field; and fade the crimson cheek
And blue eyes of the beautiful. L. E. L.

Yes, I remember well how she would sit of an evening and watch the sky, while her eyes flashed with light, as wild, as intense, as the brightest star on which she gazed; and when my kiss awakened her from her dream, I remember too the warm heavy tears that were on the cheek she pressed to mine. "Thou art not like thy mother, my fair child," she would exclaim; "may thy life be unlike hers too!" and the words came forth so gently, and her voice was so sweet! I better loved to sit by her knee and listen to her sad soft song, than to chase

the fairest butterfly that lay like a gem on the roses I delighted to water. But my mother's voice grew feeble, and darkness settled on her eyes; her lip was pale and parched, and when I hung on her neck, she told me she was sick and faint, and wept: she would lie for hours on the mat, and an old woman who came to see us sometimes, said she was dying. Dying!—I knew not what she meant, but I felt sad, very sad, and went and lay down by my mother; but the hand I took was burning, and the pressure was so slight I scarcely felt it.

It was a beautiful summer sunset,—not those soft gradual tints which melt on the evenings I have since seen in England, but the sunset of a southern clime, all passion, all flame—the sky was crimson; the Ganges was crimson too; its waves flashed through the green foliage that overshadowed it, like the gush of red meteors through the midnight clouds. My mother called me to her; I knelt by the mat, while she told me to look on the glorious sky, and said it was the last she should ever see; that like that sun she was passing to darkness and silence, but not like that sun to return. She said she looked for the arrival of a stranger; and if he came after her spirit had fled—"My child, you will remember your mother's last words—tell him I have loved him even unto death; my latest prayer was his name and thine." She

leant back, and gasped fearfully, then lay quiet as if she slept, yet her eyes were open and fixed on me. I remember yet how I trembled before that cold and appalling look. It grew dark; I lay down close to her side and fell asleep. The morning sun was looking cheerfully forth when I awoke:—my mother lay so still, so motionless, that I believed her to be yet sleeping, but her eyes wide open and bent on me tempted me to kiss her; even at this moment the chill of that touch is upon my lips. For the first time I shrank from her; I spoke, but she answered not; I took her cold hand, but instantly loosed it: it fell from mine — she had said she was dying — could this be death? I felt a wild vague conviction that we were separated for ever; but the very despair of separation brought with it the hope of reunion; I might die too.

I was repeating with incoherent rapidity, "My mother, let me die with you!" one arm round the neck of the corpse, the other fanning backwards and forwards, to keep away the flies, and my cheek resting upon hers, when the door of the hut opened, and a stranger entered. I looked up with wonder, not unmixed with pleasure: the splendour of his scarlet and gold dress, the white waving plumes of his helmet, soon attracted a child's attention; but child as I was, one glance at his face fastened my gaze. The deep crimson of exercise had given place

to a hue of ghastly whiteness; every feature was convulsed; his deep broken sobs as he sat by the bed, his face covered with his hands, yet startle my memory: at last I remembered my mother's words, and hesitatingly approached him, and repeated them. He started, and clasped me in his arms. I felt his tears on my face; he seemed kind, yet fear was my principal sensation, as wringing my hands and my mother's together, he said in words scarcely audible: "Abra, my care of our child shall atone for my desertion of thee!" Others, his attendants, now came in: to one of these he gave me in charge; but when they strove to raise me from the body, I struggled in their hold, and grasped a hand, and implored my mother to keep me. I was, however, carried away, weeping the first tears of sorrow I had ever shed.

My course of life was completely changed: I was placed in the family of a Mr. and Mrs. L—. They had many children of their own, educated under their own roof; to my father it therefore appeared a most eligible situation: to me it was one of unceasing mortification, of unvaried unhappiness. Mr. and Mrs. L. considered me as an incumbrance, which their obligations to Mr. St. Leger did not allow them to throw off; and their children as a rival, though, from my being the daughter of an Indian, as a being

inferior to all. But this very repelling of my best affections caused them to flow the more strongly where their current was not checked; the memory of my mother was to me the heart's religion; my love to my father was the sole charm of existence. I grew up a neglected, solitary, and melancholy girl, affectionate from nature, reserved from necessity; when I was suddenly summoned to attend the death-bed of my father. He breathed his last in my arms. I never left the corpse—I watched the warmth, the last colour of life depart, till the hand became ice, the cheek marble. He was buried in his uniform; my hand threw the military cloak over his face: even when they nailed down the coffin I remained, though every blow struck on my heart as the farewell to happiness, the last words of hope. They bore the corpse away; and as the physician forbade my attendance at the funeral, I watched the procession as it passed the window. The muffled drums, the dead march, seemed sounds from the grave; stately figures paced with slow and solemn steps; with their arms and eyes bent down silently to the earth, I saw them move onward; I lost the sound of the heavy measured tread, I only caught a distant tone of the now faint music, I sprang forward in desperate eagerness; the sun was at noon; my head was uncovered, yet I felt not the heat: I followed

and reached the grave as they were lowering the body to its long last home. The whole scene swam before me, and I was carried back insensible by some who recognised me. On my recovery I was coldly informed that my father's property, left wholly mine, insured me a small but independent fortune; and that his will expressed a wish for my immediate departure for England, assigned to the care of a Mrs. Audley, a distant relation of his. Every thing was prepared for my departure: an orphan, with not one either to love or be loved by, I was perfectly indifferent to my future destiny. The evening before I embarked I went to bid farewell to my father's grave; there was a storm gathering on the sky, and the hot still air and my own full heart oppressed me almost to suffocation. There was no light save from the fireflies which covered the mansion, or from the dim reflection of the red flames which had been kindled on the banks of the river. I reached the grave · the newly turned-up earth of its mound was close to another, where the green grass grew in all its rank luxuriance. I looked upon the plain white stone; it was, as my heart foretold, graven with my mother's name, which had hitherto been concealed from me. I sat down · tears of the most soothing gratitude fell over the graves; I felt so thankful that they

were united in death. It was to me happiness that earth had yet something to which I could attach myself; only those who have wept over the precious sod which contains all they loved, all they worshipped, can tell how dear are these lonely dwellings of the departed. I knelt, prayed, wept, and kissed the clay of each parent's grave by turns; and only the red light of the morning warned me to depart. I went home and slept, and the fearful dream of my feverish slumber yet hangs upon me. I was alone in a dark and wild desert; the ground beneath was parched, yet the sky was black, and red streaks of light passed over it. I heard the hiss of serpents, the howl of savage beasts; my lips were dry and hot; my feet burned as they pressed the fiery sand; and my heart beat even to agony; when suddenly freshness and sweetness breathed around — there came sounds of music and delightful voices; bright and beautiful forms gathered on the air; I found myself in a green and blessed place. Two came towards me—my father, my mother; they embraced me, and I awoke soothed, with their smile visible before me, their blessing yet breathing in my ears. The next day I embarked, and we set sail immediately; yet I had time to contrast my own forlorn neglectedness with the lot of others; and bitterly did I feel

the kind farewells, the blessings implored on my companions. I envied them even the sorrow of parting.

At length the sun set in the waters, and till the final close of the evening I lingered by the side of the vessel. It was a calm sky : not a shadow was on the face of heaven, not a breeze ruffled the sleeping waves, no sound nor motion broke the deep repose ; but repose was at this moment irksome to my soul. Was I the only one disturbed and agitated ? A cloud, a breath of wind, would have been luxury — they would have seemed to enter into my feelings, to take away my sense of utter loneliness. I left the deck, for there were hurried steps around, and my idleness weighed upon me like a reproach ; I felt useless, insignificant ; there were glad voices talking close by my side — there were tones of hope, exultation, sorrow, and affection — I could sympathise with none of them. I hastily threw open the window of the cabin, and saw the country I was leaving for ever, like a line in the air, and all but lost in the horizon. No one can say farewell with indifference ; and there I leant gazing on the receding land anxiously, nay even fondly, till darkness closed around, and I could no longer even fancy I saw it. Lost in that vague but painful reverie, when the mind, too agitated to dwell on any one

subject, crowds past sorrows and future fears upon the overburthened present, time had passed unheeded, and the moon, now risen, made the coast visible again. It must be agony to the heart to say a long, and it may prove an eternal farewell, to all connected with us by every link of early association and affection of many years' standing; to the mother whose smile was the light of our childhood; to the father whose heart goes with us; to all who have shared in our joys and our griefs: this, indeed, must be an overflowing of the cup of affliction; but even this painful accumulation of feeling was preferable to mine of single and complete isolation. It is soothing to reflect, that we are dear to those we leave behind; that there are some who will treasure our memory in the long hours of absence, and look forward to our meeting again; for never does the moment of reunion rise so forcibly on the mind as at that of separation. These thoughts are like raindrops in the season of drought. But I looked on the land of my birth, and knew there was not one to call a blessing on her far away; not one to wish the wanderer's return: the cold earth lay heavily on the hearts that would have throbbed at my departing; the eyes that would have wept were sealed by death, in the home of darkness and forgetfulness, where joy and sorrow are alike.

The voyage appeared short, for I had nothing to anticipate, and the glories of the ocean suited my feelings. I have looked on the face of Nature with love and with wonder; but never have I had that intense communion with her beauties which I have had at sea. At last the white cliffs of England came in sight: they were hailed with a shout of delight; it had no echo in my heart. But it was when we arrived in port that I more than ever felt how very lonely I was; the whole ship was bustle, confusion, and happiness; numbers were every moment crowding the deck—there was the affectionate welcome, the cordial embrace, words of tenderness, still tenderer tears; all was agitation, anxiety, and delight. There was one group in particular, a sailor whose little boy was so grown that he did not at first recognise him—the delight of the child, two inches taller with pleasure—the half affection, half pride glowing in the fresh island complexion of the mother—every kindly pulse of the heart sympathised with them. I felt doubly an orphan as they left the deck. At this moment a young man addressed me, and announcing himself as the son of Mrs. Audley, the lady with whom I was henceforth to live, led me to the boat which waited at the side of the vessel; and a short journey brought us to Clifton and the cottage where Mrs. Audley resided. How

vividly the thoughts and feelings which crowded that night about my pillow rise upon my memory! I think it is not saying too much of that natural instinct which attracts us to one person and repels us from another, when I call it infallible. There is truth and certainty in our first impressions; we are so much the creatures of habit, so much governed in our opinions by the opinions of others, we so rarely begin to think till our thoughts are already biassed, that our intuitive perception of good and evil, and consequently of friend and foe, is utterly neglected. If, in forming our attachments, instead of repeating what we have heard, we recalled our feelings when we first met, there would be fewer complaints than are now of disappointed expectations. First impressions are natural monitors, and nature is a true guide. My impressions were delightful—I slept contented and confiding; and my spirits next day were worthy of the lovely morning that aroused them.

Mrs. Audley's cottage, the landscape, and the sky, were altogether English: the white walls, the green blinds, the open sash-windows, the upper ones hung round with the thick jessamine that had grown up to the roof; the lower ones into which the rose-trees looked; the blinds half-way down, just shewing the cluster of red roses and nothing more, though

they completely admitted the air, loaded with the breath of the mignonette; while the eyes felt relieved by the green and beautiful, but dim light which they threw over the room. It was like enchantment to step from the cool and shadowy parlour into the garden with its thousand colours, the beds covered with annuals, those rainbows of the spring, the Guelders rose, the laburnums, mines of silver and gold; the fine green turf; but nothing struck me so much as, beneath the shade of an old beech tree, a bank entirely covered with violets. It may seem fanciful, but to me the violet is the very emblem of woman's love; it springs up in secret; it hides its perfume even when gathered; how timidly its deep blue leaves bend on their slight stem! The resemblance may be carried yet further—woman's love is but beautiful in its purity; let the hot breath of passion once sully it, and its beauty is departed—thus as the summer advances the violet loses its fragrance; June comes, but its odours are fled — the heart too has its June; the flower may remain, but its fragrance is gone for ever. Flowers are the interpreters of love in India, painting in the most vivid but in the softest colours, speaking in the sweetest sighs: while each blossom that fades is a mournful remembrancer either of blighted hopes or of departed pleasures. I would give my lover violets; the rose has too

much display. *J'admire les roses, mais je m'attendris sur les violettes.* The rose is beauty —the violet tenderness. And the country round was so placidly delightful—I had been used to the sweeping shadow of gigantic trees, to oceans of verdure, to the wide and magnificent Ganges; but the landscape here came with a quiet feeling of contentment on the heart. I remember so well the first time I ever walked on the downs! The day had been very showery, and the sky was but just beginning to clear; the dark gloomy volumes in which the tempest was rolling away were but little removed from clouds of transparent whiteness, and between, like intervals of still enjoyment amid the hopes and fears of life, gleamed forth the deep calm blue of the horizon. Faintly coloured like a dream of bliss, a half-formed rainbow hung on the departing storm, as fearful of yet giving a promise of peace. Every thing around was in that state of tremulous repose, which succeeds a short and violent rain. The long shadows and double brilliancy of the light from the reflecting rain-drops contrasted in the scenery, like sorrow and joy succeeding tears. Never could the banks of the Avon have been seen to greater advantage. On one side of the river rose rocks totally bare, but of every colour and every form; on the other side, banks equally high were covered with trees

in their thickest foliage; the one Nature's stupendous fortress, the other her magnificent pavilion of leaves. One or two uncovered masses appeared like the lingering foot-prints of desolation; but in general, where the statelier trees had not taken root, the soil was luxuriantly covered with heath and the golden-blossomed furze. On the left dew and sunshine seemed wholly to have fallen in vain: riven in every direction, the rocks had assumed a thousand different shapes, in which the eye might trace, or fancy it traced, every variety of ruin, spire, or turret — the mouldering battlement, the falling tower. Here and there a solitary bramble had taken root, almost as bare and desolate as the spot where it grew. The contrast between the banks was like prosperity and adversity. I do think if ever any body was happy I was, for the next two years. It is strange, though true, that the happiest part of our life is the shortest in detail. We dwell on the tempest that wrecked, the flood that overwhelmed — but we pass over in silence the numerous days we have spent in summer and sunshine.

Mrs. Audley was to me as a mother, and Edward and I loved each other with all the deep luxury of love in youth. It was luxury, for it was unconscious. Love is not happiness: hopes, pleasure, delicious and passionate mo-

ments of rapture—all these belong to love, but not to happiness. Its season of enjoyment is when its existence is unknown, when fear has not agitated, hope has not expanded the flower it but opens to fade, and jealousy and disappointment are alike unfeared, unfelt. The heart is animated by a secret music. Like the Arabian prince, who lived amid melody, perfume, beauty, and flowers, till he rashly penetrated the forbidden chamber, so, when the first sensations of love are analysed and his mystery displayed, his least troubled, his most alluring dream, is past for ever. Edward was strikingly handsome; the head finely shaped as that of a Grecian statue, with its profusion of thick curls; the complexion beautiful as a girl's, but which the darkly arched eyebrows, the manly open countenance, redeemed from the charge of effeminacy; his eyes (the expression of "filled with light" was not a mere exaggeration when applied to them), and then the perfect unconsciousness, or, I should rather say, the utter neglect of his own beauty. He was destined for a soldier and for India; and perhaps there is no career in life whose commencement affords such scope for enthusiasm. However false the fancies may be of cutting your way to fame and fortune, of laurels, honours, &c., still there is natural chivalry enough in the heart to make the young soldier

indulge largely in their romance. At length the time of his departure came: Edward was too proud to weep when he bade adieu to his mother and me, his affianced bride; but the black curls on his fair forehead were wet with suppressed agitation, and when he threw himself on horseback at the garden gate, he galloped the animal at his utmost speed; but when he came to a little shadowy lane, apparently shut out from all, I saw from my window that his pace was slackened, and his head bowed down upon the neck of his steed. They say women are more constant than men: it is the constancy of circumstance; the enterprise, the exertion required of men, continually force them out of themselves, and that which was at first necessity soon becomes habit — whereas the constant round of employments in which a woman is engaged require no fatigue of mind or body; the needle is, generally speaking, both her occupation and amusement, and this kind of work leaves the ideas full play; hence the imagination is left at liberty to dwell upon one subject, and hence habit, which is an advantage on the one side, becomes to her an additional rivet.

For months after Edward's departure I was utterly miserable, listless, apathetic — nothing employed, nothing amused me: but I was at length roused from this state of sentimental indolence by a letter from him: he wrote in the

highest spirits; his success had been beyond his utmost expectations; and soon, he said, he might hope and look forward to our joining him in India. I have a great dislike to letter-writing: the phrase "she is an excellent correspondent" is to me synonymous with "she is an excellent gossip." I have seen epistles crost and recrost, in which I knew not which most to pity — the industry or idleness of the writer. But every one has an exception to his own rule, and so must I; and from this censure I except letters from those near and dear to us, and far away. A letter then, breathing of home and affection, is a treasure; it is like a memento from the dead, for absence is as death in all but that its resurrection is in this life. I felt a new spirit in existence; I lived for him, I hoped to rejoin him; I delighted to hear my own voice in the songs he was soon to hear; I read with double pleasure, that I might remember what he would like: but above all else painting became my favourite pursuit; every beautiful landscape, every delicate flower, every striking countenance which I drew, would, I thought, be so many proofs how I had remembered him in absence. I almost regretted the fine cool airs of a summer evening, the low sweet song of the birds: I could make for him no memorials of them. Another letter came; and soon after we prepared for our embarkation, and a second

time I crossed the ocean. The voyage which had seemed so short before, I now thought never-ending; every day the bright-shining sea and the blue sky seemed more monotonous; a thousand times did I compare our fate to that of the enchanted damsel, in one of Madame de Genlis' tales, who has been condemned by a most malignant fairy to walk straight forward over an unvarying tract of smooth green turf, bounded only by the clear azure of the heavens. But we reached India at last.

What is there that has not been said of the pleasure of meeting, yet who has ever said all that is felt — the flow of words and spirits, the occasional breaks of deep and passionate silence, the restlessness of utter happiness, the interest of the most trivial detail—and when on our pillow, the hurry of ideas, the delicious though agitated throbbing of the heart. To sleep is impossible, but how delightful to lie awake! But my first look at Edward, the next morning, made my pillow sleepless again, and sleepless from anxiety. The climate too surely had been slow poison to him; his bright and beautiful colour was gone; the wan veins of his finely turned and transparent temples had lost the clearness and the hue of health; and often his voice sank to an almost inaudible tone, as if speaking were too great an exertion. Still he himself laughed at our fears, and pressed the

conclusion of our marriage. I wished it too, for I felt it was something to be his even in the grave. It was the evening before the day fixed for uniting us, when he proposed a visit to a spot I had often sought alone—the grave of my parents. Once or twice during the walk I was startled by his excessive paleness, but again his smile and cheerfulness reassured me. We sat down together silently. I was too sad for words: a little branch of scented flowers in my hand was quite washed by my tears. A cloud was flitting over the moon, and for a short space it was entirely dark; suddenly the soft clear light came forth more lovely than before. I bade Edward mark how beautifully it seemed to sweep away the black cloud; he answered me not, but remained with his face bowed on his hands. I put mine into them — they were cold; I saw his countenance—it was convulsed in death ——

L. E. L.

MIDNIGHT.

VENEZIANA.

HARK! what rich music! seems it not to rise
From the blue sea?
Some ocean-nymph has left
Her crystal cave, to breathe the dewy air,
And chaunt her dulcet strains, and braid her locks.
Now, gentle moon, I pray thee,
When yon dark cloud its envious shade withdraws,
To cast upon the wave one silver beam,
That I may view this creature of the deep,
And so may worship her.——
The cloud is past.—From yonder Gondola
The song is wafted. See the minstrel there,
As, graceful bending at his lady's knee,
He wakes his lute's romantic strings, and breathes
A mingled strain of hope, and fear, and love—
Charming the ear of night: while his fair saint
Shadows with floating veil her timid eyes.

E.

SACONTALA.

*A Tale.**

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1. THE BRAMIN'S GIFT.

It was a day of joy and revelry,
Of joy unfeign'd, of revelry unforced,
Through India's hundred realms; for Sacontala,
The beautiful, the noble, and the good,
Th' imperial sharer of Wikrama's throne,
Upon her natal morn kept holiday.
Sylph-like her form, yet stately as the pine
That grows upon the mountain-top and woos
Heaven's kisses to its brow; her long dark locks
Fell rich and ripe as the vine's clusters down
Her snowy neck; her forehead high and pale
Beneath the shade of those ambrosial curls
Rose like a throne; broad spread her soft smooth brows,
And her long lashes shaded two sweet orbs
Which, black as night, yet brighter than night's queen,

* The original of this Tale will be found in the Parables of Dr. F. A. Krummacher, translated from the German by Mr. Shoberl. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the unfortunate Queen of Prussia is here portrayed under the character of Sacontala.

Shower'd noon-tide radiance round — And then
her face —
Oh! twas a thing for fervent bards to dream
of —
Bright and yet dark — not Europe's red and
white,
But the still lovelier glow of her own clime;
All sun and shadow, like the burning close
Of summer's eve; yet 'twas a shadow like
That which Love's wings o'er his own Psyche
throws
When he broods o'er her slumbers.
So she sat
Upon her golden throne, and all around
Was joy and gladness. Some brought costly
gifts
And spread them at her feet; rare gems, rich
fruits,
Odours, and gold; and some look'd up to heav'n,
And call'd down Brama's blessing on her head.
Her heart with gratitude and happiness
O'erflow'd, and feelings high and eloquent
Spoke on her changing brow: sometimes a smile
Like lightning ran across her features; then
A burning blush would mantle o'er her cheek,
Sudden and beautiful as the sun-set glow
Upon the Alps, when all their summits burn
Like one magnificent evening sacrifice
Before th' eternal throne; and oft a tear
Gather'd in her dark eye but dimm'd it not:

Its brightness, like the glow-worm's lamp, seem'd fed
By that ethereal dew.
At length a Bramin
Approached the joyous throng assembled round
The palace gates, and in his hand he bore
A basket formed of plaited rushes, filled
With flowers, and bordered round with simple moss.
The servants of the palace gazed in wonder
Upon the Bramin's gift. "And will he dare,"
They ask'd each other, "will he dare approach
The splendour of the throne with his rush basket
Border'd with crisped moss!"
The Bramin pass'd
Undaunted on to Sacontala's throne,
And placed his basket at her feet. "Behold,
Kind mother of thy people, this rush basket,
This tender moss, and these few simple flow'rs—
These are the produce of that distant valley,
Far from this gorgeous palace, where thy feet
Walk'd in life's sweet spring morning; these, as thou,
Grew up beneath the show'rs and sunshine there,
And these, thy sister flow'rs of that sweet vale,
I offer up, no unmeet gift, to thee,
The fairest of them all."
Then did the Queen
Bow down her gracious head, and cast her eyes

W.m Corbould del.t

Geo. Corbould sculp.t

SACONTALA.

Pub.d by R. Ackermann Jonaon. 1825.

On the rush basket edged with moss, and smile
Upon her sister flow'rs of that sweet vale.

In gladness did the Bramin bend his steps
Back to his distant valley, and it seemed
More beautiful and happy in his eyes,
For he had gazed on Sacontala's smile.

2. THE DIAMOND.

It was a day of sorrow and of sighs,
Of heartfelt sorrow, of soul-searching sighs,
Through India's hundred realms, for Sacontala,
With weeping, and with silent pray'rs to Brama,
Kept now her natal day. War's iron foot
Had trampled on her realm and laid it waste,
And even the sweet flow'rs of her native vale
Felt its unhallow'd pressure. Far from her
Wikrama sought the fight; begirt with foes
He waged unequal and unprosp'rous war;
His bravest and his trustiest fell around him,
While treachery fill'd his camp, and ingrate friends
Forgot the hand that rais'd them, and prov'd false
And recreant to their lord. Therefore did tears
Stream plenteously down Sacontala's cheek,
And sighs and sorrow mark'd her natal day.

The Bramin came again. He bow'd his head

Before his sovereign's throne. "Fair Queen,"
he cried,
"Sorrow and suffering have not chang'd the
hearts
Of those who in my valley dwell; they still
Cherish unaltered loyalty and love
To thee. No fragrant flow'rs I bring thee
here;
Trampled and trodden under foot, they strew
Our valley now; but they will bloom again
More beautiful than ever, when the spring,
By Brama sent, shall chase away the clouds
That darken round us yet. Behold I bring thee
The rarest wonder that our vale produces,
A diamond bright as India e'er beheld."

The Queen gazed on in silent wonder, while
The Bramin thus proceeded: "While yet
youth
Unsullied by a tear, and cloudless joys
Sat smiling on thy brow, I gave thee flow'rs.
Now has grief, like a sullen canker-worm,
Eaten the roses on thy cheek. I knew
That thou wouldst greet thy natal day with
tears,
And tears are to the virtuous spirit like
The dew that falls from heav'n upon the blos-
soms,
Expanding their sweet leaves, and drawing all
Their fragrance out. Thus Brama sanctifies

His favourites, and therefore have I brcught thee
The noblest work of nature."
Thus he spake,
And reverently at Sacontala's feet
Laid down a casket of rich ebony.
The lid unclos'd, the precious gem flash'd forth
A ray so bright, the faces of the Queen
And all her weeping maidens, who had stoop'd
To gaze upon it, suddenly became
Brightly transfigured, and their white breasts shone
Like waves that heave and sparkle in the sun,
While the sad tear down Sacontala's cheek
That stole, grew brighter even than her smile.

In sorrow did the Bramin bend his steps
Back to his distant valley; and it seem'd
Happy and lovely in his eyes no more,
For he had gazed on Sacontala's tears.

3. THE TOMB.

Once more throughout the hundred realms of Ind,
It was a day of joy and revelry;
Trumpets and cymbals fill'd the once sad vales
With their sweet minstrelsy, and from the hills
Rose up to Brama sacrificial fires,
For he had bless'd Wikrama's righteous cause
With triumph, and the foeman's bas'lisk eye

Glared ruin on the peaceful plains no more.
The Bramin heard the shouts of victory
And songs of peace — and gladness fill'd his heart.
He bowed his aged face down to the ground
And worshipp'd; then arose, and on his head
Pour'd holy ointment. "Ere I die," he said,
"I will behold the triumph of the just,
And gaze once more on Sacontala's smile."

Then with the fairest spring-flow'rs of the vale
He fill'd his small rush basket once again,
And cover'd them with young shoots of the palm-tree,
And of the olive, and with fragrant sprigs
Of tender myrtle — then in haste he turned
His face to the great city, and amidst
Th' exulting myriads pass'd on silently.

Joy on his aged features beam'd serenely
As he approached the palace gates, and saw
The servants of the king. "Open your gates,"
He cried, "that I may offer up once more
My gift to the good Queen, for I have lived
Seven weary years a stranger to the world."
The servants gazed upon him as he spake,
And wept, and answer'd not. "Why do ye weep?"
The old man said, "and wherefore are your faces
Thus changed?"

"And art thou then a stranger here,"
They said, "and know'st not what has come
to pass!"
And then they shew'd him Sacontala's tomb.
"Behold," they cried—"her heart is broken!"
and
They lean'd their heads upon their breasts,
and wept.

Then were the features of the aged man
Glorified; and his eye gleamed like a youth's.
He lifted up his head to heav'n, and said,
"Do I not see immortal Brama's throne,
And the eternal light that circles it?
Do I not gaze on Sacontala's smile
Again, as on a cloud, tinged with the hues
Of morning, she reposes and looks down?
Pure victim of her suffering country!—now
She shines the priestess of celestial peace.
See, sainted spirit, these terrestrial flow'rs
I dedicate to thee!"

He bowed his face
Over the grave and flowers—a gentle rustling
Arose, and Brama had releas'd his spirit.

H. N.

CONFESSIONS OF A FRENCHWOMAN.

Born and bred in Paris, I became in my earliest youth the toast of my native city. Heartily tired of the praises of my beauty, repeated every day in verse and prose, in songs and poems, in companies and periodical publications, and calculating upon new fame and fresh admirers, I set out on my travels and quitted Paris and France. In Spain, in England, in Germany, in Italy,—in short, wherever I went, I was disappointed in my expectations, and my pride was humbled. In every country I found a different standard of beauty. I resolved to leave this quarter of the globe, and journeyed to Asia. Here I fared still worse. I shall say nothing of Turkey, Persia, or Circassia, because, on comparing myself with the beauties of those countries, I could not help feeling my inferiority. But when I reached China, I thought the people there would never have done laughing at my large eyes, my aquiline nose, my small ears, my apology for a mouth, my immense feet, and my shoes, in each of which

there was room enough for four Chinese feet. From China I proceeded to the Marian Islands. Here the natives laughed just as heartily at my teeth and my hair; for among them the height of beauty consists in black teeth and long white hair.

In Arabia I made no conquests, for I did not understand the art of colouring my eye-brows a coal-black, and of enlarging the eye considerably towards the temple by a stripe of the same colour: in short, I had not the excessively large, black, prominent eye, or the chalk-white complexion of the beauties of the East. As the natives of the Alps had wondered to see me without goitre, so were the Hottentots astonished that I had not a flat nose, a body as big and as round as a barrel, and half putrid intestines of animals twisted by way of ornament about my arms and legs. In America, in the southern province of Cumana, they found fault with me because my cheeks were not hollow, nor my face long and narrow, and because I was not large enough about the hips; for there they compress the head between two boards, and fasten tight bandages above the knee to produce these peculiarities of conformation. In North America I witnessed a quarrel between a negress and a white woman on the subject of beauty. Both claimed the prize. "Only look," said the former, "at my black

shining skin, my thick coral lips, my white eyes, my woolly hair; how can your pale diseased look, your sickly blue eye, your little pursed-up mouth, your lank hair, hanging as if it had just come out of the water, compare with these?" The white woman was about to reply, but I took her aside and taught her by my own experience and example, that we must not look for a general standard of beauty.

GUNHILDA:

OR,

THE CHAMPION PAGE.

A Dramatic Scene.

BY MRS. E. COBBOLD.

CHARACTERS.

HENRY III., *the Emperor.*
GUNHILDA, *the Empress, daughter of Canute, King of England.*
RODOLPH WULFANG, *a Nobleman of the Emperor's Court.*
ARTHUR, *Gunhilda's English Page.*

Heralds, Marshals, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—*A Tribunal in the Emperor's Court—Lists prepared for Combat: in the centre the Emperor on a throne; on the right* RODOLPH, *armed and standing; on the left* GUNHILDA, *on a low seat covered with black: in the back scene Courtiers, Ladies, Heralds, &c.*

HENRY, *rising.*

Eight days already have the lists been held,
And this the ninth:—Now twice the trumpet's call

Hath vainly summon'd peer, and knight, and squire,
To meet the accuser's challenge ; — for the queen
No champion yet appears. Soon will the note
Appalling sound again ! Alas ! Gunhilda,
Heaven answers not the appeal; its silence stamps
The oaths of man with verity, and seals
The sentence of the law. Unhappy queen!
Would thou hadst yielded to the stern decree,
Nor claim'd the combat's proof; then Mercy had,
In memory of a husband's plighted love,
Adorned for thee some peaceful solitude,
Where Penitence, by Meditation led,
Might point the path to heaven. Now, if thou fail,
The penalty is instant death. O ! yet
Renounce the battle, — yet submit and live.

GUNHILDA.

And wherefore should I live? To brand my name
By mine own act? To your protecting power,
In youth and innocence, a father gave me :
Light-hearted in their sunny beams I play'd,—
Perchance too sportively, but never fail'd
In faith and duty. You, sir, should have warned me,
And I had blest the warning.

HENRY.

Fatal trust!
I never doubted till o'erwhelming proof
Rush'd on my heart.

GUNHILDA.

What proof?—The oath of one
Who vainly sought my favour, and of menials,
By him suborn'd to falsehood? Rodolph Wulfang,
If thou hast heart, or hope of heaven, relent.

RODOLPH.

What I have sworn is registered. Who dares
Impeach Count Rodolph's honour? Here I stand
Arm'd for the combat, but no champion comes
To claim my gage.

GUNHILDA.

O! would I were at home
In pleasant England,—there a thousand swords
Had gleam'd as lightning, if a word, a look,
Seem'd but to mean me scath.

RODOLPH.

Vain waste of words!
The time is past:—let the third trumpet sound.

GUNHILDA.

Well; be it so.——Yet have I hope on earth;

That failing cannot shake my trust in Heaven,—
I am innocent!

HENRY.

Heaven grant thee then the proof!

The trumpets sound.—The Heralds proclaim the challenge: GUNHILDA *kneels in front of the stage, her head bowed on her hands, as in inward prayer. After the challenge a long and solemn pause—*GUNHILDA *looks fearfully round.*

GUNHILDA.

This silence is of death:—— Life's breathing seems
Suspended round me:—Ha! a sigh?—One heart,
One gentle heart yet feels for lost Gunhilda.
Farewell, my lord; I will not ask your hand,
Nor offer mine—for they must plight no more.
You have been too light of credence, but my soul
Forgives you, and my latest breath shall pray
For blessings on you.
(*To* RODOLPH.) Wretched, perjured man;
Receive such pardon as a Christian may,
In humble duteous imitation, give.——
Now lead me to my fate.—Alas! so young!
'Tis somewhat fearful.—Hist! a murmur! No.
Again a rush—a shout!—The tumult swells.
O, spare me, spare me, Heaven!—a hope renew'd,
And blighted as it springs!

[ARTHUR *rushes in and falls at the feet of* GUNHILDA.]

GUNHILDA.

Woe! bitterer woe!
My boy, my page, my Arthur!

ARTHUR.

O! my queen,
My royal mistress! dungeons, chains, and bars,
Have kept me from you. I have burst them all,
And come to claim the battle.

RODOLPH.

Thou? a child,
A page, a dwarf; one whom our dames in sport
Have made a puppet of? Go, go, young sir;
You must be whipt for this.

ARTHUR.

Whipt, sayest thou, Rodolph?
Thy manacles, thy chains, that bound my limbs,
Prov'd thou didst fear me. Lo, I hurl this gauntlet
Back in thy face, and do proclaim thee traitor,
A false, a perjured traitor! Quick—a sword!—
I claim the combat.

GUNHILDA.

No, my tender child,
Thou must not meet him; mark his tow'ring height,
His giant limbs—thou canst not cope with him.

ARTHUR.

I feel the strength of hosts, and Heaven has nerv'd
Mine arm in righteousness.—Give me a sword!

RODOLPH.

Thou thing of gossamer! my broad-sword's stroke,
Cleaving the air, winnows thy fragile form,
And scatters thee to all the winds of heaven.

ARTHUR.

No parlance!—sound the charge!

Heralds deliver swords; trumpets sound; RODOLPH *aims a furious blow at* ARTHUR, *which he lightly avoids, and with a back stroke cuts the sinews of* RODOLPH'S *legs.* RODOLPH *falls, and* ARTHUR *plunges his sword in his side.*

RODOLPH.

A moment's life——
The queen is innocent! [*Dies.*

Shouts.

(*All.*) The queen is innocent!

[ARTHUR *staggers towards the queen, who catches him in her arms.*]

ARTHUR.

O! so to die
Is blessedness. [*Dies.*

GUNHILDA.

Hold back!—hold back!
Thank Heaven, here is no wound: he does not
bleed:
'Tis but a swoon;—stand back; he must have
air.

[*She sits on the ground, and takes his head on her lap.*]

Arthur, deliverer; darling child! look up.
A smile is on his lips; but they are pale.—
His brow is marble cold! Ah me! his heart
Is colder still!—Here is no life!—O, mercy,
Take, take me too!

[*The Emperor supports* GUNHILDA, *the attendants form round, and the curtain falls.*]

Holywells, Ipswich,
July 29, 1824.

SONNETS.

BY THE REV. W. B. CLARKE, M.A.

I.

When first, gay Rouen! to thy walls I came,
I blest thee in the fulness of my heart;
For thou hast charms that fail not to impart
A sense of pleasure which no words can name.
But, when I thought upon thine ancient shame,—
How thou didst point the bigot's venom'd dart,
And leagued to aid the worthless traitor's art—
A cloud came o'er the brightness of thy fame!

Here was it, that to superstition's fire
Was cast the holy and heroic maid*;
Who, in the warrior's rough and mail'd attire,
The inspiration of her soul obey'd;
And, careless of herself, aspired to free
Her native land from faithless treachery.

* Joan of Arc.

II.

For this shall Hist'ry, when she points to those
  Who shine like meteors through the mists of years,
  Bend o'er her name and pay her debt of tears.
For this shall Justice the vile deed disclose;
And Mem'ry, waking from her sweet repose,
  Arm'd by revenge, shall to thy children's ears
  Refuse the tribute that the soul reveres,
And number thee among thy country's foes!

Not ev'n the splendour of the glorious Seine;—
  Not the rich hills that grace his fertile shores;—
Not all thy wealth our feelings shall restrain—
Thy sculptured trophies and thy pomp are vain:
  Whilst Pity still the murther'd maid deplores,
And round the sainted spot Regret her tribute pours!

At Rouen, July, 1824.

III.

WRITTEN AT CASTLETON, IN THE PEAK, *July,* 1823.

Who cometh hither with a heart unwise,
  Or with a mind untutor'd in the ways
  Of love and solitude, may vainly gaze

Upon these verdant mountains, that arise
Like everlasting altars to the skies,
For man to offer his unceasing praise;
Joyless among their boundless wilds he strays,
And thankless sees their silent mysteries.

But not in vain *they* walk th' aspiring hills,
Explore the caves that deep beneath them lie,
Or trace the circlings of the voiceful rills,
Who, through the veil of earthly shapes, descry
Th' Eternal Power that call'd them into light,
And stamp'd His name on each in characters of might!

STANZAS.

Twelve mournful months have well nigh past,
Sweet friend, since I beheld thee last;
And many a moon must wax and wane
Ere I can meet thy glance again!

Youth's bloom was then upon thy cheek,
But mellow'd by a tenderer streak;
For the corroding hand of Care
Had somewhat paled the roses there.

And oft—though never selfish woe
Clouded thy purity of brow,—
A momentary beam of sadness
Would mingle with thy glance of gladness;—

For loss of hopes—too dearly prized—
Bright dreams of joy unrealized,
And all that they were doom'd to prove,
Who claim'd, and best deserved thy love!

Yet there was still a spell divine
That half forbade thy soul to pine,
That whispered, Virtue's griefs are given
As benisons of love from heaven!

Soothed by this thought, thy pensive eye
Beam'd forth its light so beauteously,
That each fair feature seem'd to borrow
Fresh graces from the hues of sorrow.

Tho' Fate my morn of life had clouded,
And Hope's bright star was darkly shrouded,
'Mid my heart's wild waste in an hour sprang up
The flower of love with its tearful cup!

And many a storm, since then, hath past
All hurtless o'er it;—and many a blast
Hath striven in vain its wrath to wreak
On the stem it hath bent, but could not break!

That flower is blooming still, though each leaf
Is tinged with the autumn hues of grief;
And it never shall fade while there's life in my
breast
To cherish so fond and fair a guest.

W. S. Y.

1817.

THE GRAVE

OF

THE SUICIDE.

Thou didst not sink by slow decay,
Like some who live the longest;
But every tie was wrench'd away,
Just when those ties were strongest.

Bernard Barton.

WHOSE is that nameless grave, unmarked even by a rude stone or simple flower? And why is it lying solitary in the loneliest corner of the churchyard, beneath the frown of those dark trees, that in the storm swing their branches so heavily above it, and cast over it a desolate gloom even in the brightest hour of summer sunshine? Why is it apart from those other hillocks, that lie smilingly together, as though it alone were excluded from the peaceful communion of the dead?

That grave does not cover one who withered on the stalk of human life, and then quietly dropped from it in the sere and yellow leaf; nor one that was plucked by the spoiler in the bud

of infant promise; nor yet one who shed the leaves of life in the full beauty of maturity;—it is not the grave of an old person who sustained life as a burden, and at last welcomed death as a refuge; or of the child who, snatched from the cherishing arms of its parents, was followed by them with deep but sinless sorrow; nor is it a matron's grave, "whose lovely and pleasant" life is embalmed in the memory of many friends. No — it is the memorial of a "sleepless soul that perished in its pride;" of one who made her grave with her own hand, and lay down in it without the Christian hope of awaking in heaven; and but for the terrible recollections of her last hours, which the grey-haired villager sometimes whispers in the ears of thoughtless youth, of one once so fitted to inspire affection and contribute to happiness, we might say in sorrow and in truth, "her memorial is perished with her."

There is an old man, feeble and nearly blind, often wandering about the churchyard, but not as he was wont in former and happier days. *Then* he leaned upon the arm of a fair and affectionate child, who cheered him by her smile, and soothed him by her tenderness. Like a hoary and tottering column wreathed with luxuriant ivy, her youthful influence preserved him from desolation, and partially concealed even his decay. Throughout the summer evenings

the churchyard was their favourite resort, for the old man loved to rest upon a grave and survey the wide and lovely valley lying at his feet, made glorious by the setting sun; while his spirit would melt within him, as, turning from that magnificent display of this world's beauty to the surrounding memorials of its perishable nature, he felt himself "a stranger and a pilgrim upon earth, as all his fathers were." And then would his young companion press near him with the deep affection of a young and untroubled heart, lay his head on her bosom, and bend over it till her long golden tresses mixed with his hoary locks, like sunbeams upon mountain snows. Then would she whisper to him sweet assurances of her filial love, or sing to him a stanza of some old quiet melody; till, with the eloquence of a faded and now tearful eye, he blessed her as the comfort and the glory of his age.

But he is now a neglected, desolate old man; he has no companion in his evening walks,—"none to watch near him,"—to smile upon him, or to speak kindly. Day after day, or stormy or fair, or summer or winter, he haunts that churchyard, and resting against the dark trees which shade that lonely corner, sighs bitterly over the neglected hillock at their feet:—and bitterly *may* he sigh, for his Ellen sleeps in that nameless solitary grave!

Alas! how few comprehend the workings of a woman's soul! how few know the altitude of virtue which it can attain, or the depths of sorrow and degradation into which it can descend! The days of a woman's life glide along in sameness and serenity, like the tiny waves of a summer brook; her manners wear the same unperturbed aspect; her habitual thoughts and feelings seem to preserve a like "noiseless tenour;" and therefore few suppose that the anxieties of ambition, the strivings of passion, or the fierce tumults of pride, disappointment, and despair, can possibly exist beneath so quiet a surface. We forget that women are essentially capable of feeling every passion, good or bad, even more powerfully than men. We associate them too much in our thoughts with the petty details by which they are surrounded, and deem them constitutionally trifling, because from education, necessity, and habit, they are continually placed in contact with trifles. God forbid that the majority of females should manifest, or even know the passionate depths of the soul! Comparatively few acquire a knowledge which involves the surrender of their happiness, and too frequently also the sacrifice of their worth; but those few afford us warnings—salutary though terrible instruction to the rest of their sex. Ellen was one.

Reflective, passionate, and proud, "emotions were her events." Not merely the mistress, but the companion of her own thoughts, the being of solitude and reverie, the child of impulse, and the slave of sensibility—while she *existed* in the real world, she could be said *to live* only in the ideal one of her own creation. Ambitious, yet unable to appreciate the true distinction which should be sought by women; —cherishing that morbid refinement of feeling, which destroys usefulness and peace by magnifying the evils of life, while diminishing their many alleviations;—dazzled by the gaudy fictions of imagination, and deluded by the vain flatteries of her own heart—she turned with disgust from the simplicities of nature and the sobrieties of truth,—from the regular routine of common duties, and the calm enjoyments of every-day life. Restless, weary, and discontented, she longed for something that should satisfy the grasp of her imagination—something that should fill the aching void within her heart. Alas! she forgot that this "infinite gulf can only be filled by an infinite and unchanging object."

Thus, by degrees, a complete change came over her spirit;—a change which those who surrounded her could not understand, and with which therefore they could not sympathize. The rose faded from her cheek, the smile played less frequently and less sweetly round her lips,

sadness too often shaded her young fair brow; and her manners, once so warm and courteous to all, became cold, abrupt, and reserved. These changes were not the work of a day; though the necessity of concentrating their history in a few short sentences makes that appear sudden and rapid, which was in reality gradual and slow.

Perhaps had Ellen at this critical period of her life been taken into the world by some judicious friend, and gently introduced to things as they *really are*, her mind might yet have recovered its energy and her spirits their tone; but limited to the seclusion of a village, she was debarred those little pleasurable excitements, whether of scene or society, which were necessary to prevent a mind like hers from preying on itself; and she yielded with proportionable enthusiasm to the first influence which broke the monotony of her life. That influence was love;—love as it ever will be felt and cherished by one of Ellen's disposition, in all the delirium and danger of intense passion. But alas! if she proved in her own experience the full truth of the observation, that "love is the whole history of a woman's life," she equally proved the justice of its conclusion, "that it is only an episode in the life of a man." A complete novice in the study of character, and accustomed to view every object alternately through the glare of imagination or the

gloom of morbid sensibility, it required little exertion to make her the dupe of a being, who added to seniority of years a consummate knowledge, not merely of books, but of men and manners, and the world; one, skilled to wear all aspects, suit all characters, and speak every language — excepting that of simple reality and truth — one of that class of men, who treat the young hearts they have won like baubles, which they admire, grow weary of, and fling aside.

But Ellen knew not this;—and beguiled by the thousand dreams of romantic love, the present and the future shone to her ardent eye alike glorious with happiness and promise. "Her soul was paradised by passion;" every duty was neglected; every other affection superseded by this new and overwhelming interest. Even her old kind father felt, and sometimes sighed over the change; for he remembered the days when *his* comfort was the first and last of Ellen's anxieties, and *his* love her great and sufficient joy. But how could he chide his darling — the single ewe-lamb left of his little flock — the beautiful being that, like a star, irradiated the gloom of his evening pilgrimage! — he could not do it; and he made those excuses for her inattentions, which Ellen's better feelings would not have dared to offer for herself.

At length, however, she discovered the fatal truth—that the passion which had formed the glory, the happiness, and indeed the whole business of her life, had been but one of many pastimes to her lover. Circumstances separated them, and after lingering through all the sickening changes of cherished — deferred — and annihilated hope,—she knew, in all the fulness of its misery, that she was forsaken and forgotten. It is well known that a strong mind can endure a greater portion of mental suffering without its producing bodily illness, than a weak one can. Many other girls in Ellen's situation would have had a violent fit of illness, been given over by their doctors, have recovered to the surprise of their friends; and after looking pale and interesting for a few weeks, would have married some one else, and lived very comfortably for the remainder of their days. Ellen was not such a character.

When she knew that the visions of fancy and the blossoms of hope were for ever scattered and destroyed, the stranger would have supposed her insensible to the blow. But "*the iron had entered into her soul.*" Throughout the whole of the night on which she received the "confirmation strong," she sat in her chamber motionless and solitary; she neither spoke, nor wept, nor sighed; and though every passion warred wildly in her bosom, she sat

and "made no sign:" and in the morning she resumed her station in her family, and went through her usual occupations and domestic pursuits with more minuteness and attention than she had manifested for a considerable time. Many knew the trial which had befallen her, but none durst offer sympathy; for the pride that sparkled in her eye, and the deep calm scorn which curled her pale lip, alike defied intrusion and forbade inquiry. She conversed, but appeared unconscious of the meaning of the words she mechanically uttered; she smiled, but the sweet expression of her smile had vanished; she laughed, but the melody of her laugh was gone: her whole bearing was high and mysterious. Now, her whole frame would shudder as at the suggestions of her own thoughts; then again, she would resume the quiet stern determination of her former manner:—one moment, her lip would quiver, and her eye fill with tears of mingled grief and tenderness; but the next, her burning cheek, compressed lip, and firm proud step, bespoke only deep and unmitigated scorn.

But who can portray the mysterious workings of pride, passion, doubt, horror, and despair, that crowd upon one who meditates self-destruction? Oh! there is not the being in existence who may imagine to himself, in the

wildest and most horrible of his dreams, all that must pass through the soul before it can violently close its earthly career! Could we summon from his scorned and unholy grave one who has lain down in it with his blood upon his own head, he only might adequately paint the emotions of that little hour between the action and its consequence! he only describe his state of mind, when the flimsy arguments which had cajoled his reason had vanished like evening shadows — when the sophistries which had lulled his conscience rose up like horrible deceits — when the home, friends, duties, comforts, even the life itself a moment before so despicable, appeared of an overwhelming importance; — and when, more terrible than all, he was left to grapple alone and altogether with the anguish of his body and the dying darkness of his soul — with the near and unveiled view of eternity, and the dread of future and unmitigated vengeance!

The sun was retiring behind the dark hills, like a warrior in the pride of victory, and field, and stream, and forest, lay glowing beneath them, in all the "melancholy magnificence of the hour," when the old man sought his beloved child, to take their accustomed walk in the churchyard. In vain he sought her in her flower-garden, in the arbour of her own planting, and in his quiet study. At length, he

tapped playfully at her chamber-door, and receiving no answer, he entered. There indeed was Ellen! There she stood — every limb shivering in that warm summer evening, while the cold perspiration gathered on her brow, and neck, and arms! There she stood — her fair hair dishevelled, her eye wild and glazed, and her whole countenance changed with mental and bodily torture: she might less be said to breathe than gasp; and the very motion of her dress shewed how wildly her heart throbbed beneath it. "Are you ill, my child?" said her father, terrified by her appearance. "Speak to me, my love," continued he, with increasing agitation, as he perceived the agony depicted on her countenance. Twice she strove to speak, but each effort was unavailing; no words escaped her parched and quivering lips; — at last, grasping his hand with convulsive energy in her cold and clammy fingers, she pointed towards the fatal phial, yet upon her table. The hideous tale was told! — The old man gave one long miserable groan, and the next moment fell senseless at his daughter's feet. There she stood, now turning her intense gaze upon her father, as he lay extended on the ground; and now, upon that setting sun, that bright sky, and brighter earth beneath it, which she must never, never view again!

But oh! the depth of that darkness within

her mind — that sickening desire of life, and that overwhelming certainty of death — the stinging conviction of her sin and folly — and the dread of impending judgment! All these, in a moment, passed over her soul like the ocean-billows in a raging storm, sweeping away in their fury every refuge of hope, every trace of consolation!

But it is time to draw the curtain over a scene "too loathly horrible" for thought or description. Succour was ineffectual—comfort unavailing! She existed for a few hours in agony and despair; and when the morning sun arose to gladden and refresh the earth, all that remained of the once fair and gentle Ellen was a livid and distorted corpse!

J.

LINES

TO A LADY WHO HAD REFUSED THREE SEPARATE PROPOSALS; WITH A CAMEO FIGURE OF SAPPHO.

BY H. BRANDRETH, ESQ.

Oh! mark that cheek, so wan, so pale,
That hectic brow, those eyes of fire—
'Tis Sappho tells her love-sick tale;
'Tis Sappho strikes the Lesbian lyre.

Full many a youth her beauty praised,
Full many a youth but met her scorn—
All loved as on her face they gazed,
Yet all were left to weep forlorn.

Young Cupid saw, nor saw unmoved,
His arrow pierced the haughty fair;—
She too in turn as madly loved,
And woo'd—but only woo'd despair.

Then like her, Lady, be not proud,
Lest chance her mournful fate be thine—
Thy bridal vest but Ocean's shroud,
The sea-nymph's coral caves Love's shrine.

No, rather love while love again
With smile meets smile, and sigh with sigh—
Youth fled, thou too mayst love in vain,
Like Sappho love—like Sappho die.

YOUTH.

There's not a joy the world can give, like that it takes away.
Byron.

O YOUTH! in such a world as this,
Why doth thy morning-ray,
Thy pure and "natural blessedness,"
So early fade away?
That lustre of the cloudless soul,
Seen dawning in thine eye!
Those thoughts that spring without control,
As young birds flutter by!
Hopes that bloom like flowers, unbid,
And dew-drop tears that leave no stain;
Emotions, not a moment hid,
And joy, without its after pain;
And guilelessness, faith, fervour—all—
Like blossoms in the wind:
Why fall—and leave not when they fall,
Maturing fruit behind?

O Manhood! with the busy brow!
Age! with the "world-worn" heart—
Where rests fond memory oftenest now,
Reviewing life's past part?

Say—on Ambition's proudest tower?
  Fame's—Fortune's hard-won steep?
On the wild stir of this world's power,
  That dark, unfathom'd deep;
Where human passions, human pride,
  To fury lash its form,
Till Peace, Hope, Virtue—all allied,
  Sink helpless in the storm?
Beyond these scenes—beyond how far!
  Will both their memories turn
To those, which distant as a star,
  As radiant too—still burn.

Each eye will turn to childhood's years,
  " Each heart be inly stirr'd,
And the same sounds be in his ears,
  As in those days he heard;"
While simple feelings, guileless thought,
  Affections long grown dim,
Return, with all the freshness fraught
  They bore in youth for him.
First friendships rise upon his soul,
  As once they rose before,
And shed awhile the sweet control
  They now can shed no more.
And so will Manhood's brow be calm,
  And Age's heart be light;
For these are memories " breathing balm"—
  These—memories ever bright.

O Youth! thou spring of human life!
First—fairest of our dreams!
How lovely 'mid the world's dire strife
Thy rainbow-beauty seems!
Thy unworn soul, all dewy-bright,
And opening like a flower!
But ah! it droops and closes quite
In Age's evening hour!
Frail—fair possession! yet I know
Thy frailty wisely given;
For beings always young below
Would never seek for heaven!

M. J. J.

FAREWELL AND WELCOME.

From the German of Goethe.

BY JOHN BOWRING, ESQ.

To horse! to horse! how throbs my breast!
As fast as rapid thought I sprung;
The eve had rock'd the earth to rest,
And night upon the mountains hung.
Wrapt in its robe of mists, the oak
Rose like a giant in the dew;
And darkness through its branches broke,
With hundred eyes of ebon hue.

The moon above a mountain cloud
In half-discover'd brightness shone;
The winds their pinions plied aloud,
And melancholy was their tone.
A thousand spirits walked the night;
My soul was cheerful, joyous, free,—
Within my veins, what streams of light,—
Within my heart, what ecstacy!

I saw thee—and a smile of joy
  Broke from thee, kindling bliss in me;
I felt my heart towards thee fly,
  And every breath was breathed for thee:
A rosy robe of spring thy dress,
  It veil'd thy lovely face—but oh!
What smiles were there of tenderness:—
  I hoped—but ne'er deserved it—no!

The morning sun awakes, and this
  Fair dream is o'er,—the farewell nigh,—
And oh! what transport in thy kiss,—
  And oh! what sorrow in thine eye!
That tearful eye around thee roved;
  Silent and sad thou track'dst my steed:
O what a bliss to be beloved,—
  And what a bliss to love indeed!

THE TOURNAMENT.

"Come Peter, bustle lad, and get things in order; the gentles will be arriving before the preparations are completed."

"Well, but knave Timothy, canst thou tell me what all this riding, and this sham-fighting, and this junketting, and this revelling is about?"

"To be sure I can, Peter; and who but me? Haven't I lived here these thirty years, and don't I know all the secrets of the family? Isn't my young lady a-going to be married; and are not these tournaments and these feasts intended to do honour to the ceremony?"

"Why, how should I know, Timothy, who have not been twenty-four hours your fellow-servant?"

"Well, but I tell you, then, these things are to be—this very morning the tournament is to take place, and to-morrow sees the Lady Isabel the bride of the Baron de Bohun, one of the richest and the bravest nobles England

can boast. Why, man, he saved our monarch's life at the battle of Ascalon; cleaving to the bow of his saddle a Saracen who had raised his arm to level Richard with the dust—and the king has given him leave to bear a Saracen's head for his crest, in token of his valour."

"Does the Lady Isabel love him?"

"Why that's a question. They do say not; for, in sooth, he is not much formed to dangle in a lady's bower, or to win a lady's love—unless, indeed, the fame of his gallant deeds would do it: for he is old enough to be my lady's father, and as morose as he is brave, as proud as he is rich, and as tyrannical a master withal, as ever any poor devil had to serve under."

"Humph—then this cannot be a match of inclination, on the part of the lady at least."

"Why, perhaps not—but I must not betray secrets, or I could an I would—but mum's the word for Timothy."

"Well but, Timothy, my good fellow, if thou canst enlighten me upon any subjects connected with the family, it would only be charity to do it: seeing that I am totally ignorant on all these matters, and require some such able guide as thou art to prevent me from going astray. Now, I am sure thy good-nature cannot refuse to tell me all thou knowest."

"Ah, Peter, you have such coaxing ways! Well, then, they do say that my lady does not love the baron; that she loves a young knight, her foster-brother — a foundling, belonging to no one knows whom, and the creature of my lord's bounty; but who achieved knighthood by his gallant bearing. There are also some dark tales whispered about De Bohun, who acceded to his title and estates on the death of his elder brother, some twenty years back, in a very mysterious way. But my old lord is determined the match shall take place, because the lands of De Bohun are closely united with his own, and will form together one of the most compact and extensive estates in England."

"Then the lady's inclinations go for nothing, hey, Timothy?"

"Exactly so: and, to say the truth, we do pity her, for she is as much beloved, and so, indeed, is young Albert, as the baron is hated. But hush! here comes old Nicholas, the major-domo."

This conversation took place within the spacious area in front of the noble castle of the Baron Fitz-Eustace, which was now enclosed with barriers for the tournament that was to take place the same day. It was interrupted by the approach of the old major-domo; a most important person in his own estimation,

and one to whom all the domestics in the castle were accustomed to pay the most implicit deference. "How now, ye knaves," he exclaimed, "loiter ye here, when there is business to do which requires your tending! Know ye not that the gallant knights and noble barons have already begun to arrive, and that ye are wanted to help to arrange the banquet in the hall, of which they will partake before the tourney begins? Away with ye, lazy varlets; begone, I say, and do your duty."

"Well, Master Nicholas," replied Timothy, "we are going—only tell me, is the Baron de Bohun arrived?"

"What hast thou to do with the Baron de Bohun, knave? But he is arrived, and if you do not tramp off to your duty, he shall send you to one of the comfortable dungeons which, they say, are attached to his castle."

"O no, I would rather be excused the honour of becoming his inmate on those conditions," replied Timothy. "But I go, Master Nicholas, I go—come along, Peter—come along!"

The two serving-men quickly vanished, followed by Nicholas; and their garrulity was succeeded by the neighing of steeds and the clashing of armour, indications of the approach of the barons and knights who intended taking part in the passage of arms in honour of the fair Lady Isabel Fitz-Eustace. Due notice had

been given of the day on which it was to take place, as well as that on the following one she was to be led to the altar by the Baron de Bohun: and many a young and gallant knight sighed as he reflected upon the sacrifice which was about to be made of youth and beauty and worth, to age and pride and boundless ambition.

As the knights arrived, their steeds were taken to the spacious stables of the castle, where the attendants were busily engaged in caparisoning and decorating them for the tourney, according to the taste, or the caprice, or the means of their owners. Themselves were shown into the great hall, where was a table covered with all the substantial luxuries of the age: at the head of it sat the noble lord of the castle, who welcomed his visitors with true hospitality, and invited them to partake of his good cheer with a rough and honest frankness, the best test of his sincerity. The Lady Isabel was absent; but he apologized for this circumstance by saying, that the fatigues of the day were so great to her apprehension, that she had requested leave to remain in her chamber till it was time to take her station as queen of the tournament and dispenser of the prizes to the fortunate victors.

By the side of the baron sat De Bohun, who was the general challenger of the day, and had

defied all comers in the name of his beauteous bride. He appeared to be between fifty and sixty, yet his brow was contracted, seemingly more by passion than by age; and the deep furrows on his cheeks marked the ravages of corroding care rather than of time. He was splendidly attired in a rich armour of green and gold; across his left shoulder he wore a richly-embroidered scarf, which, he said, was the *gift* of the Lady Isabel; but which, in truth, he had snatched from her reluctant hand, to prevent her from bestowing it upon a rival whom he pretended to contemn, but of whom he felt deadly fear; and in whose presence his haughty spirit was often cowed as he thought mortal man could never have depressed it. This rival sat on the opposite side of the table; it was that Albert of whom Timothy had spoken: on his brow ingenuous modesty was enthroned; and his aspect and demeanour spoke him right noble, though an impenetrable mystery hung over his lineage and his birth.

On the benches on each side of the table were arranged upwards of a hundred nobles of high degree, the rehearsal of whose valiant deeds would occupy too large a portion of my reader's time. Many of them were come to try their fortunes in the lists, and to contest, in favour of their sovereign ladies, the palm of

beauty with the fair Isabel. Of these the most conspicuous were Reginald Fitzurse, who wore the favours of the Lady Geraldine St. Clair: Richard Baron Waldemar was chosen by the beauteous Eleanor of Pontoise as her champion, and he had crossed the seas to assert her supremacy: the valiant Godfrey de Lucy sighed to obtain the favour of the matchless Eglantine de Courcy; and though the lady slighted him because another had won her maiden affection, he was still resolved, like a true son of chivalry, to be faithful to his first love, and to contend for her claim to the distinction of the most peerless against all other pretenders. These, and many more, were now carousing in generous amity round the festive board: *there* they suffered no rivalry to disturb the harmony due to their entertainer's generous hospitality; they talked of the battles in which they had respectively been engaged; toasted their "ladies fair," and eulogized their charms; but all was done in good humour and with mutual forbearance, and undisturbed hilarity prevailed.

In the mean time, those who were appointed marshals of the field were busily employed in completing the necessary preparations without. This office had, by universal consent, fallen upon the noble Barons de Spencer and Fitzherbert—both of them well versed in all the

martial acquirements of the age; and both of approved valour and unsullied honour. Under their directions, the arrangements for the tournament were now brought to a close. The castle was entered by a grand portal on the western side; on the eastern—sheltered on one side by a hill, at whose base the edifice was erected, and on the others enclosed by the moat which surrounded the castle,—was a spacious area, where the lists were erected. On three sides of this area barriers were raised, and a spacious amphitheatre at the west end afforded accommodation to the higher class of spectators; whilst the hill we have before mentioned was covered with the peasantry, who had assembled in great numbers. In the middle of the amphitheatre a raised seat, surmounted with a gorgeous canopy of crimson and gold, marked the place appropriated for the Lady Isabel: in front of which was the challenger's tent; and his shield was suspended at the entrance, as a token of defiance.

At the opposite ends were placed the shields of the nobles who answered the defiance of De Bohun; those of Fitzurse, Waldemar, and De Lucy, occupied a prominent place; but there was one who ardently longed to measure lances with the proud De Bohun, yet who dared not place his shield amongst those of his opponents

on this occasion—for the idol of his soul was she to whom that haughty baron paid homage: this was the young and high-spirited Albert. Though his birth was unknown, and his descent perhaps base, if not infamous, yet his gallant bearing had won the meed of praise from all who had the generosity to appreciate modest worth; and at the siege of Ascalon, where De Bohun won his crest, he had obtained the honour of knighthood from the hands of Richard himself, for rescuing the royal standard from the hands of the foe, when the bearer had fallen covered with wounds, the least of which was mortal. Bred up in the castle with the Lady Isabel, it was no wonder that they loved; the delightful passion, indeed, was kindling in their hearts, long ere they knew the real meaning of those emotions by which they were agitated when in each other's sight; or of that anxiety, that yearning for the presence of the beloved one, which was their constant companion in absence. Perhaps the state of their affections was not exactly displayed to their conscious minds till the Baron Fitz-Eustace commanded Isabel to prepare to receive De Bohun as her affianced lord. Then the dreadful truth burst at once upon them: they knew that they loved; and they experienced, too, the bitter pang of knowing that

they must love in vain. Yet under these circumstances, their young hearts felt as if a beam of joyous light had suddenly burst upon them: so true it is, that even

> "In melancholy love, amidst its fears,
> Its darkness, its despair, there runs a vein
> Of pleasure, like a smile 'midst many tears!
> The pride of sorrow, that will not complain."

The entrance to the lists was secured by strong barriers; and seats for the marshals to retire to, when they had cleared the field and seen that all the laws of arms had been obeyed, were erected immediately under those intended for the Lady Isabel and her train.

Every thing being prepared, the trumpets sounded a charge: and the guests in the hall, roused at the spirit-stirring sound, quitted their seats, and called aloud for their squires, who were soon in attendance; and their steeds being led forth, they quickly mounted, in readiness to escort the Lady Isabel to the lists. She soon appeared, led by her father and De Bohun, and followed by a train of noble dames who were come to be witnesses of the prowess of their chosen knights. The Lady Isabel shone amidst them all, like the sun in the firmament surrounded by its attendant stars:

> "Hers was that nameless loveliness that sinks
> On the beholder's heart; and if he seeks,
> Whilst his full glance her blaze of beauty drinks,

To know where lurks the charm which thus bespeaks
His passionate admiration — if in cheeks
Of rose, or ruby lips, or violet eyes!
It is in vain; — not in the separate streaks
Of that rich bow of gathered beauty lies
The spell of power, but in its full united dyes."

It was, however, easy to see that she was not happy:

"Upon her delicate lips
A smile of melancholy sweetness played."

And her expressive features bespoke a heart ill at ease, and not at all in harmony with the pomp and splendour by which she was surrounded. This, however, was unheeded by all but one: he, with eagle eye, detecting the assumed mask of composure which veiled feelings at variance with the outward demeanour, exultingly whispered to himself, "De Bohun, I am to be envied, and not THOU; and never shalt thou possess that beloved fair one's hand whilst Albert can wield a lance!"

The long train of ladies and knights had to pass from the front to the rear of the castle in grand procession; and most splendid it was to behold. The wanton wind played in the luxuriant tresses of the fair dames, and lighted up their features with the ruddy glow of health; whilst the sun was reflected in a thousand colours from the rich and glittering armour of the knights, arraying all around in numberless fantastic hues.

The ladies being seated, the Baron Fitz-Eustace and the attendant nobles took their stations in the gallery by their sides; De Bohun retired to his tent, and the accepters of his challenge behind the lists. The young Albert had thrown himself at the feet of the Lady Isabel, mourning that he could not on that day signalize himself in her eyes; but inwardly resolving that the time should not be far distant when he would convince the haughty lord who now laid claim to her hand, that his pretensions were not to be scorned.

The marshals had made proclamation of the laws of the combat, and read the challenge of De Bohun, setting forth, that as a true knight he was there ready to maintain that the Lady Isabel was the fairest and best of women, and to oppose to the death all who dared to gainsay it. The trumpets sounded, and the herald of Reginald Fitzurse was about to accept the defiance in the name of his master, when attention was attracted by the noise of steeds without the lists, and a lady, closely veiled, attended by a single squire, demanded entrance, that she might challenge a knight who had basely wronged her, and brought ruin on her house. The distinguishing characteristic of the age of chivalry was the deference paid to woman—the knights, next to the love of God, were taught to value the affection of the ladies: lessons in religion

and gallantry were amongst the first of their initiatory tasks; and a true knight was always ready to peril his life in the cause of the church, or of woman. In accordance with this feeling, as soon as the stranger lady was permitted to pass the barrier, the knights flocked to hold her stirrup whilst she alighted, and to receive her commands. Gracefully waving her hand, she, however, proceeded across the course — and, stopping at the tent of De Bohun, touched his shield with her wand, and then bowing her head to the assembled knights and ladies, she drew up her palfrey and remained stationary.

This incident excited the utmost astonishment. The Baron de Spencer immediately demanded of the lady her name and rank; of what crime she accused the Baron de Bohun, and whether, if that noble were inclined to trust his defence to the force of arms, she had any champion to whom she could commit her cause? De Bohun himself, who was mounted ready to run the course, proudly surveyed her; whilst the other knights looked on in amazement, scarcely knowing what to think of this interruption to the martial sport. But the lady, slowly raising her veil, and turning to the gallery where the Baron Fitz-Eustace and the Lady Isabel were seated, displayed features which instantly inspired all the beholders with the greatest interest in her behalf. She was

evidently past the middle age, and had once been gifted with beauty of the highest cast. Now a deep cloud of grief hung over her countenance; but indications of great sensibility, of magnanimity, and of virtue, were plainly to be seen. She replied, in a voice rendered tremulous by excess of agitation, to De Spencer's inquiries —

"You see in me, fair ladies and gallant lords, the widow of Ralph, the last Baron de Bohun, brother of that ill-nurtured lord there, on whom I this day demand justice. For nearly twenty years he has kept me a close prisoner within the walls of his castle, because I refused, after the death of my much loved lord, and the loss of my infant boy, to accept his offered hand, and become his wife. A few weeks since, through the agency of one who had been too long a partner in his crimes, I made my escape; and have been since residing at the cottage of a faithful vassal of my father's house. There the news of the tournament to be this day held in honour of the fair Lady Isabel Fitz-Eustace reached mine ears; and I resolved to journey hither, to denounce my oppressor, and to demand justice at your hands. Champion I have none: but surely among so many gallant knights, one will be found to espouse my cause."

"That one is here!" exclaimed the young and

gallant Albert, leaping into the arena, and throwing down his gage: then kneeling to the Baroness de Bohun, he continued — "If, lady, you will deign to accept me as your champion, this arm, which, though I am young in years, is not altogether unskilled in martial deeds, shall right you on your oppressor, or I will leave my breathless corpse upon the field."

The lady beheld the graceful knight with evident emotion. Wiping a tear from her eye, "Just such a one," said she, "would have been my beauteous boy, had Heaven spared him to these widowed arms. Vain retrospection!—Down, busy, cheating, delusive visions of happiness, never to be known on this side the grave! Yes," holding out her hand, which Albert respectfully lifted to his lips—"Yes, gallant youth, I will accept thee;—and may Heaven be with the just and righteous cause!"

"What have you to say to this charge, my lord?" inquired the Baron Fitz-Eustace, of De Bohun.

"—That the woman's mad. I know nothing of her, and never saw her: and I trust these gallant knights and fair dames will not give credence to a maniac's tale; and that yon young boy will withdraw his gage, so rashly pledged, and not force me to punish his presumption."

"Withdraw my gage? Never!—My life

upon the lady's truth and honour!" retorted Albert.

"My lord," replied Fitz-Eustace, "I knew your brother and his lady well; and by my soul I believe this stranger to be that lady. You best know why a report of her death was circulated; and why a splendid funeral pageant was celebrated in her honour. *That* bespeaks a purpose foul and impious. Perhaps other knights, nay, even some of these ladies, can confirm my knowledge of the dame."

The Baroness Fitzherbert, her lord, and several other nobles and ladies present, declared that the lady was the late Baroness de Bohun, and welcomed her as one risen from the grave; whilst De Bohun, with furious invective, assailed all around him, declared it to be a conspiracy against his life and honour, and vowed not to leave the lists till he was avenged upon his calumniators.

The aspect of the day's solemnities was now changed. Instead of a peaceful pageant and amicable strife, a judicial combat was about to take place; and one which involved the fortune and the honour of the Baron de Bohun. That noble would not hear of any delay: he demanded an immediate decision of the cause, requested that those who had been appointed judges of the tournament might be judges of the combat, and that all the spectators would

remain to witness the re-establishment of his fair fame.

Albert was no less eager for the fray. He ordered his squire to bring his proud war-horse into the lists; and having adjusted his armour, and received his spear, he mounted his steed, and rode to the foot of the gallery, where the Baroness de Bohun was now seated with the Lady Isabel, to receive her benediction; and to read, in the eyes of his fair mistress, the most ardent wishes for his success. The Baron Fitz-Eustace and the marshals wished for delay, in order that the solemn forms preparatory to a judicial combat might be observed; but the impetuosity of De Bohun spurned at all such intimations; and he vowed he would not quit the lists alive, unless by the defeat of Albert he established his honour. Finding all remonstrance vain, a reluctant consent was accorded; and the two knights proceeded to the opposite ends of the field.

All was now breathless expectation; and as the knights turned their steeds and faced each other, the utmost stillness reigned around. In many a breast fear for the result was the predominant sensation. Albert appeared but ill able to cope with the fierce De Bohun, who far surpassed him in size and strength; yet he possessed superior dexterity, and had himself no apprehension of defeat. Whilst his squire

buckled on his helmet, he whispered a prayer to Heaven to strengthen his arm, and then waited impatiently for the signal.

At length it was given; and with lances in rest, the two knights darted towards each other. In the first course, De Bohun, furious with rage, missed his adversary; who struck his spear directly in the middle of his shield, and made him recoil on his saddle,—but he kept his seat. A shout of applause rent the air; which was increased in a tenfold proportion, when, in the second course, De Bohun was thrown from his seat, and seen rolling in the dust; and Albert again escaped unhurt. The baron insisted that the combat should be renewed with swords: and they fought furiously for some time; the coolness and agile movements of Albert being a counterpoise to the great strength of De Bohun. They each gave and received many wounds; their rich and splendid armour was hacked and hewn in a thousand places, and their plumes and scarfs were mangled and torn to atoms in the fray. At length De Bohun fell, exhausted and defeated; he muttered curses on his successful antagonist, and was borne to the castle fainting and covered with wounds. Albert had but just strength to lay De Bohun's sword at the foot of the baroness, when he too fainted from fatigue and loss of blood; and a deadly

shriek from the Lady Isabel announced her interest in his fate.

" The fiery sun had given at last
His unit to the periods past.
His glorious orb, beyond the hill
Of far blue pines grew dark, but still
On the lake's bosom, wave on wave
Seemed rubies in the light it gave."

The wounded knights had been conveyed to bed, and skilful leeches were in attendance in their chambers; the ladies had retired to talk over the wonderful change which events had given to the fortunes of the Lady Isabel, and of him who was to have been her husband; and the knights were assembled in the great hall,—when the man who had accompanied the Baroness de Bohun as her squire requested to be admitted, in order that he might unfold to them events of direful import, with which he pretended to be acquainted. That request was granted; and his tale was as follows:

" The late and the present Baron de Bohun were brothers, the sons of one father by different wives; and the younger was bred up by his mother to hate and envy the more fortunate Ralph—who, as the heir to his father's title and estates, was naturally considered of more importance in the family than the less gifted Walter. These feelings grew with him, as he

increased in years and strength; and were continually displaying themselves in various petty acts of malice, which were passed over by his more noble-minded brother: but they burst forth in all their enormity when Ralph was preferred to him as the suitor of the fair Lady Annabel St. Clair; and he then vowed to me an eternal hatred to one whom he considered in every way as the marrer of his fortunes. I was devoted to his interests—he had saved my life; and I had vowed to dedicate it to his service: alas! he required a dreadful fulfilment of my vow!

"The old baron died soon after Ralph's marriage, and he was soon followed to the grave by the mother of Walter. The latter had retired to a small estate, the gift of his brother, where he brooded over his hate and his disappointed hopes, till revenge upon one who had never intentionally offended him became the sole object for which he wished to prolong life. The birth of a son to Ralph almost roused him to madness; and he spent day and night in forming schemes of vengeance,—which were constantly abandoned, as too hazardous in the execution; but fate enabled him to accomplish his wishes when he least expected it.

"The only amusement in which he ever partook was that of hunting, on which occasions I constantly accompanied him. One day we had

been riding hard, and after the death of the stag were returning home at a very slow pace, when we were driven by a tremendous storm to take shelter in the wood that skirts this castle, and which separates it from the estate on which my master resided. It is now nearly twenty years since, yet the occurrences of that night are as fresh in my memory as if they took place but yesterday. We had alighted from our steeds, and tied them to a wide-spreading oak, beneath whose branches we found refuge from the pelting shower, when the baron rode up to the same spot, and had thrown himself from his horse before he observed that there were other individuals present besides himself. He was scarcely alighted, when Walter sprang upon him, and buried his dagger in his heart! It was the impulse of the moment—but when the deed was done, he shook his bloody brand, and exclaimed, 'I'm satisfied!'

"For a few moments we both stood gazing upon the breathless corpse: the next consideration was, what was to be done to avoid detection. Walter took the dagger from the wound, and carefully wiping it, placed it in its sheath; he then rifled the pockets of the deceased baron, that it might be supposed that robbers had done the horrid deed; and mounting our steeds, we returned home,—although the rain still continued to fall in torrents, and all the elements

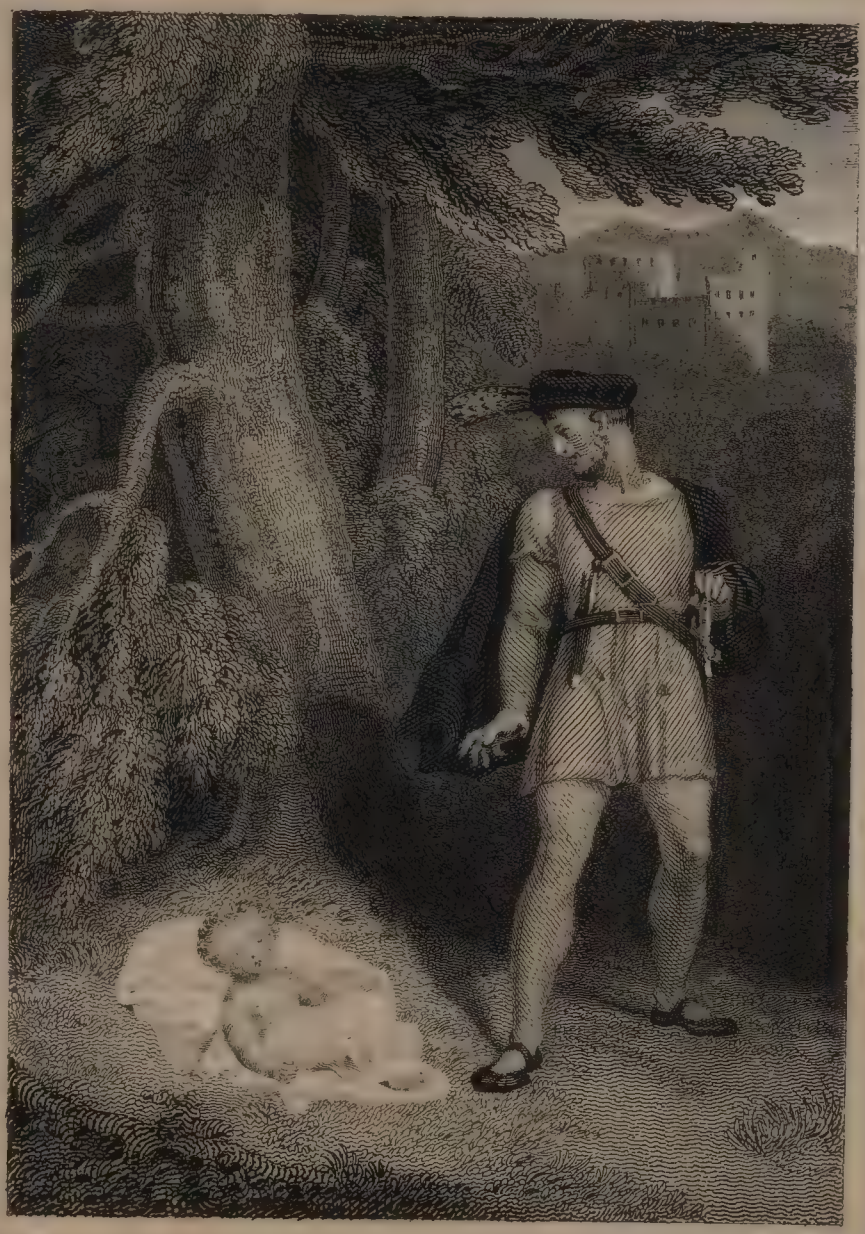
appeared to be at war with us as abhorred murderers.

"We reached home in a state which may be better imagined than described: every bush seemed to our excited fears a living witness of the deed; and as our horses' hoofs pressed the sward, we thought the noise of the pursuers was approaching. When we reached the mansion, it was dark; a servant came and took our jaded beasts,—and it was fortunate for us that he could not discern our countenances, or he must at once have perceived our agitation and our fears. We retired immediately, and changed our clothes, which were drenched by the rain; and endeavoured to attain some degree of composure before we ventured to summon any attendants to administer refreshments, of which we stood much in need. However, all passed off; and if we were ever suspected, none dared to make their suspicions audible.

"Many of you, noble lords, can bear testimony to the universal grief which was felt by all the neighbourhood, when the body of the baron was found, murdered and plundered, as was supposed, by robbers. He had made no disposition of his property; and Walter immediately proceeded to the castle, to assume the management of his estates and the guardianship of his infant. *That* infant he resolved should share the fate of its father; and to me he dele-

gated the task of ending its innocent life. A potion was administered to it, which caused it seemingly to expire in its mother's arms; it was placed in a splendid coffin, the funereal rites were performed, and it was committed to the tombs of its illustrious ancestors. But it *was not* dead: I had only administered a drug which caused the semblance of death; and at night, when all was still, I descended to the vaults, and delivered the beauteous babe from its perilous situation. But it was necessary that something should be done with it, as to retain it at the castle would be impossible. I recollected, Baron Fitz-Eustace, your friendship for the late lord; I took the child, and placed him next morning in one of your favourite haunts. Providence prospered the act—I had scarcely concealed myself behind an adjacent thicket, when you approached, and discovered the blooming boy. I heard you vow to be a father to the neglected and exposed child—and I was satisfied. You have kept your vow—Albert is that child—Albert is the rightful Baron de Bohun!"

My readers must not suppose that this tale was told in the connected manner in which I have here related it. It was frequently interrupted by the exclamations of horror which the progress of the story elicited from the hearers; but when it reached this point, the joyful emo-



THE TOURNAMENT.

Stee.

tions evinced by the Baron Fitz-Eustace communicated themselves to the rest of the guests—they all rose, as it were, with one accord, and in flowing cups drank "Long life to the gallant Baron de Bohun!" Their enthusiasm a little subsided, the squire finished his tale:—

"Some remains of the love he once felt for the baroness yet glowed in Walter's breast, and he would willingly have spared her from the ruin which he had wrought on those most dear to her affections. After a decent time had elapsed from the death of the baron and the loss of her son, he offered her his hand, which she peremptorily rejected. Irritated by her refusal, he vowed she should never more go beyond the castle walls.—Again I became his agent. It was given out that the baroness was dangerously ill; and soon after that she was dead. The domestics were deceived by the exhibition of their beloved mistress in a deep stupor, the effect of soporific drugs which I administered; a log was placed in the splendid coffin, over which the impious mockery of a funeral was performed; whilst the body was conveyed to a part of the castle which had long been deserted; and here, without a single attendant of her own sex, and only occasionally visited by my lord and me, did she remain till within these few weeks. There she would still have remained, if, on the bed of sickness, I had

not been roused to a sense of the enormity of my sins. I vowed to repent and to reform, if permitted to recover; and my first act, after the re-establishment of my health, was to liberate the baroness, and flee with her from the castle of her oppressor. The rest, noble lords, you know. I have related all with frankness, and with truth; and all I ask is for leave to retire to some convent, where I may be permitted to expiate my sins by deeds of penance, and by a rigid performance of my religious duties."

My readers—my fair ones at least—will be at no loss to imagine the conclusion of the loves of Isabel and Albert; and I shall be excused from going further into detail. A little month after this event saw them united in "wedlock's holy bonds;" when the festivities which had been intended to take place on the former occasion, were celebrated with all the pomp and splendour which the vast fortune of the bride and bridegroom warranted. Baron Fitz-Eustace and the mother of Albert lived long and honoured amidst a numerous race of their descendants, and sank into the tomb in a good old age, revered and regretted. Walter de Bohun, who, after a long illness, became again convalescent, with him who had long been the accessory in his crimes, retired to a monastery, where, it is to be hoped, they expiated their

sins by a life of penitence; and my hero and heroine, in the enjoyment of unbounded felicity, proved how true it is, that virtue is the path to happiness; and that vice brings nothing but sorrow and shame to its votaries.

W. C. S.

York, March, 1824.

CANZONET.*

And must we, must we part?
Say nay—say nay—'tis o'er!
And wilt thou break my heart?
And all its hoarded store
Of precious hopes and joys,
Scatter like worthless toys,
Which the least touch destroys?
Say nay—say nay!

Wilt thou smile on my grave?
Say nay—say nay!—and while
Thou seest the rank grass wave
Above my head, still smile?
And hear the night-wind moan
Over my funeral-stone,
And smile and still smile on?
Say nay—say nay!

* The metre of this Canzonet is taken, with some variation, from a poem by Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Must my days pass unblest?
  Say nay—say nay! Wilt thou
Upon another's breast
  Pillow that gentle brow?
And just as Hope's buds shoot,
Tear all up by the root?
Oh do not, do not do't!
  Say nay—say nay!

HENRY NEELE.

LETRILLA.

From the Spanish.

BY J. H. WIFFEN, ESQ.

FERTILIZE thy plain, blest Tormes!
  Dress with green thy April bowers;
For mine own dear maiden comes,
    Gathering flowers.

1.

All sweet blooms of all gay colours
  That can do the fancy good,—
Cause them to spring up and border
  The rich field and tangled wood;
Lilies, violets, and primroses,
  That still smile through darkest showers,
For mine own dear maiden comes,
    Gathering flowers.

2.

Let the day-break shed bright dew-drops
  From the rosy heavens serene,
That the leaves may sparkle brighter,
  And the meadows look more green;

Let th' invidious sun stay rising,
And keep back the fervid hours,
For mine own dear maiden comes,
Gathering flowers.

3.

At his own sweet will let Zephyr
Wanton with the bells and buds,
Honey-bees hum round the blossoms;
Nightingales, in all the woods,
With their most melodious voices,
Hail the blue sky free from showers;
For mine own dear maiden comes,
Gathering flowers.

MARIANNE.

Cynics may say what they will, and disappointed wooers may pretend to contemn his power, but Love, at one time or other, is nevertheless the tyrant of us all. It is in vain to deny this fact; apathy may try to close his heart against it; reason may build up a plausible scheme of life without the boy-god's interference; friendship may extol itself as being superior (and, without doubt, friendship is amongst the dearest solaces of man's being); platonic affection may endeavour to keep itself distinct from the other; men, in short, may vow to live and die free from the tyranny of love; but the smiling deity mocks at all this vowing, and determining, and reasoning; and in a moment, when these mighty masters of the world are least expecting it, he wreathes his rosy chains about their hearts, and brings them humbly to his feet, or rather to the feet of his fair proxy upon earth—lovely woman!

Such, then, is love's universal power; all own it in some way or other; high and low, rich and poor, vile and virtuous, alike bow

down before him. One man loves cautiously; is for years, perhaps, lingering around the object of his regard before he declares his passion; another loves in a moment, and in a moment breathes forth his vows. Love assaults the breast of one man in a church; of another in a theatre: this dances himself into the intoxicating passion, and that learns to love while leaning over a harp, and listening to the delightful warblings of an earthly angel. Some meet the tender passion in the shady groves and silent retreats of the country; while others are caught in the midst of noisy London. Love enters one man's bosom when he sees a splendid female in the midst of a pleasurable scene; while, on the contrary, another is taught to love the gentle girl whom he finds smoothing the pillow of declining age, or watching the bed of sickness. Love, indeed, is everywhere; and this trivial tale will only add another wreath to the number already bound round the temples of the infant god.

Edward and Charles Murray were the sons of a gentleman of large property, residing not far from the town of Bury St. Edmunds, in the county of Suffolk; their father was by birth a Scotchman, but having married an heiress, became a resident in the mansion of his wife's forefathers, which stood in the midst of a beautiful estate in the neighbourhood above-

mentioned, and where his two sons, his only children, were born. Charles was the younger by two years; and although Edward would succeed to the landed estates, Mr. Murray had taken care to provide by his will a handsome fortune out of his personal property for Charles. Their mother, who was a beautiful but delicate woman, did not live to see them through the interesting period of their infant years; for inexorable death snatched her from a devoted husband and an admiring circle of friends; Charles being at the time but two years old, and Edward four.

The inconsolable situation of their remaining parent can only be appreciated by those who have suffered such a loss; the vivid fancies of a feeling heart may indeed picture something like the first deep despair of such a moment, and such a pang; but the sad reality no tongue can describe. For a considerable time he felt himself alone in the world; he seemed to have lost his only solace and support, and remained for many days closely shut up in his room. At length his two boys were introduced to him; and though their resemblance to their departed mother gave the father a shock, yet their innocent playfulness, and the recollection that he had a sacred duty to perform by them, at length restored him to a state of quiescent calmness, if not to happiness.

But soon the want of a mother to direct aright their youthful pursuits; the thousand cares and attentions which none but a mother can administer as they should be administered; the indifference, the heedlessness, and the frequent vices of servants, to whom young children must of necessity be much intrusted, and after whom a master is often the most unfit person to look; pressed strongly upon the mind of Mr. Murray the imperative necessity there was for him to find some female who might be adequate to such a charge, and at the same time respectable enough to mingle as one of the family in the society that frequented his mansion. The qualifications for such an office, he was quite aware, could be neither few nor trivial; but a recurrence to the scene of his early years, and a recollection of the present situation in life of some part of his own family, soon relieved him from his suspense. A distant relative of his, and about his own age, had been married in Scotland rather improvidently to a subaltern in the army, who, he had heard, was recently dead, and had left his widow with a miserable pittance, and an infant daughter to support. Mr. Murray well knew the worth of this lady; he also knew that her education had been of the very first order; that she was even learned as well as accomplished: her knowledge was not superficial, she had drunk deep

at the "Pierian spring," and was therefore well qualified to watch over the advancing years of his two sons; besides which he had always known her to be of a most mild and amiable temper; she could bear, and forbear; and such a disposition is the fittest to manage children.

Many circumstances had prevented Mr. Murray from having any recent correspondence with this lady; but he now wrote to her, and eventually induced her to become a member of his family, together with her blue-eyed infant, Marianne Graham.

In a short time Mrs. Graham and her beautiful child became esteemed by Edward and Charles Murray as a mother and a sister; and a casual observer, who might have met them in their frequent rambles about the delightful grounds, would have decided that they were so. The charming but difficult task of teaching "the young idea how to shoot," Mrs. Graham always made her chief pleasure; and Mr. Murray, although he never recovered the severe shock he received in losing his deeply-beloved partner, yet now began to feel a secret, silent joy, mingling with his sorrowful sensations. Unalloyed happiness, indeed, was never likely to be his again; but it certainly lightened his load of grief to perceive the sparkling eyes of his offspring lighted up with intelligence and

joy; and to know that they had not suffered all the bereavement that a mother's death too frequently brings with it; for his amiable relative, Mrs. Graham, filled that situation towards them—a situation which often it is so difficult to fill.

It would be too tedious to dwell on the history of the advancing years of these three children, who will be the principal subjects of my unvarnished story; suffice it to say, that during the early part of their lives they mutually imbibed every good principle, much valuable instruction, and many accomplishments, from their well-taught teacher, Mrs. Graham. The best masters were provided for the more abstruse and difficult branches of education, by all of whom they profited nearly equally; they constantly shared their tasks and their amusements, and indeed their learning, from the kind endearments of their matronly instructress, was as much their amusement as any thing else. We will, therefore, pass over the interval of time till Edward had reached his fourteenth, and Charles his twelfth year; the fair Marianne was about the same age as the latter; the boys treated and esteemed her as their sister, while she looked upon them—so her young heart thought—as brothers.

Among their rambles and rides about the country, the vicinity of the town of Bury, and

the venerable remains of its once great and mitred abbey, was their favourite resort; here they were enabled to compare their architectural readings with architectural realities and their magnificent remains; the old Saxon tower, now called the Church-gate, though, in fact, quite separate from the church, and the most perfect thing, perhaps, of the kind in England; the uniquely-beautiful ruin called the Abbey-gate; and all the more mutilated masses towards the little river Lark, which divided the abbey gardens from its vineyards, once situated on a sloping ground with a fine south-western aspect, and still designated the Vine-fields. Here they loitered away many a summer and autumnal morning, busied with their pencils either in taking sketches of the various ruins, snatching an evanescent grace from the scenery around, or pouring forth in poetic numbers the feelings that were awakened by the contemplation of all this decayed grandeur. On this spot once held dominion the stately abbot, ruling the town and neighbourhood with a sort of princely sway, and granting to it many of the immunities now enjoyed; here the cowled monk whispered forth his matin prayer, and chanted his vesper hymn; hither, to the rich and emblazoned shrine of the sainted Edmund, came troops of pious pilgrims, to make their vows and deposit their munificent gifts; here for

ages religion held her solemn and splendid reign, bowed to by many with the really sanctified spirit, and by others with base hypocrisy—but all is now swept away and buried in oblivion, except the remains already spoken of.

A spot like this was deeply interesting to our juvenile trio: their wonderments; their tracings of the mouldering foundations in the grass; their admiration of some of the remaining fragments, which have resisted, as it is said, all the efforts of man to destroy them; their fanciful notions of the manners, habits, &c. of the former occupants of these ruins, were all delightful in their way; and to Edward, who was no mean poet, considering his youth, they gave frequent occasion for the use of his pen.

Thus years glided away: Marianne became a beautiful woman; the young men had been sent to college, where the correspondence they kept up with their charming friend, and almost sister, was their greatest solace; and when, during the vacations, they returned to the mansion of their father, the delight experienced by the whole trio needs an abler pen than mine to portray. They appeared to love one another as we would fancy angelic beings shew their affections in the skies; for certainly little of earth had yet mingled its alloy in their minds. Such, and so lovely, was the appearance of their mutual happiness, when insatiable death

claimed the father of the Murrays, and, alas! snatched him away by the sudden and appalling stroke of apoplexy. Well may we be taught to pray against SUDDEN DEATH; for though it is sometimes argued, that, when a man is well prepared, it matters not how short is the pang that removes him from a life of trouble, and conveys his immortal part to a world of peace; yet to the survivors it is indeed an awful and a heart-rending calamity. The children who have looked up with confiding affection to a father for support and advice, see that being in a moment prostrated to the earth, and laid in his grave, by what their sorrows cannot help deeming a cruel dispensation of Providence. The wife, who loved her husband with more than mortal love, who looked to his protecting arm and endearing regards as all her earthly bliss, is then left *a widow indeed!*

This event called Edward and Charles from their studies: they now, for the first time, left the cloistered walls of *Alma Mater* with feelings of intense grief; and they left them to return no more. Edward was now twenty-two, and Charles twenty; and as the property of their deceased parent was ample enough to make the choice of a profession quite unnecessary, they determined to give up all thoughts of returning to college, and to enjoy each other's society,

and that of their sister-like Marianne and her amiable mother, in their lamented father's mansion.

Sorrow for a long period stole from them all the blessed calm, the delightful intercourse, that hearts so united as were those of this little family generally enjoy; but time, the great restorer, at length brought "healing on his wings;" and the morning and evening ramble, the amusements of the pen and the pencil, and all their wonted employments, again gave a pleasing zest, and made life more than tolerable, — they made it happy. Sometimes, indeed, the softened but bitter tears of recollection were called forth; for memory, that busy power, would remind them of the heavy loss they had sustained by the death of father and of friend.

Two more years had now elapsed, and Marianne's beauty, her talents, and her manners, became the admiration of the surrounding neighbourhood. At the subscription assemblies, held in the town of Bury, her form, her face, her dress, and her style of dancing, were at once the delight of the gentlemen and the envy of the ladies: and yet, amid all this adulation on the part of one sex and the want of it in the other, she remained the same sweet unsophisticated being as ever; it was unable to spoil her,—the affections of her soul,

"Pure as the breath of new-born infancy,"

were divided between a natural love for her affectionate mother, and an undefined sort of regard for Edward and Charles. This regard indeed began,—though a good deal unsuspected, and quite unacknowledged,—to awaken an unusual, and till then unknown, feeling in the bosoms of our young trio; it first shewed itself in a restraint of behaviour till then unthought-of between them: the brothers were less confidential in their communications to each other; and Marianne had a sort of reserve in her manner toward them that she could not account for even to herself. Yet with all this there was no want of attentions to their fair friend—they were even increased; but there was a something of formality about them which there had never been before: in truth, it was love that had wrought all this change, and the brothers had confessed it to their own hearts, but knew not how to trust the confession either to each other or to Marianne. They each more than suspected the other of the same love for her, and they each feared that she would favour the other most; thus every word and every action of hers were scanned by Edward and Charles with the keen scrutiny of a lover's feelings,—while Marianne, though not altogether unconscious of similar thoughts herself, yet imagined that she behaved with equal and undivided regard to both.

This was an irksome state of things: Mrs. Graham, more used to the world, and more

versed in the observation of mankind than either her daughter or her young kinsmen, soon discovered the fact, but was totally at a loss for a remedy. Glad as she would have been to see her dear Marianne happily married to either of the sons of her departed friend, she had too much pride and propriety of feeling to take any step that might forward, or seem to forward, such a result; and she therefore watched in silence for some disclosure that might give her a legitimate opportunity of acting as a mother ought to act.

In a short time Marianne's reserve towards Edward increased: she shunned her usual walks with him; and if they were by chance left in each other's company, she seemed uneasy till some one joined them. On the contrary, she rather sought the society of Charles, —at least it appeared so to Edward,—and when alone with him, or when he was of the party, would relax into all her wonted sprightliness. This went to the soul of Edward; and in his lonely walks he would thus soliloquize: — "It is evident that Marianne loves me not; all my attentions, all my cares, all my fondness, seem but to make her unhappy; she either shuns my society, or keeps a chilling, and to me heart-breaking silence; while to my brother Charles she is all that the fondest lover could hope for or desire;—*he* is sought after,—with

him she is happy,—then, and then only, burst forth those sallies, which were once my delight, but which now, when I am convinced they are not meant for me, and when I know and feel she can never be mine, "harrow up my soul." It is certain that she loves Charles—dearly loves him; and shall I stand between the happiness of my brother and that of the woman who, notwithstanding the wretchedness of my fate, I can never cease to adore? Perish the thought! Edward Murray, though unhappy himself, shall never be the wilful cause of unhappiness to others. I will leave them—leave this once-dear home, sanctified by all my fondest remembrances, and in some distant country try to forget —— no, that is impossible—but at least to drag on my existence in solitary unshared misery."

His resolve once taken, Edward hastened to carry it into effect, and with the greatest caution and secrecy got together the necessary supplies of clothes, money, &c., for a long journey; and in a short trip which he took to London, under a pretence of a very different nature, placed out sufficient funds, in an assumed name, to supply him with a small yearly income, but large enough for his intended mode of life, and which was to be forwarded to him from time to time as he might order. This done, he had to tear himself from his birth-

place—his home—the brother of his heart, and the woman whom he loved with an affection pure and unbounded, but, alas, unreturned! And this was to be accomplished secretly: he must steal away, as would a conscience-stricken villain, in the darkness of midnight, from all that he held dear upon earth, and cast himself upon the world without a home, and without a friend.

He did it. In the gloom of a November night, while the moaning wind seemed to sound a requiem for his departure, while the few remaining leaves were scattered around his aching head by the blast, and the dreary desolation of nature seemed to accord with the moodiness of his own bitter feelings, he passed on foot down the long avenue where he had so often gamboled in boyish innocence, but which he now seemed to be leaving for ever. At the end of it he turned to look towards the house; there was still a light in Marianne's window, at which he gazed as though he would send his soul through his eyes, to tell the dear object of his fondest prayers that peace-consuming secret which his lips had never dared to utter. How long he would have remained it is impossible to conjecture; but the sound of the wheels of the approaching stage-coach by which he meant to reach the metropolis, and the twanging of the guard's horn to awaken the drowsy toll-

taker at the neighbouring turnpike, roused him from his painful reverie, and he turned into the road. He was soon taken up by the coach, and the morning dawned on him in London, where every preparation had been made for his departure to a distance. Here then we must leave the distracted Edward to pursue his uncertain course, and return to the no less distracted family he had left in Suffolk.

To picture the feelings of Charles Murray, or of Marianne and her mother, on the morning when Edward was missed, would be a vain attempt. Their first vague conjectures led them to fear that he might have destroyed himself, recollecting, as they did, his late melancholy demeanour; but this pang was spared them by the finding of letters in his room addressed to Mrs. Graham, her daughter Marianne, and his brother Charles. To all of them he said that he should depart from this kingdom, and endeavour to shroud himself from observation and discovery for the remainder of his life; to Charles he confided all the estates, saying it was quite unlikely, from the steps he had taken, and from the sort of life he intended to lead, that he should ever be in want of any funds from them; he also named to him the conviction of his own mind, that Charles loved and was beloved in return by Marianne; and that this step was taken by him solely that he

might not by his presence prevent a consummation of that mutual affection which was evidently shewn by each to the other. His letter to Marianne was as follows:—

"EVER DEAR MARIANNE,

"At this moment, when I am quitting all that is most valuable to me upon earth, my mind is in a very unfit state to dictate a disclosure of its own wretched feelings; but it must be done: I cannot leave those who have been always so kind and so dear to me, without at least attempting to give a reason, however bad it may be, for my conduct. It would be harrowing up your soul, as well as mine, to recapitulate all the delightful recollections and intercourses of our early years,—recollections that will now form my only solace. Suffice it to say, dearest Marianne, love stole upon me so imperceptibly, that it was long before I could bring my heart to acknowledge that the sensations I experienced proceeded from it. Satisfied at length of the deepness and fulness of my affection towards you, I watched you in every situation with the scrutinizing eye of a lover. Despair — deep and inconsolable — seized my breast when I became convinced that my brother Charles had succeeded in obtaining all that regard from you which I would have given worlds to obtain. You shunned me; received my civilities with coldness: in short, Marianne,

though I blame you not for loving a brother who is dear to me, yet I found it impossible to stay and be a spectator of your happiness, though I call Heaven to witness that I do most sincerely wish you both every bliss that earth can afford, and to which I shall henceforth be a stranger. It is quite uncertain in what part of the world I shall find a secluded home; but wherever it may be, your name, my beloved Marianne, will linger on my lips amidst every prayer that I shall offer to the throne of Omniscience. Dearest Marianne, farewell for ever!

"EDWARD MURRAY."

It would be impossible to describe the scene of melancholy confusion which succeeded this event; and, indeed, to attempt it would swell this humble tale to too great an extent; however, when a short time had elapsed, and the first acute feelings of distress had in some degree subsided, Mrs. Graham delicately questioned her daughter as to the state of her heart, for ever since the sudden departure of Edward, poor Marianne had been

"Like Niobe—all tears."

It soon became apparent to this anxious mother that Charles was not really the favoured idol of her daughter's affections; on the contrary, she loved Edward with all the fondness and fervency of a first and only love; her appearing to shun him—her silence and reserve in

his presence—indeed, every thing that the unhappy Edward had construed into a want of affection, were, in fact, but so many proofs of it. She had become aware of the state of her own bosom, but knew not that of his. Her whole conduct will be well understood by many who have passed through this ordeal of love; for it is well known that the two persons who are the fondest of each other, are often the last to discover the truth.

Need it be said that this unhappy circumstance was a death-blow to Marianne's hopes and health? The rose soon quitted her lovely cheeks, and the pale lily usurped its place; her vivacity, which had for a long time been forced, left her altogether; she scarcely ever quitted her own room, or if she did it was to steal silently and alone to some of the favourite haunts of her loved, lost Edward, where she would remain in a state of grief, quite unconscious of the lapse of time, till her fond and distressed mother would seek her in her wanderings, and prevail on her to return.

Charles Murray, great as was his love for Marianne, had not suffered the soft passion so far to overwhelm his reason, as to sink under the disappointment when he discovered the real state of her affections; he, therefore, at once ceased to pay her any of the attentions expected from a lover, but endeavoured to

make himself to her indeed as an affectionate brother; and deeply did he lament the sad mischief that was thus innocently done; nay, he did more, for besides trying all the means in his power to console the suffering maid, he took every possible step to discover his brother's retreat, though in vain, by journeys to London and other places, and by sending letters to every friend he had, to claim their assistance in his inquiries.

On his return from these journeys, he constantly found Marianne worse,—her form more attenuated, and her countenance paler than before; still he strove to comfort her, and to win her back to peace, but without success;—neither could her mother prevail better;—the blow had been too powerful, and the poison had sunk too deep for remedy. Her yet lovely smile and languid voice would thank her friends for all their attentions, and for all their hopes; but, though she never expressed herself in direct terms to that effect, yet the blank and utter despair, which but too frequently shewed itself in her altered features, told the awful tale of approaching decay—perhaps of dissolution!

Medicine and medical men had been employed till hope was at an end; and Marianne's physicians at length advised that she should be taken into Scotland to try the effect of her

native air; an expedient, I fear, too often resorted to when doctors feel that they can do no more for a patient; sometimes, indeed, with what should seem like greater cruelty, they are sent to a foreign land, where they too frequently perish among strangers, without a friendly hand to close the dying eye.

More than a year had elapsed since the flight of Edward: the sun of summer had visited and renovated a smiling world, but came in vain to Marianne Graham; the snows and frosts of winter had spread desolation around, — but a deeper desolation froze the genial current of her veins. The spring was again returning, when this journey was recommended to be taken, in the apparently vain desire of giving health and happiness to a broken heart. Charles Murray offered to attend the hapless girl and her mother on their tedious way, which offer was gladly accepted. The journey, upwards of four hundred miles, was of course to be accomplished by short stages; it was left to Charles to manage the whole; and by taking every possible care as to drivers and horses, and by travelling in the new carriage which had been sent home to Edward just before his departure, and which was exceedingly easy when compared with the wretched vehicles often found on the road, it was managed so as to save Marianne from much fatigue; and she reached

the town of ———, in Scotland, better than had been anticipated, though dreadfully ill.

The magnificent mountain scenery she had beheld on her road to the north, in passing through the counties of Westmorland and Cumberland, and their beautiful lakes, had in some degree interested her mind; and the district to which she had come being of the same sublime character, the rides which were taken either in the carriage they had brought with them, or in a pony-chaise which was used for the more narrow and difficult roads, always delighted the forlorn Marianne; but mingled with that delight came a corroding feeling that poured bitterness into her soul;—Edward was wanting to complete every scene. The precipitous glen; the torrent struggling below among the broken rocks; the blue expansive lake spread beneath the eye, and sleeping in seeming peace; the distant mountains, spotted with white flocks at their bases, and crowned with snow upon their summits; all were fine, all should have called forth expressions of gratitude and love towards the Almighty Being who formed them. Marianne endeavoured to awaken her soul to such feelings, but could not; or, at least, she felt them but feebly; every thought suggested, that were Edward but present to share all this magnificence and beauty of nature, her heart would then expand with all its native warmth and

happiness. But as this was denied to her, all the pains taken did not advance her recovery; for though there was no apparent increase of disease, her form seemed to be more wasted, her voice more feeble, and her whole appearance more indicative of danger and of death.

Charles Murray, having remained with Mrs. Graham and her daughter till he saw them comfortably settled, as far as worldly convenience could make them so, returned to England. Even this was an additional blow to the frail form of Marianne; for though she loved not Charles with the fervent affection she cherished for Edward, yet she experienced towards him all the feeling that a fond sister could have done; and, in her desolate state, his departure occasioned her many a shower of tears.

After he was gone, they frequently observed in their rides a young Highlander, whom they had not noticed before, sporting among the mountains with his dog and gun, or fishing in the adjacent lake. At first this circumstance was little thought of; but at length it struck Mrs. Graham as being strange, that journey which way they would, there was the Highlander, first on one hill, and then on another; for while their carriage had been slowly winding round the foot of a high knoll, he had crossed its summit, and was on the opposite side before

them. He never approached very near, but it seemed as if he watched them; for what purpose it was in vain to conjecture. Mrs. Graham's fears sometimes suggested that it might be for a bad purpose, but the character of the neighbourhood, and her own good opinion of her countrymen, forbade such a supposition; still it was extraordinary, and wanted explaining to her mind. Who, and what was he? where did he reside? for she had never seen him in the town. These questions occurred to her; but how were they to be answered? He had no appearance of ferocity, for there was a grace and elegance about his form that bespoke him not of the humble class; and yet, as she knew most of the neighbouring gentry, he could not belong to them, she thought. To settle this point, if possible, she determined to make inquiries, but they elicited little to the purpose: the person she had seen was known as Mr. Murdoch, but the most usual name given to him was the Man of the Mountains; for though he had sojourned in that part for many months, yet he had never entered the town, nor sought society of any kind, save that of a churlish old man, who attended upon him at a distant shepherd's cottage among the hills, which he had hired to reside in, and who now and then came to market for what articles they wanted;

but beyond his being Mr. Murdoch, and having plenty of money, the old man did not, or would not, know any thing.

This was a romantic story, but not quite satisfactory to Mrs. Graham, and her trips were for some time confined to the vicinity of the town; but on one occasion, when the fineness of the day had tempted her to extend their ride, she directed the lad who drove them to go to a certain summit which commanded a fine view of the whole expanse of the lake, and the mountains surrounding it; the different heads and peaks of which amounted to more than thirty. This was a favourite spot of theirs; here they had every variety of mountain scenery spread before them, with all those wonderful and multifarious tints, which, though perfectly true to nature, are often thought by the inexperienced eye of the lowland Southron, when seen in a picture, to be entirely the work of fancy. Marianne's only occupation now was drawing, and hither she came to portray nature in her magnificence and splendour. When near the summit, one of the horses, from the stinging of a fly, became unruly,—a very common but a very dangerous circumstance in hilly and woody countries. The youthfulness of their driver rendered him timid; the road was narrow, and the hill on each side of it dangerously steep; one plunge of the horse in a wrong di-

rection might hurl them to destruction. It was a fearful moment, and dreadful consequences might have ensued but for the providential interference of the mysterious Highlander, who was seen hastening from a neighbouring hill at the very top of his speed, the sable plumes of his bonnet dancing in the breeze, and his tartan cloak streaming in the wind. He had thrown his gun from him to prevent its impeding his course, and in a very short time stood before the ungovernable steeds; thus allowing the driver to leave his seat, and hand the ladies from the carriage. Marianne was in an almost fainting state, and her mother could scarcely support her, when, as soon as the driver had returned to his horses, and was leading them to a place of comparative safety, Murdoch, the Man of the Mountains, rushed —rudely as it seemed—to the support of the trembling fair one. His assistance was useful, but Mrs. Graham liked it not from a stranger, and was about to request that he would not trouble himself longer, as she saw her daughter was recovering, when the stranger, having perceived the same thing, fervently ejaculated, "Marianne, dearest Marianne!" but apparently overpowered by his feelings could not utter more. *It was Edward Murray!*—The sudden shock again threw Marianne into a state of insensibility, and he cursed his own imprudence

and thoughtlessness for betraying himself; for as yet he knew not the feelings of the suffering Marianne's heart; he deemed her illness to have been the result of any thing but love for him, and still imagined that her affections were placed on his brother Charles. Here it may be as well to state, that on his departure from London, Edward had fixed on no particular spot for his residence; but his wayward fancy led him first to seek his father's country, and his Marianne's birthplace; when the thought struck him that he might here make his home "unknowing and unknown." He had therefore hired the cottage, and the old man as a servant, and continued to live the sort of life we have heard, till surprised by the appearance of Mrs. Graham, her daughter Marianne, and his brother Charles in the neighbourhood. He soon discovered that Marianne was ill; but the fact of Charles being with her, confirmed his idea of their mutual love; and until his brother had departed for England, he avoided the routes which they took; but after that a feeling too strong to be suppressed drew him across their path, and wherever Marianne and her mother went, he followed. This was a melancholy pleasure to him, and his whole time was passed in watching their movements; he could give no reason to his own heart for this conduct; he was without hope; he meant not to

discover himself, and yet he pursued the same course.

We have seen the chance that betrayed his secret, and his first thoughts were turned upon instant flight. Marianne still continued insensible, and with the assistance of the driver had been placed in the carriage. Edward silently walked by its side till it had reached the level road, when he said to Mrs. Graham: "I have unwittingly placed myself in your way, and I fear my presence has destroyed poor Marianne, who is dear to me as ever; but I meant it not, I have always wished, and I do still wish her every happiness with my brother Charles. Before sunrise to-morrow I shall quit this place, and this part of the world, for ever:—farewell!" So saying, he was turning away, when Mrs. Graham exclaimed: "For God's sake, Edward, be not so rash; for our dear Marianne's, for mine, for your own sake, stay! This is not a place, or a time to explain; but Marianne's life depends on your remaining! I charge you, Edward, by all your old remembrances, by the memory of your departed parents, by all your hopes of happiness, to continue in your present abode till to-morrow. In the morning come to me in the town, and I will explain all. God bless you, and remember *Marianne's life is in your hands!*"

The carriage slowly proceeded, and Edward

returned disconsolately to his cottage in the mountains. Yet Mrs. Graham's parting words hung upon his memory, with a gleam of returning hope: "*Marianne's life is in your hands!*" What could she mean? It must be that she loved him. It proved so. The early morning saw him in the presence of his respected friend, Mrs. Graham. She did explain all; and gave back happiness to Edward Murray: Marianne loved him beyond all on earth! Yet with this intelligence came a pang;—Marianne was dreadfully ill. But over her soul too a balm had spread itself, the only one that could minister to her diseased mind; the man of her heart's warmest affections was restored to her by a seeming miracle; again she heard his voice; and now that their loves were confessed, she could rest her head on his shoulder in confidence and peace.

Health soon returned to her wasted form, spreading its living rose upon her lately pallid cheek; and before she left Scotland, she frequently with agile step, accompanied by her dear Edward, the Man of the Mountains, sought the hill where he had been restored to her. Charles had been written to, and with a truly brotherly love, joined the happy party as quickly as a post-chaise and four horses could enable him.

Little remains to be said: Edward and Ma-

rianne, returning to the mansion in Suffolk, were united at the adjoining village church, and the day of their union was a jubilee to the whole neighbourhood. Before Marianne had presented her Edward with their first child, Charles was happily married to the only daughter of a wealthy baronet, and purchased an estate near them; while the two families continued for many years to be as happy and united as love and friendship could make them.

J. M. Lacey.

THE YOUNG CAPTIVE.

From the French of A. Chenier

BY JOHN BOWRING, ESQ.

The early gentle flowers of spring
Are fann'd by zephyrs fluttering,
  And drink the dews, and live, and bloom
I, young as they, perhaps as fair,
Though torn by sadness, grief, and care,
  I am not ready for the tomb.

Let dry-eyed stoics welcome death,—
I weep and hope—its freezing breath
  Shakes me,—I feel how blest to *be*.
If life have woes, how sweet its joys!
Pain follows bliss, alas!—the noise
  Of tempests rocks the calmest sea.

The dream, the illusion fills my breast,
Though by a prison wall opprest;
  On busy wings of hope I rise;—
So from the snare escaped, the bird
In joyful ecstacy is heard
  In the free regions of the skies.

And must *I* die. Serene I sleep,
Serenely wake,—and if I weep,
'Tis not remorse that wrings the tear.
Morn welcomes me and calls me hers,
And wonted smiles, though veil'd in tears,
Scatter a sense of joy even *here*.

I but begin my pilgrimage:
Of flowers that smile from stage to stage,
I scarcely yet have pluck d the first.
Invited to life's banquet, I
Press'd to my lips life's cup of joy:—
'Tis broken—and I thirst, I thirst!

'Tis spring—I would the harvest see,
And, like the proud sun, joyfully
Move onward in my glorious way.
I was the garden's diadem,
The morning's beam play'd round the stem,
Why not the brightness of the day?

Wait, wait, O death! O come not near;
Console the hearts that shame, or fear,
Or pale despair devours; but I
See gentle Flora spread her arms,—
Feel love's soft kiss and music's charms—
Ah, no! I would not—cannot die!

I a sad prisoner, heard this plaint;
I woke my sleeping lyre, to paint

The captive's gentle soul of woe:
It was to me a sad sweet care
To listen to that maid so fair,
And turn to song her utterings low.

* * * *

THE RATIONAL LUNATIC.

[The interest of this narrative will, it is presumed, be considerably heightened, when it is known that, according to the assurance of persons of undoubted veracity, its principal character, and the main circumstances of his history, are by no means the mere offspring of the writer's imagination. Another curious fact connected with it is, that on the appearance of this story, which is from the pen of an eminent German author, the introduction of the work containing it into the Austrian dominions was strictly prohibited.—*Editor.*]

On my last journey to the north of our dear native land, I did not grudge a little circuit to see one who had been the friend of my bosom, during the golden age of my life. In the following narrative I shall merely take the liberty to disguise the names of persons and places: the circumstances are not the less true, improbable as they may appear to many.

This friend, then, I shall call Oliver Baron Von Flyeln. He was my fellow-student at the University of Göttingen. At that time he was conspicuous alike for the manly beauty of his person and the brilliant qualities of his mind. An enthusiastic admiration of the ancient Greek

and Roman writers had led to our acquaintance, and cemented our friendship. I called him nothing but my Achilles, and he named me his Patroclus. He might, in fact, have served any artist for a model of the Grecian hero. Like a young demi-god in figure and carriage —pride and benignity in the fire of his dark eye—the boldest swimmer, the swiftest runner, the most daring rider, the most graceful dancer —he possessed at the same time a heart the most generous and fearless. His noble spirit, indeed, involved him in many unpleasant affairs, because it always impelled him to espouse, though unsolicited, the cause of the oppressed. Hence he was frequently called out: he never shunned the best swordsmen; went to a duel with as little concern as to a party of pleasure; and, as if he bore a charmed life, was never wounded, though none of his adversaries escaped unmarked.

Since our separation we had several times written to each other; but as it too frequently happens with friends who part to pursue different careers, we forgot, if not one another, at least our correspondence. At length all I knew concerning him was, that he had been captain in the —— regiment of infantry. At the time I am speaking of, he might be about thirty-five; and it was natural to presume that he must have attained a higher rank. I learned on

my journey quite accidentally where his regiment was quartered; and hence I was induced, as I have stated, to make a circuit to see him.

The postilion drove through the streets of the ancient, extensive, and opulent commercial city, and set me down at the principal inn. As soon as one of the waiters had conducted me to my room, I asked him if a Baron von Flyeln did not belong to the regiment in garrison there.

"Do you mean the major?" inquired the man.

"He may be major for aught I know. Does he live far from this house? Is he to be met with about this time? It is already late; but I should like some one to take me to him."

"The major has long been out of the regiment, sir. He was obliged to leave it."

"Obliged! How so?"

"He got into all sorts of scrapes, though I don't rightly know what. At length he became quite cracked, turned in the head, deranged. 'Tis said he lost his wits by hard study."

This intelligence so confounded me that for some time I could not utter a word. "And what then?" I stammered forth, after I had somewhat recovered from the suddenness of the shock.

"I hope no offence, sir," said the loquacious waiter: "all I know about the matter is only from hearsay; for the major had left the town

before I came to this house. Many strange things are still told of him. He quarrelled with all the officers; and when his uncle died and left him a large fortune, he fancied that he was as poor as a beggar, and could not pay his debts without selling every thing he had in the world. He is said also to have used many horrid blasphemous expressions in his mad fits. But the drollest thing of all is, that to spite his family he has married a mean girl, the child, it is said, of a common vagrant. He began to dress too, I am told, in such a merry-andrew way, that the boys in the streets hooted him whenever he stirred out of doors. The whole town pitied him exceedingly; indeed, he was so much esteemed by every body before he lost his wits, that I'm sure he must have been a very worthy sort of gentleman."

"And where is he now?"

"I can't tell. Since he left the town no one has heard or seen any thing of him. His relations have probably placed him somewhere or other, in hopes of his recovery."

This was all that I could learn of my informant. I let him retire. In fact I had heard but too much—I threw myself shuddering into a chair. My imagination pictured the majestic figure of the highly-gifted youth, of whose future career I had indulged such lofty expectations; who, both by his rank and his powerful family

connexions, was authorised to aspire to the highest posts, either in the army or the state; who, by his acquirements and his extraordinary abilities, seemed destined for something great; and HE was now one of those unfortunate beings, at the sight of whom humanity recoils in silent melancholy! Would to Heaven that his guardian angel had removed him from the world rather than have thus left him — a painful spectacle, the miserable wreck of his former self!

Anxious as I had been to see my beloved friend, I was now glad that I had not met with him in the town. Alas! I should no longer have found him the same Oliver, the same model of all that is excellent and generous and noble; but a ruin too deplorable for recognition. I determined not to see him, even though I might have found him without difficulty.

I was absorbed in meditation on the nature of man, and considering how the same mind which measures the regions of space, and has even penetrated to the Supreme Creator himself—how such a mind may, by the slightest injury to an invisible part of the nervous system, be suddenly deranged, and become an unintelligible stranger to itself and to all the world —— when the waiter entered and summoned me to supper.

I found many guests already seated round the *table d'hôte*, in the dining-room, which was

brilliantly lighted. It so happened that a place was assigned to me near some officers belonging to the garrison of the town. I naturally took the first opportunity to turn the conversation which ensued to my friend Oliver. I gave all the most minute particulars respecting him that I was acquainted with, in order to prevent any confusion of persons: for it was possible, and to me it seemed probable, that the insane Baron von Flyeln was a totally different man from my Göttingen Achilles. Unfortunately, every thing I said, every thing I heard, only served to confirm his identity.

"Poor fellow! said one of the officers, "'tis a great pity. Every body was fond of him. He was one of the bravest men in the regiment —he feared nothing: we had proofs of this during the last campaign in France. What none of us durst undertake, he made quite a sport of: and yet he was always successful. You remember, captain, the battery at Belle-Alliance —we had lost it. The general tore his hair with rage. 'We must retake it,' cried Flyeln, 'or all is lost.' Three times had we charged the enemy, and three times had we been repulsed. Flyeln now puts himself at the head of his company, dashes with it upon a whole battalion of guards, and after a horrible carnage recovers the battery."

"He did," rejoined the captain; "but it

cost half the company: I saw the affair myself. He nevertheless came off as usual unhurt. He was devilish lucky. To this day you cannot persuade the men but that the Baron had found means to render himself proof against sword and bullet."

I listened with sincere pleasure to these commendations of my friend. I recognised in him all his virtues. My neighbours particularly extolled his beneficence. He was the founder of a school for soldiers' children, on which he had expended large sums. He had done a great deal of good in private; had always led a simple retired life, and never indulged in those dissipations which, to one possessing youth, a fine person, a vigorous constitution, and wealth, are so alluring. Nay, they acknowledged that the Baron had contributed powerfully by his influence and example to refine the manners and to improve the morals of the officers themselves, and to give them a relish for scientific pursuits. He had held lectures on various subjects of utility to the soldier, till he was prohibited.

"And why prohibited?" asked I with astonishment.

"It was in these lectures," replied one of my neighbours, "that the first symptoms of his mental derangement manifested themselves. No Jacobin in the French National Convention ever inveighed more furiously against all monarchical

institutions, the different courts of Europe and their politics, than he sometimes did. He flatly asserted that nations would sooner or later right themselves—themselves and their sovereigns—for their ministers, from ambition, interest, and the love of rule, aim only at crippling humanity, and deter princes with the best intentions from doing good. He was of opinion, that this revolution must inevitably spread from nation to nation, and in about half a century change the whole political aspect of Europe. In the same mad way he would sometimes declaim against the nobility and their prerogatives: if you then reminded him that he was himself a baron, he would reply—"You are silly enough to call me so; I am a rational creature, and by birth neither higher nor lower than the meanest private in our regiment."

"These," said a young lieutenant, "were but the prognostics of his mental disorder. The first act of his insanity was when he fell upon the lieutenant-colonel Baron von Berken, boxed his ears, and kicked him down stairs; after which he refused his challenge, and insulted the whole corps of officers."

"And yet," said I, "he used to be a good swordsman: he was not afraid of cold iron."

"So we had always found him till then: but as I have observed, his whole nature was changed. When he came to the place where

he was to fight, he appeared without sword, having nothing but a switch in his hand; and in the presence of us all he addressed the lieutenant-colonel with a smile in these words:—'Thou despicable goat, were I to cut thee in pieces, wouldst thou be the more estimable for that?' And when the lieutenant-colonel, unable to govern his passion, drew his sword, the major bared his bosom with the utmost *sang froid*, presented it to him, and said—'If thou hast a mind to be an assassin also, strike home!' We attempted to interfere, and to compel him to fight the lieutenant-colonel agreeably to the dictates of honour and duty. He thereupon called us a parcel of fools who, with such notions of honour, ought to be sent to a lunatic hospital, or a house of correction. It was now evident to us all that there was something wrong in his upper story. Some of us abused him, but he only laughed at us. We repaired to the general, and frankly related to him the whole affair: the general was extremely mortified, and the more so, as he had that very day received the insignia of an Order from the Court for the major. He begged us to be easy, saying, that he would settle the matter, and that the major must give satisfaction. Next morning on the parade, the general, according to his instructions, presented the Order to the major with an appropriate speech. The major refused

it: in the most respectful words he advanced the most disrespectful things, saying, that he had fought for his country, and not for a bit of riband, against Napoleon; and that if he had deserved any reward, he would not carry it about at his bosom exposed to public view. The general was thunderstruck. Neither entreaties nor threats could induce the major to accept the mark of royal favour. The officers then stepped forward and declared, that they could no longer continue to serve with the major, unless he gave satisfaction. A court-martial was summoned: the major was put under arrest, and finally broke. It was not till then that he decidedly betrayed his insanity:—he suffered his beard to grow as long as a Jew's; dressed in a ridiculous manner; married, in despite of his relations, a girl of handsome person to be sure, but of mean birth—in fact a foundling, on whose account he had quarrelled with the lieutenant-colonel; acted for a considerable time as if he were reduced to beggary; and played so many mad pranks, that at length, by command of the king, he was placed under *surveillance*, and exiled to his estates."

"Where," asked I, "does he now reside?"

"On his estate at Flyeln, in the castle of his late uncle, about fifty miles from this place. For a whole year no person was allowed to go near him, and he was even deprived of the

control over his property. It has since been restored to him; but he is obliged to render a yearly account, and is not permitted to set foot beyond the limits of his own domain. He has on the other hand solemnly renounced all intercourse with the rest of the world, and denies access alike to acquaintance, relatives, and friends; so that it is now a considerable time since we have heard any thing concerning him."

From all the statements of the officers, it was manifest that the unfortunate Oliver, after the loss of his reason, had continued to be a good-natured creature at the bottom; and that probably the mania for the revival of the ancient German manners, so rife a few years since, had acted too strongly upon his mind, or, at least, given a tinge to his insanity. I was, nevertheless, deeply shocked by what I had heard; and it was not till long after I had retired to rest that sleep visited my eyes. Next morning, when I awoke, it was rather late; but I found myself invigorated and refreshed. The world appeared to me in a much more cheerful light than the evening before, and I resolved to visit my lamented friend in his place of exile.

Having taken a rapid survey of the remarkable objects in the city, I threw myself into a post-chaise, and, after travelling all night and part of the following day, arrived at a small town on the coast, near which Flyeln is situated.

The postmaster, when he heard whither I was going, smiled, and observed that I should gain nothing but disappointment for my pains, as the baron peremptorily denied admittance to strangers. I likewise learned from him that the state of his mind had not improved, but that the poor fellow was possessed with the fixed idea that all the world had been mad for ages, and that from Flyeln must proceed its cure; that meanwhile, since the world considered him, and he considered the world, as mad, he secluded himself from all society; that the peasants, whose lord he is, are extremely comfortable; that he has done a great deal for them, in return for which they are obliged to conform to his whims, and wear wide trowsers and long jackets, let their beards grow, and *thou* every body, at least on the Flyeln domains, their lord not excepted. But for this freak, added the postmaster, there was not a more sensible man in the world.

Notwithstanding this warning, I resolved to try my luck, and away I drove for Flyeln. It was of little consequence if I did travel ten miles farther to no purpose, after I had adventured thus far for Oliver's sake. But then, what reason had I to fear a repulse from him, unless his memory too was impaired? It was, indeed, a dreary and unfrequented road, sometimes leading over deep sand, at others through

inundated tracts and morasses, and at others again over moors covered with furze. Twice was the carriage nearly upset. Three or four miles from Flyeln the country became more elevated, and a broad excellent road, bordered on either side with fruit-trees, announced the approach to the residence of some wealthy landed proprietor. Fields in the highest state of cultivation covered an extensive plain: on the right, a lofty oak forest, with its dark verdure, stretched like an immense garland into the distance; on the left, the undulating mirror of the boundless sea blended with the brilliant clouds on the margin of the horizon. The village of Flyeln was seen embosomed in fruit-trees, willows, and poplars: on a hill on one side of it, the castle, a spacious antique structure, appeared as if issuing from amidst a wood of horse-chesnut trees. In the plain nearer to the sea lay the village of Lower Flyeln, likewise belonging to Oliver's domain, picturesquely backed by precipitous rocks, terminating in wooded promontories, which ran out to a considerable distance into the sea. Several fishing-boats were hovering off the coast; farther out in the offing appeared a ship under full sail; while flocks of white sea-mews were disporting in the air.

The nearer I approached the village and the castle, the more lovely and picturesque the

surrounding scenery became. It possessed that peculiar charm of every marine view which arises from the combination of rural beauties with the majesty of the unbounded ocean, and of the seclusion and peacefulness of simple cottages with the tempestuous agitation of the cruel element. At any rate, my friend's place of exile is so delicious, that one would sacrifice for it without regret the liberty of living amid the bustle and turmoil of cities.

Both in the fields and in the gardens I perceived some of the Flyeln beards, of which I had already been apprised. The innkeeper, too, at whose house I alighted, had his chin and lips thickly covered with hair. He courteously returned my salutations, but yet seemed to be somewhat surprised at my coming. "Dost thou wish to see the proprietor of the estate?" he asked with the utmost civility. Passing over the striking *thou* without any farther notice than a smile, I replied in the affirmative. "Favour me then with thy name, rank, and place of residence: Mr. Oliver must be informed of all these particulars. He dislikes to see strangers."

"But I am sure your master will not refuse to see me. Merely let him know that one of his oldest and dearest friends, passing this way, begs permission to call upon him — nothing more."

"As thou pleasest," replied mine host, "but I can tell thee beforehand what the answer will be."

While the landlord went to seek a messenger, I walked slowly through the village the nearest way to the castle, to which a footpath that ran between houses and orchards seemed to lead. It actually conducted me, however, from my mark, to a building which I took for a laundry. At the farther side of a contiguous meadow ran a brook of considerable breadth, beyond which rose the tall spreading chesnut trees that shaded the antique castle of the house of Flyeln. I determined on the hazardous attempt to introduce myself unannounced to Oliver. I had purposely kept the landlord in ignorance of my name, to see whether my friend, if he admitted me, would know me again or not. I crossed the meadow, and after some search found lower down a bridge over the brook, and a path which conducted me through a shrubbery towards the grove of chesnut trees. These overshadowed a circular lawn near the castle, round the margin of which ran a broad gravel walk. On the right and left were placed neat garden-seats beneath the umbrageous branches of the trees, and on one of them — conceive my surprise — I beheld Oliver! He was reading a book. At his feet, a child about three years old was playing on the turf. By his side sat a

T. Uwins pinx.t

Vendramini sculp.

THE RATIONAL LUNATIC.

Stael.

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female of exquisite beauty, with an infant at the breast. The group had something uncommonly striking. I stood still, as yet half concealed by the bushes. As it happened, none of them perceived my approach. My eyes were fixed on my old friend. Even the dark beard, which curled about his lips and chin, and was connected by his whiskers with his black hair, became him exceedingly. His costume had something peculiar, and yet not displeasing: on his head he wore a kind of cap, with a brim in front to keep off the sun; his bosom was open, and his shirt collar turned down over a wide green coat, which buttoned before, with skirts reaching to the knee: loose white trowsers and half-boots completed his dress, which was nearly the same in regard to fashion as that which I had seen on the peasants: only his was of better and finer materials. His look was serene and contemplative. As a man approaching forty, he was still to be called handsome. His beard gave him an heroic aspect. I fancied that he looked like one of the *preux chevaliers* of the Middle Ages.

Meanwhile the messenger dispatched by mine host advanced from the castle towards the lawn. "Sir," said the young fellow, doffing his small round cap, a "stranger passing this way begs to speak with thee. He says he is one of thy oldest and dearest friends."

Oliver looked up. "Passing this way?" said he. "Is he on foot?"

"No, he came by post."

"What is his name? Whence comes he?"

"He will not tell."

"Tell him to leave me alone. I will not see him," rejoined Oliver, and with his hand motioned the lad to retire.

"But thou must and shalt see me, Oliver," cried I, stepping forward, bowing and apologizing to the lady. He, without stirring, without returning my salutation, looked sternly at me awhile, laid down the book, and stepping up to me, "Who is it," said he, "that I am addressing?"

"What!" replied I, "can Achilles have forgotten his Patroclus?"

"O Henry!" he exclaimed, in a transport of joy, extending his arms. "Welcome, my beloved Patroclus, in a French frock and powdered hair!" In spite of this sarcasm, both of us were moved even to tears. In this embrace twenty years were erased from our remembrance. We again breathed as we had once done on the banks of the Seine, as at Bovenden, Nörten, and on the ruins of the castle of Gleichen.

His eyes sparkling with joy, he then conducted me to the young, fascinating, and blushing mother, and said to her, "Amelia, this is

Norbert, of whom thou hast heard me speak so often;"—and then to me, "This is my dear wife, Amelia."

Turning to me with a truly angelic smile, she said, with a look and a tone infinitely more expressive of kindness than her words: "Be most welcome, excellent friend of my Oliver. I have long wished for the pleasure of thy personal acquaintance."

I would have said something complimentary by way of reply, but I must confess that the familiar *thou*, addressed by such lovely lips and in so unaffected a manner to a stranger, put me for a moment completely out of countenance.

"My lady," I at length stammered forth, "I have not by a circuit of a hundred miles purchased so dearly the gratification of paying my respects to you and to the baron, my oldest friend——"

"Soho, Norbert!" cried Oliver, interrupting me; "just one word—one request to begin with: address my wife as thou dost thy God, simply *thou*. Disturb not the plain manners of Flyeln with the affectations of teachers of ceremonies and compliments: this would produce an intolerable discord in our ears. Imagine thyself transported ten thousand miles out of Germany and Europe, or, in point of time, two

thousand years back, and living in a perfectly natural world; for example, in the age of the wise Ulysses, if you please."

"Well then, Oliver," said I, "thou must be satisfied that I shall not need desiring twice to address so amiable a lady in a term that implies the familiarity of friendship: and now, baroness, thou——"

"Once more stop!" cried Oliver, laughing aloud: "Thy baroness harmonizes with the *thou*, just as thy French frock and smooth chin with the name of Patroclus. My peasants are no longer serfs, but free men; we are, therefore, no more barons than they. Call my Amelia, as every one here calls her, *Mother*—the noblest name of woman."

"It seems," rejoined I, "that you good folks have founded a new republic here in the centre of the kingdom, and abolished all nobility."

"Just so; all—excepting nobility of sentiments!" replied Oliver; "and hence thou perceivest that we in this country are infinitely more aristocratical than you in your Germany: for with you the noble in mind are held of little account, and the noble by birth are sinking into the dirt to which they by right belong."

"Methinks," answered I, "thy sentiments smack somewhat of Jacobinism. Who told

thee that the nobility among us are sinking in public estimation?"

"O Henry!" cried he, "must I then give thee a lesson on this subject!—Many years ago, I knew a Jew, whom your orthodox Christians would have wished unborn rather than born: he contrived to scrape together so much money, that in a few years the civil Germans were convinced the fellow must be of exceedingly good birth. He turned banker. The banker extricated finance-ministers and ministers at war out of their dilemmas with his ducats, and the useful capitalist was dubbed a noble baron. This mockery on all created nobility leads in twenty or thirty years much farther than thou mayst imagine. I hope, however, that when hereditary nobility with you shall be no more, the nobility of the mind will recover its proper influence."

As I now knew the humour of my friend, I treated all his sallies in a light and jocose manner. I might justly have applied to him, however, what Hamlet says of Polonius—"There is a method in his madness;" and I sincerely rejoiced to find him so tranquil and so cheerful. Before my arrival, I had even felt some qualms at the idea of having to spend two whole hours with an insane friend: now that all my apprehensions were removed, I had not the least objection to extend my visit to a couple of days.

The baroness retired with the children, to lay down her sleeping infant, and to give directions to the servants to prepare a room for me. Oliver then conducted me into his garden, the beds of which were filled with the most beautiful flowers. Around a fountain, on pedestals of black stone, were ranged white marble busts, with inscriptions in gold letters. Here I read the names of SOCRATES, CINCINNATUS, COLUMBUS, LUTHER, BARTOLOMEO DE LAS CASAS, FRANKLIN, PETER THE GREAT.

"I perceive," said I, "that thou art still fond of good company. Is it possible among the living to find any thing more amiable than thy charming wife, with her two little cupids; or among the dead characters more venerable than these?"

"Didst thou doubt my good taste?" asked Oliver, in reply.

"Not that exactly: but, Oliver, thou secludest thyself, I am told, from all the world."

"That is because I am fond of good company only."

"But surely, my dear Oliver, thou wilt admit that it is possible to find good company out of Flyeln."

"Certainly, Norbert; but I have no inclination to waste time and money in seeking it. But enough on that subject. Ye Europeans have deviated so widely from the sacred simpli-

city of nature in the most important, as well as in the most trivial matters—have degenerated to such a degree into the creatures of art, that the unnatural is become your present nature, and ye no longer understand a plain man. Ye are caricatures of humanity, both externally and internally, so that a rational being cannot help shuddering in your society. No, honest Norbert; let us drop this subject: thou wouldst not understand me were I to enter deeper into it. I esteem, I love, I pity thee."

"Pity me; and why?"

"Because thou livest among madmen, and must, without knowing it, be as mad as they."

At these words, I perceived that Oliver was reverting to his fixed idea. I began to feel uncomfortable. With a view to turn the conversation to some other subject, as his beard just then caught my eye, I remarked to him how well and how becoming it looked. "How long," I asked, "hast thou suffered it to grow?"

"Since I returned to reason, and had the courage to be rational. But dost thou really like it, Norbert? If so, why not wear thy beard too?"

I shrugged my shoulders, and said, "If it were a general practice, I would follow it with pleasure."

"There it is! So, because it is the practice

of madness to eradicate nature on the human chin with the razor, thou hast not the courage to act rationally, even in such a trifling matter. Dame Nature no more bestowed this ornament for nothing than the hair of the head; but man, insanely fancying himself wiser than the Creator, besmeared his chin with soap, and shaved it smooth with a razor. So long as the nations had not wholly renounced nature, they retained the beard. Though worn by Christ and the Apostles, it was nevertheless proscribed by Pope Clement VII.; and yet the clergy preserved this appendage the longest, as the Capuchins do to this day. But when old fools began to be ashamed of their grey hair, they began also to remove it from their chins, and to cover that on their heads with periwigs. As people were already habituated to deceive each other in every thing, so also they strove to practise mutual deception in regard to their age — wrinkled coxcombs tripped along with flaxen hair and smooth chins like effeminate youths; and this rendered their minds also more effeminate. Place the heroic form of an Achilles, an Alexander, or a Julius Cæsar, beside one of our modern field-marshals in their tasteless uniform; one of our dandies, with padded cravat, stuffed bosom, and compressed waist, beside an Antinous; thee, Mr. Counsellor Von Norbert, beside a senator of ancient Greece or Rome—and

who could help bursting with laughter at our caricatures?"

"Thou art right, Oliver," said I, with some degree of embarrassment; "and who can deny that the ancient Roman and Grecian costume is more becoming than ours? But we Europeans, in our northern clime, being accustomed to and needing apparel that fits closer to the person, should feel rather uncomfortable in the loose, picturesque garments of the nations of the East and South."

"Look at me, Norbert"—rejoined Oliver, with a smile, placing himself right before me, setting his cap a little on one side, and clapping his left hand to his hip—"tell me," said he, "if I, a man of the North, in my simple and commodious dress, should cut so very contemptible a figure beside a citizen of ancient Rome. Why do we always like the Spanish, Italian, and German costume of the Middle Ages? Because, though northern, it is handsome. An Austrian horse soldier in his helmet—even the hussar—would please the eye of a Cæsar. Why then do not you stiff folks study better models, as our women have begun to do since they relinquished long trains and powdered toupees? If ye were once ashamed of being caricatures externally, perhaps ye would then internally approach nearer to na-

ture. There is a great deal of truth in the adage, 'Clothes make the man.' And I tell thee, Norbert, that my Amelia thinks me much handsomer since I have suffered my beard to grow, and merely clipped it a little occasionally; nay, I verily believe that her affection is become more ardent since her cheek no longer encounters smooth feminine lips, but reclines against a manly face. How should it be otherwise? A woman must prefer a *manly* man."

Oliver was all fire as he thus spoke. He really did stand before me the energetic image of a hero of olden time, as though started from some ancient picture into life; like a being of a nobler world: one which is no longer our world, and which we can only admire, but not recall.

"Indeed," said I to him, "it would be no difficult task to make a convert of me; and in keeping my beard, I should have the advantage of escaping the torture to which my barber puts me three times a week."

"Ah, my friend!" exclaimed Oliver, smiling, "thou couldst not stop there. The beard would bring many other things in its train. Picture to thyself, for example, thy noble figure in a curly beard, and at the same time a cocked hat upon thy head, like a Jew; thy powdered hair, with a long rat-tail hanging down thy

back; and a French frock, with ridiculous skirts, that sit behind exactly like the tail of a swallow or a water-wagtail. Away with such fooleries! Dress decently, modestly, warmly, conveniently, but yet tastefully, so as to please the eye and not disfigure the noble shape of man."

While we were pursuing our conversation on this subject, a servant, sent by the baroness, summoned us to dinner. I walked along in silence by my friend, while my head was full of thoughts, to which, however, I durst not give utterance. I could not help now and then stealing a sidelong glance at Oliver, who completely puzzled me. Never in all my life had I heard a madman argue so philosophically; neither had I been able to advance one solid objection against his animadversions on European fashions. All that he said appeared just and true. To this case might be aptly applied the well-known saying: 'Children and fools speak the truth.'"

Considering Oliver's predilection for the ancient Romans and the Greeks of Homer's time, I began, as we proceeded to the castle, to be under some concern about the event of the dinner. To judge from his cap, beard, and dress in general, I could anticipate no other than a most inconvenient attitude to myself at table; expecting that I should be obliged to take my soup either lying at full length on cushions in

the old Roman fashion, or squatting cross-legged like a tailor, in the manner of the Orientals.

The lovely baroness came to meet us, and conducted us into the dining-room. Here my fears were instantly tranquillized by the appearance of European tables and chairs. There were twelve covers upon the circular dinner-table. The persons for whom they were destined presently made their appearance: these were the baron's servants of both sexes. One pretty young girl alone did not sit down with the rest; but, like Hebe, waited at table during the patriarchal repast. Before we took our seats, the baron pronounced a short prayer. The dishes were simple, but admirably dressed. I remarked that (excepting the wine) every thing on the table was the produce of the country, or of the neighbouring sea; that there were no foreign condiments or spices, not even pepper, the place of which was supplied by fennel, caraway, aniseed, and other indigenous productions.

The conversation was general and cheerful; it related chiefly to rural affairs or to local circumstances. The servants shewed no awkward timidity in the presence of their master and mistress, to whom, however, they paid the utmost respect. It appeared to me that, among these bearded men, in their plain attire, with their

brotherly yet respectful *thou*, I must cut a strange, nay, I might say, a ridiculous figure; and there I sat with my powdered head, stiff tail, French frock, and shaven chin, in the heart of Europe, as in a strange quarter of the globe. At the same time, it was extremely gratifying to observe that, notwithstanding the striking contrast I formed with all the rest of the company, and a frequent escape of *you* instead of *thou*, especially when I was speaking to the fascinating baroness, not a muscle in any of the faces at the table relaxed into a smile.

In about half an hour the servants left us; we three continued to enjoy ourselves, and the old Rhenish opened our hearts more and more. "I could perceive," said the baroness, while she helped me to some confectionary, "that thou didst not relish our Flyeln cookery so well as that of Berlin." "And I perceive, my amiable friend," replied I, "that I owe to the cookery of Flyeln that just praise which I can pay it without detracting from the cookery of Berlin or any other city. No, I must confess that, for the first time in my life, I have learned to admire the savoury fare which our native soil is capable of furnishing; and have seen how easily we may dispense with the whole of the Moluccas."

"And to the Moluccas, friend Norbert," said Oliver, "add the foreign stimulants of our

nerves, and the foreign vices occasioned by their powerful action on the body. Without sound flesh and blood, there is no sound mind and heart. Most of the Europeans at the present day are suicides—murderers at once of body and soul—by their refinements in cookery. What your Rousseaus and your Pestalozzis strive to restore, ye again overthrow with your coffee, tea, pepper, cloves, nutmegs, and cinnamon. Live simply; live agreeably to nature, and ye may dispense with two-thirds of your sermons, your books of morality, your houses of correction, and your doctors and apothecaries."

"True," said I, "all this we knew long ago; but ——"

"Well," cried he, "and in this very point consists the hitherto incurable madness of the Europeans. They know what is right, and shun it; they abhor what is wrong, and do it. They impregnate their food with expensive poisons, and keep doctors and apothecaries to restore them to health, that they may impair it again by the same means. By laws and rewards they unintentionally encourage depravity, and then punish it with sword and halter. Do they not act altogether like maniacs?"

"But, my dear Oliver, has it not always been so?"

"Yes, Norbert, always; that is to say, whenever men swerved one step from nature towards

barbarism. But we, warned by the example of our forefathers, ought not only to know more, but also to be wiser than they; else of what use is our knowledge? I consider him as the most rational man, who can combine the innocence and purity of the children of nature with the attainments and accomplishments of the moderns. Dost thou agree to this, Norbert?"

"How could I do otherwise?"

"What! thou admittest it, and yet dost not set about reforming thy house and thyself?"

"Under certain circumstances, such a thing might be done. Still, I must confess, Oliver, that we creatures of art are equally bound by the ties of custom, which it is very difficult to break, with the simplest sons of nature. Our artificial existence is become a second nature, which we cannot suddenly throw off with impunity."

"Formerly I thought like thee, Norbert. I have convinced myself of the contrary by experience. A resolute heart to maintain the first conflict with the madness of the world is all that is requisite to attain happiness and peace. Long did I waver, and long I struggled in vain. At length a mere accident decided — decided not only my happiness, but that of all belonging to me."

"And what was this accident?" said I;

curious to learn the immediate cause which had operated so strongly on the mind and understanding of my friend as to urge him into such eccentricities.

He rose and left us.

"Dear Norbert," said the baroness, after she had eyed me some time in silence, while an indefinable smile played upon her lips, "thou pitiest my husband; is it not so?"

"The wretched only, not the happy, are objects of pity," replied I evasively.

"Thou knowest, perhaps, that he is abhorred by his relatives, despised by his former acquaintance, and treated by all the world as a lunatic?"

"My amiable friend, setting aside something which certainly does appear to me rather extravagant, and which it might be prudent to avoid, in order not to give offence—setting this aside, I must confess that I have not yet found in Oliver any thing worthy either of scorn or abhorrence. But I know too little of him as yet."

"And," returned she, "has the voice of public opinion no weight with thee?"

"Certainly not, in what relates to my Oliver," replied I; "for I well know that the public opinion of Jerusalem clamoured for the crucifixion of innocence; that public opinion has attached the epithet of *great* to the names of the scourges of mankind; that it has proclaimed

sages madmen; and given to the priests of folly and debauchery the surname of divine."

"I am heartily glad," said the baroness with warmth, "thou wilt learn to love my Oliver: thou hast a noble mind—a mind worthy of his friendship. Believe me, Oliver is an angel, and yet he is thrust out of human society like a criminal or a madman."

While we were thus conversing, Oliver returned with a small book in his hand. "Here," said he, throwing himself into his chair, "is the accident, or rather the instrument employed by Divine Providence to convey to my mind the language of reason, and to restore it to a healthy tone. It is a work of little note, the author unnamed and unknown: a great deal that he says is commonplace; but here and there interspersed with luminous passages. The title — *Reveries of a Philanthropist* — is not very promising. I found it one day, while I lay in garrison, on the table of an acquaintance, and put it in my pocket. Continuing my walk beyond the town-gates, I there seated myself under a spreading plane-tree, and after meditating some time on various inconsistencies in social life, I took out my book, which I opened at a chapter, entitled *Fragment of the Travels of Pytheas the Younger in Thule.*"

"Let's hear," said I, "what the ancient

Greek of Massilia has to relate concerning our northern regions. He is supposed to have been contemporary with Aristotle."

The baron read as follows :—

"FRAGMENT OF THE NARRATIVE OF THE TRAVELS OF PYTHEAS THE YOUNGER IN THULE.

"*Translated from the Greek.*

"I protest to you, my friends, that I speak the truth, though it may appear to you to be unworthy of credit. But you must consider that in those inclement regions of the North, Nature herself, by her unkindness and severity, compels man to exercise his ingenuity, in order to render his life a little more comfortable. We have no need of this in our country, where nature is more bountiful to mortals; where we can live abroad both winter and summer, and obtain with little trouble both the necessaries and the luxuries of life. Those, on the other hand, who sigh under the rigour of a six-months' winter, are compelled to devise the means of creating an artificial summer within their heated houses; and because they are repulsed by nature, and confined as it were within themselves, they are more addicted than we to employ their minds in idle reveries, in specious plans which they never execute, and in the

investigation of all that it is desirable to know. Hence they are astonishingly learned, and conversant in numberless things that contribute neither to wisdom nor happiness; and they write thick books on the most frivolous matters, that we neither care about, nor scarcely know by name; nay, they have schools and academic chairs for this express purpose.

"But the seasons are so constituted on this northern side of the globe, that heat and cold, day and night, pass from one extreme to the other; so that there is scarcely any medium, which is salutary alike to soul and body: for, in summer they suffer as much from intense heat, as they do in winter from frequently mortal cold: one half of the year their days are nearly eighteen hours long, and the other half not much more than six. The minds of men in these parts are as fickle and as variable as their seasons: almost all of them are destitute of firmness and consistency of thought or deed. They have every year new fashions in dress, new species of poetry, and new systems of philosophy. Those who have one day overthrown tyranny—after they have extolled with their lips the happiness of freedom, and abused it by their actions—go the next, and voluntarily bow their necks to the yoke of servitude.

"Thus, there is among those barbarians the greatest inequality in every thing. One class

of the people, composed of a few families, possess unbounded wealth, and wallow in luxury; but by far the greater number are poor, and wholly dependent on the bounty of the rich. In like manner, a few individuals are in possession of all the treasures of science, while the multitude is enveloped in the darkness of the grossest ignorance. Both princes and priests deem this ignorance conducive to their authority, and strive to perpetuate it among the populace, who are of themselves predisposed to it by their poverty and sloth. Hence the lower classes of those nations are attached to the system of their forefathers in all customs, institutions, and other things relating to the mind; and it is only in matters of sensual enjoyment that they are disposed to change. They nevertheless hail any innovation, whether right or wrong, if it produce them money or any sort of gain; for, with these barbarians, custom, honour, religion, weigh as nothing, compared with gold and spirituous liquors.

"Among the nations of Thule, freedom is unknown; so much of it as they might formerly have possessed having been by degrees taken from them by the violence or artifices of the great. They are governed by kings who give out that they are sons of the gods; and the kings and their satraps are as often influenced by their concubines and favourites as by their

councillors. The people are divided into hereditary castes, like the Indians and Egyptians. To the first caste belong the kings themselves and their children. The second consists of the grandees, whose sons are invested with the highest posts both in the army and in the state, as well as at the altars of the gods, without respect to worth or qualifications; for, incredible as it may appear to us, it has been the practice from time immemorial among these barbarians, to pay greater respect to the caste or birth, than to any other merit. To the third caste belong the inferior officers, the merchants, artisans, common soldiers, and husbandmen; likewise the artists, literati, and the great body of the priests. The fourth caste is composed of the serfs or slaves, who may be sold or given away, like any other domestic cattle. Among the more polished tribes, who have partly laid aside their original wildness, the fourth and last of these castes does not exist. In like manner there are individual tribes, in which good princes, having discovered the misconduct of their grandees, have ceased to enact laws without the concurrence of a senate elected from among the different castes of the people.

"The kings of the countries of Thule live in almost incessant enmity with and jealousy of each other. The weaker have no security but in the mutual envy of the stronger. But when

the mutual jealousies of the stronger subside for a time, they fall upon the weaker states on various clumsy pretexts, and divide them among themselves. On this account, they assume the titles of the Just, the Great, or Fathers of their Country; for the barbarians of all countries and ages have been extremely fond of such empty titles. But no sooner doth the lowest caste in any country, availing itself of its superior intelligence, rise up against the unconscionable encroachments of the higher castes, than all the princes and the higher castes of other countries suspend their individual quarrels, and unite to restore the former order of things in this foreign land, frequently in a most disinterested manner. Such a war is always considered by the barbarians as a holy war, because they believe that the kings and the gradation of the castes have been appointed by the gods themselves.

"The principal portion of the public revenues is swallowed up by the expense of keeping a splendid court; and next to this the army, even in time of peace, costs the largest sum. For the instruction of the people, for the encouragement of agriculture, and for all those things which promote the comfort and happiness of men, very little is allotted. In most of the countries of Thule, where the operative caste has the most duties and the fewest rights,

this caste is obliged by taxes to supply almost all the necessities of the state.

"As to the religion of these barbarians, they all pretend to profess one and the same, and all agree in ascribing it to the same founder. But the ceremonies of their religious worship are as various as their opinions relative to the person of this founder:—hence the different parties hate and persecute each other with the utmost rancour. Among all these parties there is, upon the whole, much superstition, which is encouraged by the priests themselves. Of the Supreme Being they entertain most derogatory notions, for they even attribute to him human passions: and when the kings send forth their armies to make war upon one another, the priests on both sides are commanded to pray to the Supreme Being to destroy their adversaries. After gaining a victory, they in like manner thank the Supreme Being for the discomfiture of the foe.

"Most of their historical works are scarcely worthy of perusal; for they in general afford no information respecting the nations, but treat only of the kings and their marriages, the order of their succession, their wars, and outrages. The names of the authors of the most useful inventions are scarcely mentioned; but the names and deeds of military ravagers are circumstantially recorded, as if they were the real

benefactors of the human race. The histories of these nations are moreover very difficult to be understood, because their manners and notions differ so widely from ours; for their ideas of honour and virtue are not uniformly the same, either in all ages, or at one and the same period, or among all classes. In the higher castes, lewdness, adultery, extravagance, gambling, abuse of power, may be considered as praiseworthy, or at least as amiable foibles; though in persons of the lower castes they would be punished as crimes with imprisonment, and even with death. The law has attached the severest penalties to fraud and robbery by individuals of the inferior castes; but if a grandee dupes the country and enriches himself at its expense, he is very often promoted to higher posts, or permitted to retire from office with special marks of favour. The same principle obtains in regard to honour as in regard to virtue and vice. The members of the superior castes need no other honour than their birth to deserve all sorts of privileges: and it is very rarely that any belonging to the inferior castes can by their virtues raise themselves in the public estimation to a level with those favourites of fortune. But the honour which arises from the accident of birth is liable to be taken away by a mere epithet of abuse. Their mode of recovering it is truly

singular. The man who has by a word attacked the honour of another, and he whose honour has been injured, meet, according to the prescribed regulations, like maniacs, with arms, and strive to wound each other. As soon as one of them is wounded or slain, no matter which, they seriously believe that their honour is restored to its former integrity.

" For the rest, all these barbarians, without exception, are actuated by an insatiable desire of gain, for which they risk every thing, their virtue, nay, life itself. It is regarded as an extraordinary circumstance, which excites astonishment or contempt, when one of them renders a gratuitous service to another, or sacrifices his property to the public welfare. They talk a great deal, indeed, about noble sentiments and generous actions; but it is only on the stage that these can be publicly exhibited without incurring scorn and derision. In fact, almost all the inhabitants of Thule resemble actors, and they are great adepts in the art of appearing to be what they are not.

" They cannot, however, disguise themselves so completely, but that their knavery or their inconsistency is quite obvious. By way of promoting agriculture, they load the husbandman with the heaviest imposts, and his profession with their contempt: to encourage trade and commerce they erect numerous custom-houses,

and prohibit importation: to punish and amend the culpable, they shut them up in gaols, where the depraved mutually infect one another still more with their vices, and whence they return consummate villains into human society: to preserve their health they reverse the order of things: some watch at night, and sleep in the day: others destroy the juices of the body by heating liquors and spices, which they import at a great expense from India; so that there is scarcely a poor family that is satisfied with the fruits of its fields, or the produce of its flocks, without adding to them the spices of Arabia or India, and fish from distant seas."

Oliver ceased reading, and fixed his inquiring eye on me.

"I must confess," replied I, smiling, "that the spirit of the piece is well kept up. One of the ancient Greek philosophers would have spoken much in the same manner of the barbarous nations of Asia at his time, if he had visited them. From the stiffness of the style, too, one may know these fragments to be but a translation. At the same time I have no doubt of their being genuine. We have nothing by Pytheas, as far as I know, but——"

Oliver interrupted me with a loud burst of laughter. "Poor Norbert!" cried he, "thou child of the eighteenth century, who merely

gropest about the outside, about the shell of things, and forgettest the kernel; who art too much engaged with the shadow to think of the substance—dost thou not see and hear that thou art thyself a citizen of Thule? Asia, indeed! No, no—it is thus that an ancient Greek philosopher would have spoken of you Europeans, had he been able in his time to have paid you a visit.

"Perfectly right, Oliver; thou didst not allow me to finish. I meant to add that these are fragments of a sort of *Lettres Persannes:* They delineate us—the likeness is too striking to be mistaken. But, my friend, thou hast stated that they made a painful impression on thee, as thou reclinedst with this book in the shade of the plane-tree. Proceed with thy narrative.

"Well, there I lay. When I had finished these fragments, I threw down the book, sank back on the grass, gazed on the dark azure of the everlasting firmament above me, and on the immensity of unbounded space, and thought of God who filleth all things, and of my own eternal existence in this boundless universe; and at the moment of these sublime conceptions, I obtained a clearer insight into many expressions of Christ, the revealer of the divine nature of our souls:—"In my Father's house are many mansions"—"unless ye be-

come like these simple innocent children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven"—"whoever would be my disciple, let him renounce the follies of this world, and take up his cross and follow me"—never had I so strong a conviction of the divinity of Christ as at that moment. I thought of the expectations of mankind, and how they had from age to age strayed farther and farther from the truth, simplicity, and bliss of nature, and sunk into a sensual, artificial, and painful life. I flew back in idea to the first ages of the world, to the first nations, to the simple way of thinking of the ancient sages. I sighed—I felt the tears trickle from my eyes. I became in idea a simple child of God. Why, said I, can I not feel truly, think truly, speak truly, act truly, like Jesus Christ? Can I not shake off the fetters of habit? What but a false shame prevents me from being a rational man among maniacs, among perverted barbarians? In imagination I was so already. I closed my eyes: I felt inexpressible happiness in being thus separated from a depraved world, and reconciled and reunited with God, nature, the universe, eternity. Long did I thus lie; for when I opened my eyes the sun had set, and the glowing radiance of evening pervaded earth and sky. I was already transported in imagination to another world."

"I have experienced this delicious state," said the baroness.

"When I rose," resumed Oliver, "and remarked my uniform, something darted through me like lightning. The disgusting world, with all its follies, all its inconsistencies, lay before me: I felt that Socrates, were he then alive, would once more have to drain the bowl of poison; that Christ, were he then teaching in our towns, would in every town find a Jerusalem; that the Christian sects would unanimously doom him to the cross, and that he would be condemned by princes as an enemy to the good old order of things, a seducer of the people, and a fanatic. I shuddered. As I walked back to the town, I asked myself with a loud voice the question—'Hast thou courage?' My resolution was taken: 'I have courage,' I replied aloud; 'it shall be so—I will act rationally, be the consequences what they may.'

"Next morning, after I had enjoyed a refreshing night's rest, and forgotten almost all my reflections of the preceding evening, this book again caught my eye. I recollected my resolution; I was aware also of the hazardous nature of the undertaking. I appeared to myself like the rich youth in the Gospel, who departed sorrowfully from Christ. Again I asked myself: 'Hast thou courage?' and again I replied in a loud voice: 'I will have:' and from

that moment I determined to act rationally in the most trivial as in the most important matters. The first step being taken, and the scorn of men disregarded, every subsequent step is easy enough."

"I tremble for thee, noble enthusiast!" cried I, pressing his hand; "thou wilt, I trust, acquaint me with the issue of thy adventure?"

"Certainly; but the proper place for that is in the midst of nature, beneath the canopy of heaven, under the trees, in the sight of the wide sea," said Oliver; "for, my dear Norbert, within the walls of our rooms many things seem rational which abroad, where the soul is released as it were from its shackles, appear visionary and fantastic. And on the other hand, we find out of doors, in the bosom of God's creation, where the good and the true are everlasting and immutable, that many things are perfectly rational, which, between the four walls of a parlour, filled with domestic trammels, or of an audience chamber, a ball-room, or a saloon overflowing with company, appear like extravagance, absurdity, enthusiasm, or insanity. Come along, then."

He took me by the arm. The baroness went to her children. Oliver conducted me through the garden to the top of a hill, where we seated ourselves at the foot of a rock. The delicate branches of the birch-trees waved over

our heads, while below us the glistening ocean extended farther than the eye could reach.

Oliver then resumed his narrative in the following words:—

"Fortune proved particularly favourable to me at the very moment when my reason gained this signal triumph. My father, whose circumstances were impaired by profusion, had left me at his death a very moderate fortune; but I had the prospect of succeeding to a considerable estate at the decease of my uncle. These expectations were known to all the world. Add to this, that I was betrothed to the Baroness von Moosen, the daughter of the president of the chancery. She was one of the best matches, as they are commonly called, in the kingdom: she was very handsome, very rich, and niece to the minister at war. The marriage had been set on foot by my relatives, and especially my old uncle; and according to the way of the world, I could do no other than assent to it. Nothing but the indisposition of this uncle delayed the nuptials. I was already major; at the next promotion I should rise to be lieutenant-colonel; and in a couple of years I could not fail to obtain a regiment.

"Such was the state of things at that time, and a most unpropitious state I considered it after the recovery of my reason. I was distressed to think that I, a free man, had through

my relatives chaffered myself away for the sake of money, high birth, and patronage, without knowing whether the girl, with her peculiarities, views, foibles, and propensities, could ever be mine. The baroness was certainly handsome; but not a jot better than any other female would be with such an education: she had received from nature a good temper and disposition, but art had rendered her vain, fond of gaiety, proud of her high connexions, her rank, and her beauty, witty, and that too at the expense of all that should be most sacred — in short, she was more French than German. Whether she felt any thing like love for me I knew not; but this I knew, that I felt no more for her than for any other accomplished and handsome woman.

"A letter, sent by express, summoned me to my sick uncle. I obtained leave of absence from the general, bade adieu to my betrothed bride and her parents, and set out for my uncle's residence. When I arrived he was already dead and buried. His old steward delivered to me the keys of his coffers and his will. I paid the few little legacies bequeathed to the servants, let the steward into my secret, and gave out that I was quite poor, the whole property of my uncle being mortgaged for more than its value.

"I returned to my garrison, and there re-

peated this story. My object in this fabrication was to put the sentiments of my bride to the test, and to ascertain whether she would have fortitude enough, if united to me, to renounce the world and share my lot. To give colour to the report, I sold off every thing that I could dispense with to pay my debts in the town, which, first and last, were not inconsiderable. My comrades laughed outright at me, and particularly when I declared that I was resolved to be at least an honest man. Even the president and his lady dissuaded me from this course, urging that I should rather avoid making any *éclat*, that I should scandalize myself and them, and expose both to ridicule.

"I defended my principles. I maintained that honesty is better than splendour; that poverty is no disgrace; and that he who can dispense with much is rich. These phrases, as they were termed, proved exceedingly unpalatable, and especially to the baroness. Her parents intimated to me that their daughter was accustomed to a certain style of living; but that they were not opulent enough to allow her and me during their lifetime a suitable establishment. In short, not many days had elapsed before I was told, without reserve, that they trusted to my delicacy to relinquish voluntarily the proposed connexion. I signified my immediate acquiescence in their wish, observing, that

it was but just, since the intended match was not founded on the mutual preference of virtuous hearts, but on a sheer money speculation of the relatives on both sides.

"My reputed poverty had other good effects; my old friends and boon companions ceased to court my society. At the same time it was no mean gratification to know, that some of them still deemed me worthy of their regard: these, indeed, were but few; most of them became colder and colder in their behaviour, and by degrees dropped their visits. Thus with wealth I had lost all that was interesting in their eyes. So much the better! thought I; now I may speak truth with the less reserve.

"I had, however, and that it was easy to foresee, as little luck with truth as any of those who had gone before me. For several winters I had read lectures to the corps of officers on scientific subjects connected with the military profession. I was just then in the midst of one of these courses, in which I expressed my sentiments with greater freedom than ever. I advanced the following positions: Every war that is not carried on for the independence and security of a country against foreign aggression, but for the personal caprice of the sovereign, the intrigues of ministers, the ambition of courts, in order to make conquests, to intermeddle in the affairs of other nations, or to

gratify revenge, is unjust. Standing armies are the scourge of states, the ruin of finances, the jailors of despotism, wherever the sovereign will be a despot. The soldier is also a citizen. I hope yet to see the time when the sovereigns of Europe will concur in a treaty for disbanding their immense standing armies; and on the other hand make soldiers of all citizens capable of bearing arms. Duellists ought to be confined in a mad-house or house of correction.—When I advanced these and other such-like positions, and proved their correctness, which could not be doubted by any person in his right senses, I was forbidden to lecture, and the general gave me a severe reprimand. I contradicted him, and was put under arrest.

"All this gave me no pain, for I had expected it. After I had fallen into disgrace with the general, the better disposed officers also began to avoid me. I became the object of general derision. Some of the wittiest declared that I was insane, and gave it as their opinion that this derangement of my intellects was a consequence of the disappointment of my worldly expectations. I was soon so completely deserted, that my valet gave me warning, because I kept myself and him on such frugal fare, left off coffee, seldom took wine, and instead of his rich livery was going to clothe him in a simple

convenient dress, nearly like that in which thou seest me at present.

"About this time I received a letter which amply indemnified me for all my mortifications. Thou must know that, some years before, I had accidentally met with a poor beggar-girl weeping before a farmer's barn: within it her mother lay expiring. I found the dying woman, who was very young, clothed in rags, and extended upon straw. She complained of thirst. I ran to the farm-house to purchase some refreshment; for the farmer had with difficulty been prevailed upon to grant her so much as a lodging in his barn. On my return I found her dead, and the girl crying over the corpse of her mother. I comforted the child as well as I could, caused the deceased to be interred at my expense, and sent the little orphan, who could not even tell her mother's surname, suitably equipped, to a girls' school at Rastrow. Her name was Amelia.

"Well, just at the time when I was deserted by all, I received from this Amelia, at Rastrow, a letter, which I still preserve as a most precious relic. Thou shalt read it. It moved me even to tears. The purport of it was as follows: she had heard of my misfortune, and thought it her duty no longer to be a burden to her father, for so she used to call me. She would try to

support herself either by obtaining a situation as governess in some respectable family, or by embroidery, dress-making, giving lessons in music, or in some other way. She begged me not to be concerned about her; it was now her turn to be concerned about me. But thou must read the letter thyself, and all the charming effusions of her gratitude. It is the reflection of the purest and the most virtuous soul. She implored permission to behold once more her benefactor, of whose image she had but a faint recollection, not having seen him since the day of her mother's death. I answered her letter, commended her sentiments, but assured her that she had no occasion to be in a hurry, and that I would continue to provide for her till she had met with a suitable situation.

"One day, on my return from the parade, some one tapped at my door. A strange female entered: it was a lovely face, shaded by flaxen locks. Never were the colours of the lily and the peach-blossom so beautifully blended as in her complexion. With a blush, and in tremulous accents, she inquired for me. Bursting into tears, she then sank down before me, embraced my knees, and when I, in astonishment, attempted to raise her, she covered my hand with kisses. My conjectures were at length confirmed by her ejaculation of—'O my father! my father! my guardian-angel!' I entreated

her to rise. She implored me to allow her to remain for a moment in that long-wished-for situation, and said—'Ah! how happy should I be if my heart would but break; if I could but expire at the feet of my benefactor!'

"It was a considerable time before she recovered herself and rose from her knees. I pressed her to my heart, and imprinted a kiss on her cheek, and desired her to call me and to consider me as her father. She obeyed. But the paternal embrace had produced a strange commotion within me; and this was only increased by the contemplation of her beauty. She had alighted at an inn; there I left her for a few days; but these days were enough to decide my lot for life. When Amelia proposed to return to her seminary, I advised her to take private lodgings in the town, and to endeavour to procure employment in embroidery. I could not consent to part from her; but yet I did not choose to let her know that I was still rich. I wished to try her a little more. I hired apartments and a maid-servant for her, provided her with a piano-forte, harp, books, and in a few days brought her orders for work, for which, to be sure, I paid her, but, as I pretended, on behalf of strangers. I visited her but once or twice a week, to avoid observation and injurious surmises.

"Every visit was to me a festival. Thou

mayst conceive with what delight I was thrilled, to know that there was beneath the sun one being who owed every thing to me, who belonged to nobody in the world but me, who had nothing to expect but from my kindness; and that this being surpassed in beauty, virtue, and excellence, all that nature had yet presented to my observation.

"Amelia's beauty and humble condition were soon no secret in the town. I was questioned concerning her, and acknowledged without disguise that she was a poor orphan, and that I was her foster-father. Orders for work thronged in upon her, for I had enjoined her never to enter a strange house. The ladies of quality, therefore, repaired to her apartments, not so much for the sake of her embroidery, as from curiosity to see a female whose personal charms were so highly extolled.

"One day, when I had called and had just reached the door of her apartment, I heard her within exchanging high words with a man. I soon recognised the voice of my lieutenant-colonel. When I opened the door, he was striving to force a kiss from her. I remonstrated on the impropriety of his conduct, and as he began to assume a lofty tone, I made no more ado, but bundled him out of the room, and kicked him down stairs. The worthless fellow took it into his head that I had insulted his

honour, and, forsooth, demanded satisfaction. I refused his challenge. The corps of officers declared they would not serve with me any longer, because I was a coward. To shew that I was not, I repaired to the appointed place without arms, and told the madman that, if he wished to add the character of a murderer to his other recommendations, he had only to strike. The officers and he then assailed me with the lowest abuse. According to their barbarous notions, they imagined that my honour was mortally attainted, when they disgraced themselves by brutality and vulgarity. I asked them in reply, whether the dregs of the populace, by pelting a respectable man in the street with mud, would by so doing render themselves respectable; and whether the respectable man, on the other hand, would be thereby degraded into a scoundrel?

Next morning, on the parade, the general, with a complimentary speech, unexpectedly presented to me the insignia of an order conferred on me by the court. This was a lateward fruit of my former connexion with the Baroness von Moosen, and the work of her uncle, the minister at war. According to my notions of merit, I could not possibly accept the riband; and had I really done the state some service, I should have been ashamed to carry the commendation of it ostentatiously about me wherever I went, as much as to say, 'Look here and admire me!'

My decided refusal of the bit of silk riband with the star dangling from it, was without a parallel in the annals of the monarchy. I insisted that duty and virtue cannot be rewarded, but only acknowledged; yet even when not acknowledged, the man of honour still does his duty; but that nothing on earth can compel him to make a parade before others of what he has performed. These sentiments were stigmatised as jacobinism and nonsense. The general became furious. The officers then began to inveigh against me on account of the insult which, as they alleged, I had offered to their honour. I was put under arrest, and in a few weeks removed from the regiment.

"I was delighted with this issue to the affair. I now dressed to please myself, not in the prevailing French fashion, but more decently, more conveniently, more agreeably to nature, as thou seest us all here at Flyeln. People stared, and set me down for stark mad, especially as they now learned that, so far from being poor, I was one of the wealthiest men in the country. Amelia alone knew my reasons for acting thus. Herself a child of nature, simple and endowed with an excellent understanding, she approved my principles and lived according to them. It is true that of her opinions I could not be proud, for they were but my own. Her thoughts, her feelings, were regulated by mine: she had, I

may say, no will of her own; her reverential, filial affection was, unknown to her, changed to the purest, the most modest, and the most ardent attachment of the lover; while I was certainly still rather too young for the paternal character.

"Having told her one day that I had some thoughts of retiring to my estates, she entreated permission to accompany me, declaring that she should be happy to wait upon me there, were it only in the capacity of the lowest menial. I told her, with some hesitation, that I intended to marry; on which she folded her hands, drooped her head, a big tear trickled down her cheek, and she said, 'So much the better! thy wife will not find a more faithful servant than me.'—'But,' I replied, 'my wife does not think so well of thee as thou deservest.'—'How can I have offended her already?' exclaimed she, raising her head, in all the pride of conscious innocence: 'take me to thy bride; I will strive to gain her good opinion and regard.'—I led her before the mirror, pointed to it, and stammered forth—'There she is.' At these words she started, turned pale, fixed on me her large blue eyes, in which a question silently expired, said trembling, 'I am not well,' and sank senseless into my arms. I rung for her maid. I was almost beside myself with fright.

"When Amelia's cheeks began to resume their colour, and she opened her eyes, her first

movement, a sweet smile at me, was succeeded by surprise at the concern manifested by me and her busy maid. It was but by degrees that she recovered her recollection. She thought she had been asleep. I durst scarcely allude to what had passed. As soon, however, as we were alone, 'Amelia,' said I, 'why wast thou so frightened when I took thee to the glass? why wilt thou not be my wife? Tell me frankly: I am prepared for the worst.'—She blushed and kept silence for some time with her eyes fixed on the floor. 'Why wilt thou not?' I again asked. She heaved a deep sigh, and raising her eyes towards heaven: 'Will! O God! *will!*' cried she; 'What other will can I have than what thou pleasest? Can I be happy, can I live without thee? Whether I be thy servant or thy wife, no matter, for I have but one affection for thee.'

"While I was enjoying a foretaste of heaven, the whole town was lost in astonishment; and my paternal and maternal relations were overwhelmed with horror and despair, when I announced my approaching union with Amelia. A baron, whose house belonged to the most ancient of the nobility, whose ancestors had filled the highest posts, who was related by blood to the most distinguished families in the land—to contract so unequal an alliance; not even with the daughter of a simple gentleman,

or of an opulent citizen, or of a respectable tradesman,—no—but with the child of a vagabond, of a beggar! The thought was not to be endured. I received letters written in the name of all my relations, threatening to renounce me, to cut me off from all future expectations, and to prevent me from bringing farther disgrace upon them by means of an application to the monarch. Their interference came too late; for in a fortnight Amelia's lot was indissolubly united with mine at the altar.

"It is impossible to relate to thee all the extravagancies committed by people under the control of obstinate prejudices, when I set about living as an honest man, in a way consonant with nature and truth, to the exclusion of all unmeaning ceremonies and compliments, all foreign fopperies, all *convenances*, as they are termed, without, however, losing sight of a due dignity and decorum. The simple *thou* with which I addressed all, and begged to be addressed by all, presently scared every body away from me as effectually as if I had been covered with pest-boils. My beard became a topic for ridicule; and my friendly return of salutations unaccompanied with the removal of the hat in the streets was construed into the grossest rudeness. I adhered to my purpose. I wished to see whether, in the nineteenth century, a man who should have the courage to reject all the

antiquated relics of the rude ages, all perverted notions of honour, morality, justice, and decorum, all the absurdities of titles and unmeaning compliments, would be allowed to live in a European town. So far from shewing the slightest incivility, or reproaching any one on account of his prejudices, his opinions, or his perverted morality, I behaved to all with greater courtesy than ever. I strove by kindness and beneficence to conciliate those from whom I differed as much externally as I had long done internally. All was in vain.

"I retired to my estate here. I took a pleasure in making myself acquainted with my dependents—they were at this time half-savages; they were in a state of villanage. They cringed like slaves before me, their lord; not one of them could read or write; sloth, drinking, and brawls were their sole delight. The grossest superstition was their religion; the observances of empty forms and ceremonies passed for piety; and falsehood and fraud were their prudence. I determined to make men of these brutes. I introduced various improvements in the prison, and built a spacious school. Accompanied by Amelia, I visited all their dwellings; they were wretched filthy sties. I enjoined attention to cleanliness: such as did not obey were sent to prison, for a longer or shorter period; but to those who complied I made

presents of tables, chairs, and other articles of household furniture, by way of encouragement. It was not long before every cottage assumed a neat and clean appearance. I forbade cards, spirituous liquors, coffee, cursing and swearing, fighting, &c. Transgressors were severely punished; to such as obeyed, and gave for a month together no cause for censure, I remitted the soccage and other services which they were bound to perform for the lord. I pensioned off the superannuated minister of the parish, and selected for his successor a young divine of sound learning and excellent character, and who entered completely into my ideas. I appointed an active young man, a pupil of Pestalozzi's, and of course thoroughly conversant with his system of instruction, to be schoolmaster, with a good salary; and seconded by these two assistants, I completed the reformation which I had begun. I gave lessons myself twice a week to the adult youth of our sex; the pastor instructed the older men; Amelia, the young unmarried females; and the pastor's wife, the matrons. I had all the children new clothed at my cost, as thou now seest them; and at our expense too, Amelia transformed the slatternly apparel of the young women.

"The school and the prison had the desired effect; but interest operated still more strongly. To ingratiate themselves with me, the young

men suffered their beards to grow. I did not allow the serf to wear a beard; this privilege was reserved exclusively for free men. Slaves were required to have shaven chins. I threw open the gate to freedom, and announced that to every one who should cultivate his lands in the best manner, according to my directions, I would give, at the expiration of the year, a grant of them in fee, at a low quit-rent, together with a remission of all services previously due to the lord: and that whoever should prove to be the most industrious, the most frugal, and the best farmer during the second year, should be presented with his liberty, the house in which he lived, a sum of money, a dress of honour (after the fashion of that which I wore), and the privilege of wearing his beard. By the end of the first year I had occasion, nay, justice rendered it an imperative duty, to manumit several families which had distinguished themselves, and which before my arrival were among the most respectable. This proceeding excited envy in many, but emulation in all, especially as on court-days the freemen, by my desire, took their places at my side, and sat in judgment with me on transgressors.

"While I was thus engaged here, without concerning myself in the least about the world, the world thought fit to concern itself about me. An extraordinary commission, appointed at the

solicitation of my family by the minister, arrived quite unexpectedly, to inquire into the state of my health and of my property. It had been represented that I was insane, and squandered my fortune in the maddest freaks. The commissioners feasted away for a couple of months. I know not what report these gentlemen delivered; but probably, as I omitted to put money into their hands, it was none of the most favourable; for, in spite of my remonstrances and protestations, I was treated as an idiot, and forbidden to leave my estates. A curator was sent to superintend my affairs, and at the same time to watch my conduct, and to prevent my receiving any visits from strangers. Luckily this curator was a very honest and not unintelligent man: it was not long of course before we were good friends. When he had examined my accounts, he was surprised at the strictness of my economy, and he had no difficulty to conceive that I must rather be a gainer than a loser by this and by the gradual abolition of servitude. For want of other employment, he co-operated himself in my plans for humanizing my slaves. He suggested several good ideas tending to this purpose; for instance, that all persons, for five years after their manumission, should submit to the court-baron an account of their receipts and disbursements, to prove that they were not secretly negligent, or getting be-

hind-hand in the world. The curator at last became a warm admirer of our principles, for he saw that our measures were taken with such judgment as scarcely ever to fail. So early as the second year of my residence at this place, the farmers on my estates were allowed to surpass those of the whole country in skill, intelligence, and integrity.

"The report made by the curator after the first year of his administration was so satisfactory, that I was reinstated in the management of my affairs, though I was still obliged to deliver an annual account. This was the work of my relations, who could not be persuaded but that I had lost the best part of my wits, though my honest curator insisted that I was merely a man of somewhat eccentric disposition and character. For this reason, and that I might not occasion any scandal by my jacobinical sentiments—that is to say, by the unreserved expression of what nature and sound reason approve—I was forbidden, without special permission, to pass the limits of my estates; or, in other words, to visit the vast European lunatic hospital. By this arrangement I could not but be a gainer.

"It is now near five years that I have resided here in happy seclusion. Go, Norbert, inspect my fields, and the farms of my peasants; look at our woods, our cattle, our habitations. Thou wilt find a prosperity, an affluence, formerly

unknown: those who were once my vassals are now free. A single drunkard, and another lazy worthless fellow, seemed incorrigible. The former died: neither the hopes of reward, nor the fear of punishment, produced any amendment in the latter. But when he and the minister alone were left with shaven chins, while all the other men of Flyeln wore a beard, this produced an extraordinary effect on the reprobate. At length the pastor too ventured to retain his beard, so that this serf was the only one who was obliged to shave. He could not bear to be so marked, and amended his life, to entitle himself to the privilege enjoyed by people of character.

"The consistory gave the good pastor no little trouble on account of his beard. To no purpose did he prove that the beard is neither for nor against the true faith; to no purpose did he appeal to the example of the holy men of the Old and New Testament; to no purpose did he urge that, by appearing like his parishioners he gave greater effect to his ministry; and that by so doing he had actually just produced a striking reformation of conduct in a man hitherto deemed incorrigible. The beard furnished occasion for many consistorial discussions. It was not till my pastor had transmitted the certificate of a medical man, attesting that he had formerly been severely afflicted with toothach, from which

complaint nothing but the suffering it to grow had afforded him relief, that he was allowed to retain it on account of his health—but not without certain limitations.

"I have not only relinquished the judicial affairs of the village to my free tenants, but granted them the privilege of selecting out of their own number wardens for the management of their parochial business. Their sense of honour is awakened; they feel their dignity as men. From time to time such as particularly distinguish themselves by their good qualities are invited, with their wives, to dine at my table. I am their equal. The uniformity of dress encourages a certain familiarity, without diminishing respect. Here a man is esteemed according to his worth. Children are required to rise before the aged, and to uncover their heads; but none uncovers to his equal. Every malicious lie is accounted among us a crime as bad as theft. Now that these people sit in judgment on culprits themselves, they are more severe than I used to be. I frequently find it necessary to mitigate their sentences. Our schools are flourishing. Such of the boys as shew superior capacity are instructed in history, geography, land-surveying, and the rudiments of architecture. At church our music and singing are far from contemptible.

"But, my dear Norbert, thou hadst better stay

a few days, and see with thy own eyes; or rather, if thou canst, spend a few weeks with us."

With these words Oliver concluded his narrative.

I cannot deny that all he had told me, and all I had seen at Flyeln, made a deep impression upon me. I admired his strength of mind, his creative genius, and his beneficence, and regretted that so erroneous an estimate should be formed of his character.

Neither my friend's powers of persuasion, nor the spells infused into the entreaties of the fascinating baroness, were needed to induce me to prolong my sojourn in this delicious Oasis—for an Oasis Flyeln certainly is, a luxuriant island amid the surrounding desert. The moment you set foot on its soil, after traversing the sands and swamps by which it is encompassed, after passing through wretched, filthy, straggling villages, full of hovels and neglected inhabitants, vegetation all at once becomes more verdant and man more human. Here too were once hovels, now transformed into neat cottages, which I visited with delight arm-in-arm with the baroness; here too were swamps, now to be recognised only by long ditches and the outlets of subterraneous drains; here too were slaves who trembled before their lord, and still more before his deputies, and who were accustomed

to cheat them both behind their backs, but now have the bold, erect port of free men, and look upon the baron as their equal—yet with what filial reverence and affection do they approach him and his! This metamorphosis, in the space of five years, would have the semblance of a miracle, if one did not know with what prudence and firmness Oliver set about it; by what slow degrees he exchanged the character of the authoritative lord, first for that of the instructor, and afterwards that of the father; how, after placing the fear of punishment as driver behind his peasants, he contrived to entice them forward by sordid interest; how, without ever reckoning either upon their gratitude, their good sense, or their moral or religious feelings, he at first rather broke them in than instructed them, and then built his hopes on the power of habit and on the rising generation. But all this is foreign to my purpose. I mean merely to describe the situation of my friend, not the process by which he civilized his dependents, or gave fertility to his barren fields.

When Oliver laid his account-books before me, and proved incontestably that, so far from diminishing his income by the changes he had made, he derived from his estate a larger revenue than his deceased uncle, or any of his predecessors, he continued, with a smile: "Now thou canst judge, Norbert, where the madness

lies, whether at Flyeln or in his majesty's capital. Because I am actually saving money, I am treated as a spendthrift, and compelled to expose my most private concerns to strangers who are sent hither to examine my accounts."

"Why dost thou not complain? 'Tis an injustice, an outrage."

"My complaints would be vain. It was not the sentence of a tribunal, but a cabinet rescript, immediately emanating from the government, which doomed me to this hardship. It would be no easy matter to obtain its revocation: for government will not retract; because in so doing, it would proclaim itself in the wrong. The committee of inquiry which comes down annually will not advise such a step, because its members would lose the pleasure of an agreeable jaunt, and the wages which they pocket at my expense. To be exiled, a sort of prisoner at large, to the estate of my ancestors, is the very least of my grievances. Now, Norbert, tell me frankly, what thinkest thou of all this?"

"I must confess, Oliver, I came to thee with prejudice and sorrow; I shall leave thee with the most pleasing recollections. It is every where given out that thou art a lunatic: I can attest that thou art no such thing: but I cannot help concurring in the opinion of thy former curator — thou art only a noble-minded eccentric."

"Eccentric? Why, yes; it is the proper name for those who deviate from the beaten track of their age. Diogenes of Sinope was also accounted a fool; Cato the Censor, among the Romans, a pedant; Columbus was considered as a madman in the streets of Madrid; Olavides consigned to the Inquisition; Rousseau driven by the people of Berne from his asylum; and Pestalozzi at first treated by many of his countrymen as half mad, because he chose rather to occupy himself with beggars and the squalid children of indigence, than with the bepowdered and bedizened puppets of fashion. And to style me an eccentric — me, who but assert the right which God has given me to think, to speak, and to act agreeably to reason and nature — is it not a keen reproof of yourselves?"

"No, Oliver; no reproof either of the world or thee. Nobody hinders thee from thinking and acting consistently with reason and nature; but be indulgent on thy part to the rights of others to think, speak, and act according to their present notions, habits, and even prejudices, till they or their children have grown wiser. All men are not made for philosophers."

"Have I not been indulgent to them? Have I attacked them?"

"Certainly, my friend; if thou wilt permit me to say so. When thou placedst thy man-

ners in too glaring contrast with the general manners, then didst thou break the peace with those among whom thou wast living, and consequently effect only half — nay, not half — the good thou mightst have done. Christ adopted the manners of the Jews, and descended even to their prejudices, that he might produce a more powerful effect. At any rate, what need one care about a ridiculous fashion? What signifies it whether a man has a stiff queue or cropped hair, a beard or a shaven chin? I admit it to be absurd to address an individual in the plural number; but what harm is there in this practice? Wast thou not the assailant when, in defiance of innocent prevailing customs, thou wouldst thrust thy *thou* upon every one, regardless of all the existing notions of politeness? If a man opposes the world, canst thou wonder if the world in its turn opposes him?"

"Certainly I did not wonder, for it was only what I expected. Cite not the example of Christ, like those who, with pious mien, cloke all their knavery and vice with perverted passages of Scripture. The Divine Jesus came on an errand of infinitely greater importance to his contemporaries than I; say nothing, therefore, of the *minor* follies. My business is with the latter alone; and never at least will I submit to praise, to excuse, or to join in what is bar-

barous. Man will not surely yet be denied by his fellow-men the right to make use of his understanding."

"As far as I can see, no one has ever thought of disputing this right, but only the right of endangering the public tranquillity by the indiscreet communication of thy opinions, especially when they are at downright variance with existing institutions. At first thou hadst thyself to act the part of a rigid master towards thy serfs at Flyeln; and it was not all at once, but only by slow degrees and after due preparation, that thou conductedst them to freedom. Thou wast well aware that it would be dangerous to put a knife into the inexperienced hands of children, though in the practised hand it is a most useful implement. What wouldst thou have said, if one of thy vassals had suddenly begun to preach up to his fellows the rights of man, the barbarity and atrocity of the feudal system, and the natural equality of men? Would not this reformer have frustrated all thy generous designs?"

"Granted, Norbert. But I hope my case has no analogy with this. I have never preached against existing institutions, let them be ever so bad, but have rendered unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's, and unto God what is God's. I have spoken only against existing prejudices and abuses, which are not even sanctioned by civil

or political compacts. It is only against your foreign mummeries, your masquerades, and hypocritical compliments, against your unnatural luxury, against the apish disfigurement of your persons by outlandish fashions, against your notions of honour and shame, of merit and rewards, that I have spoken; and then only in self-defence, when ye Europeans would fain have compelled me to condemn my return to reason, and again, to humour your perversity, turn rebel against nature."

"But, friend Oliver, thy sentiments relative to standing armies, to hereditary nobility, to the suppressed rights of nations, to—"

"Pshaw, Norbert, these doctrines are, thank God, universally recognised throughout Europe as *dead* truths. They are regarded, and that on valid grounds, as correct in theory, but erroneous in practice. To this I have no objection. I myself, were I a prince or minister, should beware of organizing a philosophic people, a Platonic commonwealth. But these doctrines I broached to my equals only; I have not preached them to the populace, to excite sedition. I have done no more than what thousands at this day do in writing and by word of mouth. You must cut off the heads of half the population of Europe, if ye would prevent such things from being thought and expressed. It is solely because they are thought and expressed,

that they are beginning to gain ground among the other half. And when once the majority of mankind have become converts to truth and to correct principles, every thing will follow of course without revolutions and massacres, by means of the natural progress in improved legislation. Assuredly it was not on this account that I was supposed to be insane; it was not on this account that I was banished from the rest of the world. Nobody would have taken the slightest offence, if I, a baron, had declaimed against the injustice, barbarity, folly, and mischief attending the institution of privileged hereditary nobility; nobody, I say, would have taken the slightest offence, if, amid these declamations, I had married a countess or a baroness. This is the way with many. But in acting consistently, though no human being was injured by it; in preferring the love of a beautiful and virtuous girl to the prejudices of my family, inflated with the pride of ancestry; in choosing a forlorn orphan, nay, I might almost say, a foundling, to be the wife of a baron —therein consisted my crime. O Norbert, take another look at my Amelia, then turn thine eyes to my parchment pedigree, and condemn me if thou canst!"

"With such documents in favour of thy right, my dear Oliver, thou art indeed a formidable advocate. I am of opinion, however, that the nobility would in the end have overlooked this

transgression against their order, and have considered thee as an exception to the rule. Thou art aware that people are now-a-days disposed to be much more tolerant in such matters: the nobility are no longer —"

"Dost thou really think so? O my friend, deceive not thyself in regard to our caste, in which not only physiognomies, not only prerogatives, but likewise notions and prejudices, have become hereditary and uneradicable by their transmission through a series of generations. The nobility are actually possessed with the fixed idea that they are by birth of superior leaven to the rest of mankind. And even though they must succumb to the force of revolutions, still this fixed idea remains uppermost. Didst thou not see the emigrant nobles of France in poverty? they retained their self-conceit, even when they were obliged to cobble their own shoes and to wash their own shirts. Look at the young French nobility, who were born and bred in penury—how are they employed since their return to France? Instead of reconciling themselves to their fate, they complain because they are obliged to share so many, nay, all their privileges, with commoners. For this reason, they are labouring to overthrow the Charter, till the Charter shall no longer exist, and a fresh revolution shall cast them forth again on the world."

"Here, my dear advocate, thou committest a

lapse, of which I am much too generous to take advantage. What do the men of that country prove either for or against the men of ours? Who would think of raising a charge against our nobility out of the notions of the Indian chiefs, with their bone nose-ornaments? Let us drop that subject. But mistake me not—I would fain reconcile thee with the rest of the world: a trifling sacrifice on thy part, a slight concession in externals of no importance—and, believe me, all thy opinions, nay, even thy paradoxes will be forgiven. And it will be our duty also to make sacrifices; it is thus only that we purchase confidence, and it is only when in possession of the public confidence that we can operate upon the public."

"Thou requirest of me a trifling sacrifice, Norbert! I know what it is: thou demandest, as a trifle, nothing less than the sacrifice of myself, with all my convictions and principles, and all the duties springing out of them. But, when I have sacrificed my convictions and my principles, or, in other words, my whole existence, what shall I then be fit for in the world? How can I then effect any good?"

"In many ways. Look at other philanthropists, who, without quarrelling with the world, do unspeakable good: and why shouldst not thou? What canst thou accomplish by thy sole example, and standing, as thou dost, alone—

if, as is now the case, all around thee, mistaking thy drift, imagine that thy intellects are impaired?"

"This question deserves an answer, for it is the most home of all thy questions. Consider, in the first place, my right as a man; that I may, at least in my own house, and on my own ground, eat, drink, dress, speak, and act according to my better convictions, if in so doing I injure none of the rights of others. As, then, I account the absurdities and extravagances, the refinements and the sophistications of the present inhabitants of Europe, just emerging from the slough of barbarism, ridiculous, pernicious, unnatural, contemptible; shall I, in spite of my inclination, my calling, and my duty to pursue the good and the true, not assert that right, for fear of becoming a laughing-stock to our barbarians, the creatures of art and habit, who indeed know no better? Should the navigator, when the savages of some distant island offer him a feast of human flesh, conquer his repugnance, and join in the horrid practice, lest he should be laughed at by the cannibals? So much, Norbert, on what relates immediately and exclusively to my own person."

Here Oliver paused a moment, as if waiting any reply I might have to make. He then resumed as follows: "For the rest, my friend, recollect the fragments of the Travels of Pytheas,

and thy own acknowledgment of the truth of the delineation. Thou admittest thyself that human society in our quarter of the globe has deviated far from the laws of nature: you all allow, that for this very reason we have to endure infinite sorrows and sufferings—for the violations of the laws of God carry with them their punishments for the transgressors. None of you denies that your whole civil and social system, that your institutions, manners, and habits are at best but an obstinate persistance in that which is contrary to nature—but which of you has the heroism of reason to return to the simple, everlasting ordinances of God? This heroism ye want: to me it is no stranger. It is well that individuals, here and there, regardless of the opinions and the ridicule of the multitude, furnish examples of virtue and integrity in real life; it is well that individuals arise, who will not listen to any accommodation with the prevailing system of the age, but make open war upon it: for, mere precepts from the chair, the pulpit, and the stage, mere sophistries and panegyrics on nature and truth, have no effect whatever. Ye are for ever talking and reasoning and writing; but the teachers themselves remain just what they were, and their pupils can of course be no other. It is therefore well that individuals present examples of a better practice. At first they will, to be sure, be accounted insane, and be pitied

or laughed at. By degrees the eyes of their contemporaries will become used to the strange phenomena. By and by they will begin to say: 'In many things the man is not so very wrong.' At length the boldest will venture to imitate him in certain points.—And, Norbert, he who leads mankind, or only a small portion of it, but a single step back again towards Nature, has done enough for his short span of existence: and so, my friend, allow me to persevere. Many censure the man who does right, solely because it is he who has the courage, and not they, to pursue the path of rectitude. Because I banish from my table all foreign luxuries — because I wear a dress that is more convenient as well as more pleasing to the eye — because I pay due honour to the manly beard — because I renounce the privileges and prejudices of my caste, and wish to be valued only according to my desert — because I consider it no disgrace to marry a woman of humble birth — because I will not believe that duelling can restore lost honour, and refuse to wear ostentatiously any insignia of real or pretended services — because I make out of slaves, only a degree above brutes, free fellow-men and friends — because I abhor falsehood, and fearlessly proclaim the truth — for this am I treated in the nineteenth century as a lunatic: though I live agreeably to reason, though I have interfered with no existing insti-

tutions, though I have transgressed no laws, though I have not done harm to a human being, but good to many, though I have never committed a breach of morality or true decorum. Such, Norbert, is my answer to thy question. Let us now have done with the subject."

I shook him cordially by the hand, and merely observed with a smile, "We have an old proverb, which says, 'The keener the edge, the more liable to injury.'"

In a few days, I took my leave of him. The recollections of Flyeln belong to the most agreeable of my life. I will not deny, that if all the world were disposed to run into the same kind of madness as my friend Oliver, I would be one of the first lunatics.—We have since renewed our correspondence, and I have made a vow to perform from time to time a pilgrimage to the happy Flyeln.

Aarau. HENRY ZSCHOKKE.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

COMPOSED WHILST TRAVERSING ON FOOT THE PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

BY GEORGE HAYTER, ESQ.

THE Rhone's wild floods around me rave
From crag to heathy crag—I hear
The whirlwind issuing from its cave
With a strange, pleasing fear.

The loud cascade, the tempest's keen
Career, the rocks that leap behind
My steps, into the black ravine,
Are music to my mind.

Down rugged steeps by root and branch
I fall, and hew myself a track,
From which the mule with sturdy haunch
Itself would sure start back.

Near stands a sacred cross—the sign
That blood of man has here been spilt;
The murmur of yon frowning pine
Speaks low of shriven guilt:—

But these appalling scenes, though drear,
Are but as pleasant food for me;
The precipice itself is dear,
That leads, fond girl, to thee.

High soar the Simplon's snows—like glass
Its glaciers seem, yet these with bold
And naked feet I smiling pass,
To me they are not cold.

For far, far down the plains I view,
Which lead where on thy guileless breast,
Pure cheek, and eyes of tender blue,
My weary sight shall rest;

Nor in the valley's scorching heat
Court I the shade—the cool delay,
Though it might rest my pilgrim feet,
Would lengthen out the way.

To thee I come—a slave to thee
Alone and to my favourite art;
Like twins, for ever may ye be
Twined round my ardent heart!

TO A LADY,

WITH A LEAF GATHERED FROM THE MULBERRY-TREE PLANTED BY MILTON IN THE GARDENS OF CHRIST COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

BY J. H. WIFFEN, Esq.

THE Mulberry mourns in its changed hue the doom
Of love-lamented Thisbe and the fond
Stripling she ruin'd,—but a charm beyond
This elder story henceforth shall illume
The song which chants its praise; for in the bloom
Of life, celestial Milton from the throng
Of verdurous sylvans chose it to prolong
His memory here—*he* slumbers in the tomb,
But *this* is yet unfading! Chose he not
Thy stem, dark tree, to shadow forth his woe
For those diviner Lovers whom his verse
Bewails, cast out from Eden? The dire blot
Still makes us weep: but all sweet leaves below,
And holiest blossoms sanctify his hearse!

THE FALLS OF GAVARNIE,

IN THE PYRENNEES.

From the unpublished Journal of a Traveller.

ALTHOUGH a residence of five weeks in the Pyrennees had accustomed me to stupendous objects, yet at the little village of Gedre, situated at the extremity of a narrow valley, the mind and eye seem both incapable of taking in the profusion of commanding scenes which here meet the view: especially when the spectator, after contemplating all that is above and before him, looks down into the black channel of the Gave, studded with fragments of rock which have been hurled from tremendous heights.

The village of Gedre consists of about a dozen houses, with a small church. Just behind the *auberge* is what the inhabitants call a grotto; but it is merely the last fall of a mountain-torrent, tearing through blocks of granite piled two hundred feet high. In the course of ages a soil is imbedded on many of their surfaces, giving root to large trees, the branches of which, festooning and matting together, form a roof of

the most graceful appearance; and, hanging in such thick clusters as to be totally impervious to the light, a gloom is thrown around, which contrasts most exquisitely with the dashing spray, flickering about in an incessant variety. The waters soon become tranquil, and spread themselves out at your feet into a perfect mirror, so that the minutest object may be seen at the bottom. They abound in trout, which are frequently seen formed into a circle, with their tails in their mouths, endeavouring to regain the height from which they have been precipitated, and in this manner they will dart upward fifteen or twenty feet. Tradition relates that this village was formerly much larger, but that the whole of it was swept away by the first bursting out of this torrent.

Proceeding onward, all cultivation, even in patches, ceases; and again ascending, we came to a defile of the most appalling description. It is called by the people Chaos; and we might truly say—"Chaos is come again." The path seems totally obstructed; a black and horrid mountain on the left has partly fallen down to the very edge of the Gave: nothing is to be seen but blocks of granite, beyond conception immense,—some of them, on admeasurement, having been found to contain one hundred thousand cubic feet. They look like so many edifices torn up from their foundations, being

generally of a square form, and frequently resting on mere pivots.

After winding through these rude masses for half an hour, like mere pigmies bewildered and lost in astonishment, just as we clear them the mountain breaks open on the right, and we catch a view of one of the most elevated glaciers, the Vignimale, wonderfully contrasting with the black scenery around us. Once more we crossed the torrent, and arrived at Gavarnie, the last village in France, in the neighbourhood of scenes surpassing in grandeur any that we had yet beheld.

I ought to have observed, that just after leaving Chaos, the whole Circle of Gavarnie, as it is called, opened upon us at the distance of six miles; and it should also be remarked, that, from the rarefaction of the air in these high regions, distant objects are seen as distinctly as though but a few hundred yards off.

My companion, being fatigued, declined accompanying me to the Circle of Gavarnie. I started, therefore, on horseback, with a guide, and a strapping wench running at our side to take care of the horses. I was enveloped in a large cloak to protect me from the sun, and well-greased boots to keep out the wet, in wading through some shallow waters. A mile's ride brought us to the margin of a lake formed by the spreading of the Gave, through which

we waded on horseback, and afterwards by gradual ascents reached the spot where we were obliged to dismount. No language can adequately describe the scene which now presented itself, and the annexed view can barely furnish an idea of it. Remember too that all the tract we had yet passed through had been black and gloomy, as that now before us was intensely brilliant and of a beautifully golden tinge.

First of all you look on a semi-amphitheatre, which, in the language of the guide, seems like the last barrier of the world. There are eight cascades before you. The first on the left, precipitates itself 1266 feet in one unbroken fall, three times the perpendicular height of St. Paul's! The other seven vary from three to five hundred feet.

This majestic scene is formed of ice, snow, and alabaster rocks, without a vestige of verdure except a few black pines. Do not however imagine a cold scene — quite the reverse — every object has a rosy hue, and the *tout-ensemble* something of an artificial appearance, strongly resembling the drop-scene of a theatre. On the extreme left a rock almost without foundation juts out at least 2000 feet in height: another rises perpendicularly, and then comes the wonderful cascade. Falling as from the heavens, it appears a mighty ribbon joining

Steel.

THE CASCADES OF GAVARNIE.

earth and skies. The rocks are then continued, forming a side scene, till you perceive what resembles an immense wall rising in terraces, at the end of which the other seven falls dash down a broken descent of 400 feet. Immediately above the cascades is a level, covered with eternal snows, 200 feet thick, furrowed by the melted snows of still higher ranges. A nearly horizontal ridge of pale yellow rocks, with a layer of dazzling snows crowning its whole length, again rises from this larger bed; and thus they are repeated in undulating lines till fancy almost takes them for celestial regions.

The topmost line is crowned by what is called *La Cime de Marboré*. Nearly in the centre the line is broken by the Tower of Marboré, resembling a fortification: to the right is another square mass, with a gap called the *Brèche de Roland*, from some fabulous tale relative to the time of Charlemagne. The view is then closed in by masses of pale yellow mountains rising nearer and nearer; their edges overlooking the torrent of foaming waters formed by the many cascades. The highest point seen on the left is a mass of primitive rock, and, as I believe, a glacier, with its snows semi-transparent. The area seen in front is not less than two miles in width; the deceptions of vision are so great, owing to the extreme clear-

ness of the atmosphere, that a thousand yards would be supposed its utmost extent.

Can this scene be imagined? The celestial line never can. A Turner or a Martin might here paint a Jacob's ladder, and astonish the world with it. The *Cîme de Marboré*, from its singularity, is distinguished from Toulouse on the side of France, and Saragossa on that of Spain.

In a sheltered spot I rested myself two hours, and seated on the edge of a frightful precipice shadowed by a rock, with the guide standing before me to keep off the dizzy view of the dread abyss below, attempted an outline of the surrounding scene.

We then began our approach on foot to the nearest accessible spot of the first cascade, and soon came to a valley of ice encrusted with snow. At the same time the heat of the sun was scarcely bearable. The roaring and tumult of the falls, the dazzling of so much reflected light on the eyes, the continual sinking of the feet—all concur to astound you.

I was glad to find myself at the end, and to have before me the last two glories—a dazzling rainbow formed by the sun darting through the vapours of the cascades, and the first tearing away of their waters from beneath a bridge of snow. Was this an earthly sight!

On our way back I turned round on the further edge of the small lake, once more to view the whole scene so beautifully and clearly reflected by its rippling waters. Having safely reached the *auberge* and rested some time, we bade adieu to scenes which never can be effaced from my memory.

MUSIC.

Give me sweet music when I'm sad,
Give me sweet music when I'm glad;
For music softens every woe,
And heightens every rapture's glow.

O give me music! in my years
Of childhood's griefs and childhood's fears,
One sweetly breathed vocal lay
Could steal those griefs, those fears away.

O give me music! in my dreams
Of youth, when warbled round Hope's streams,
Sweet music e'er was near me too,
And made the voice of vision true.

Yes, music, come! thou dying voice
Of distant days—of far-past joys;
Come, softly breathe into mine ear,
And thine shall be the flowing tear.

Come in the strain I loved so well,
And of the lip that breathed it tell:
Oh! be the lingerings of thy lays
The voice of those departed days!

All past! and to return no more—
Like wave that to the river's shore
Warbles in passing to the main,
But ne'er will lave that shore again!

S. E. HATFIELD.

Truro.

THE THIRTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER.

—— As if an angel spoke
I hear the solemn sound.
Young.

HARK to the deep-toned chime of that bell,
As it breaks on the midnight ear,—
Seems it not tolling a funeral knell?
'Tis the knell of the parting year!
Before that bell shall have ceased its chime,
The year shall have sunk in the ocean of Time.

Oh! many an eye that was beaming bright
As this year from its slumber arose,
Was dimmed by anguish or sealed in night,
Ere it reached its dreary close;
And hearts that in gladness were blooming then,
Have withered, Oh—never to bloom again!

Yet the wind will grow calm, and the billow will sleep,
And sorrow bring joy by its side—
And hours of delight o'er young spirits will sweep,
And the lover be blest in his bride:

And blue eyes of beauty, unstain'd by a tear,
Will yet beam at thy memory, thou happy old
Year.

To me, faded Year, thou hast not been unkind,
Though my glimpses of sunshine were few:
I welcomed thee calmly—part from thee re-
sign'd,
Nor breathe one reproach with adieu.
No thanks to thy speed, that my pilgrimage
here
By so much is shortened—Then fare thee well,
Year!

E.

THE END.

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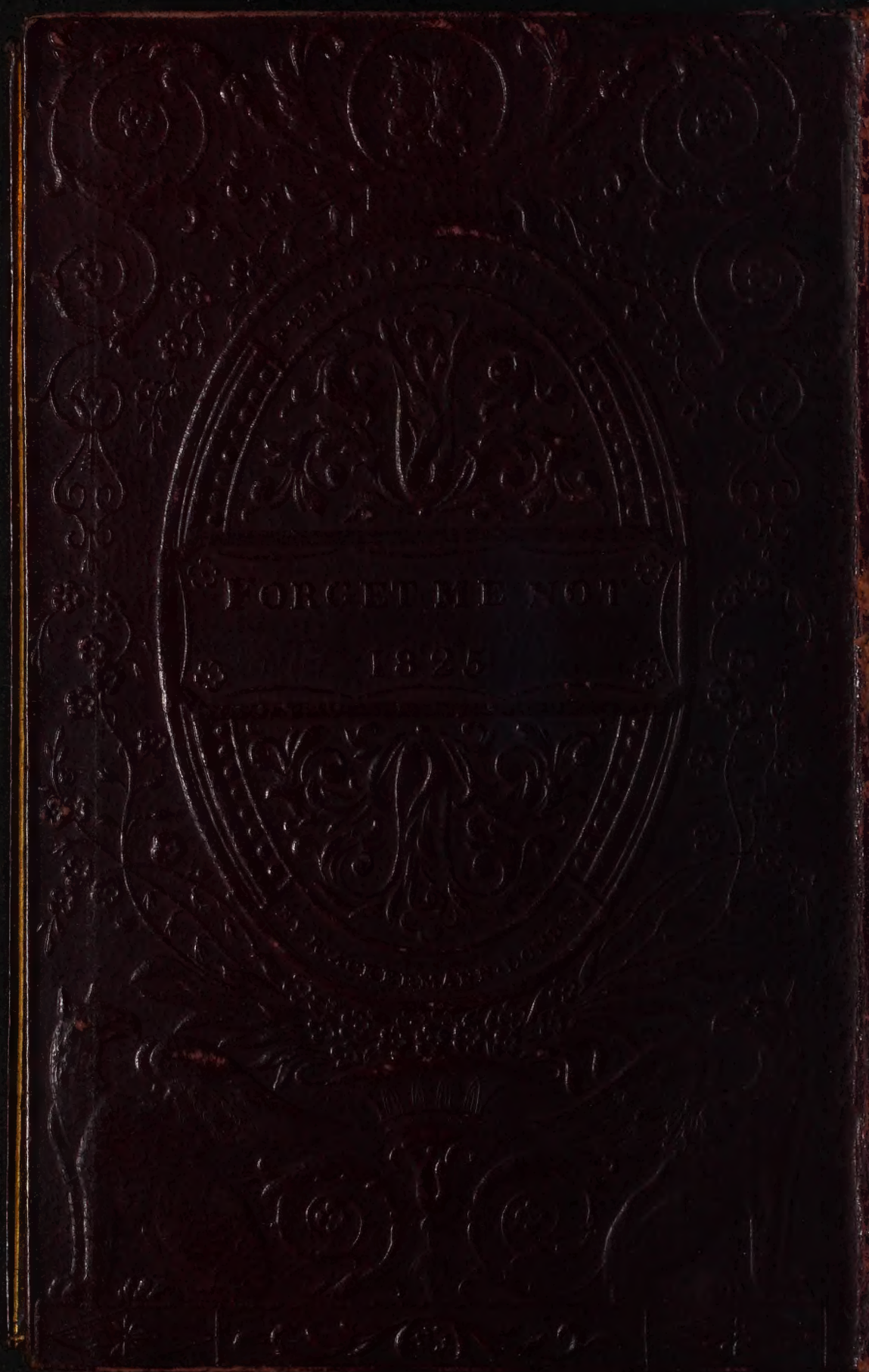
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